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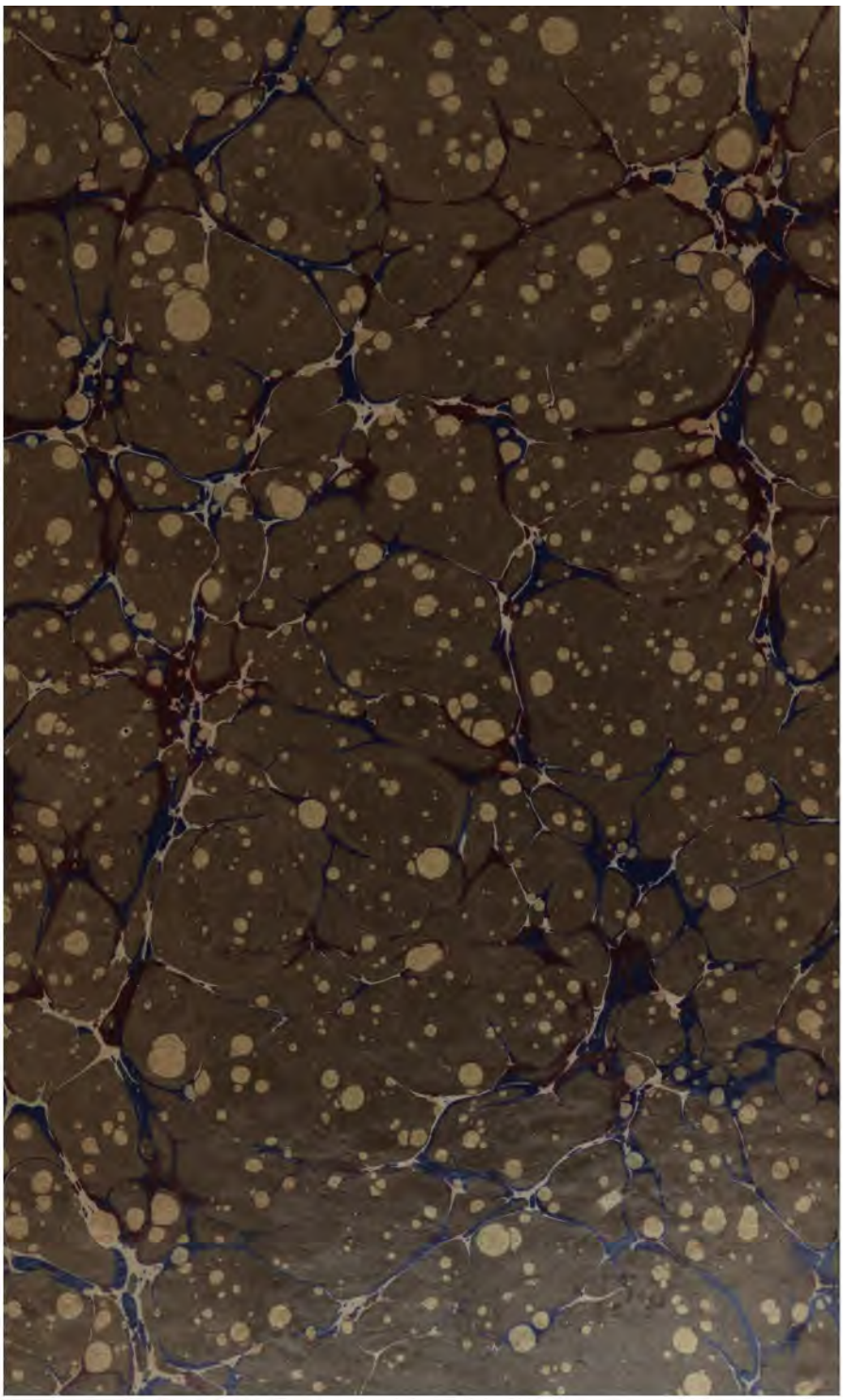

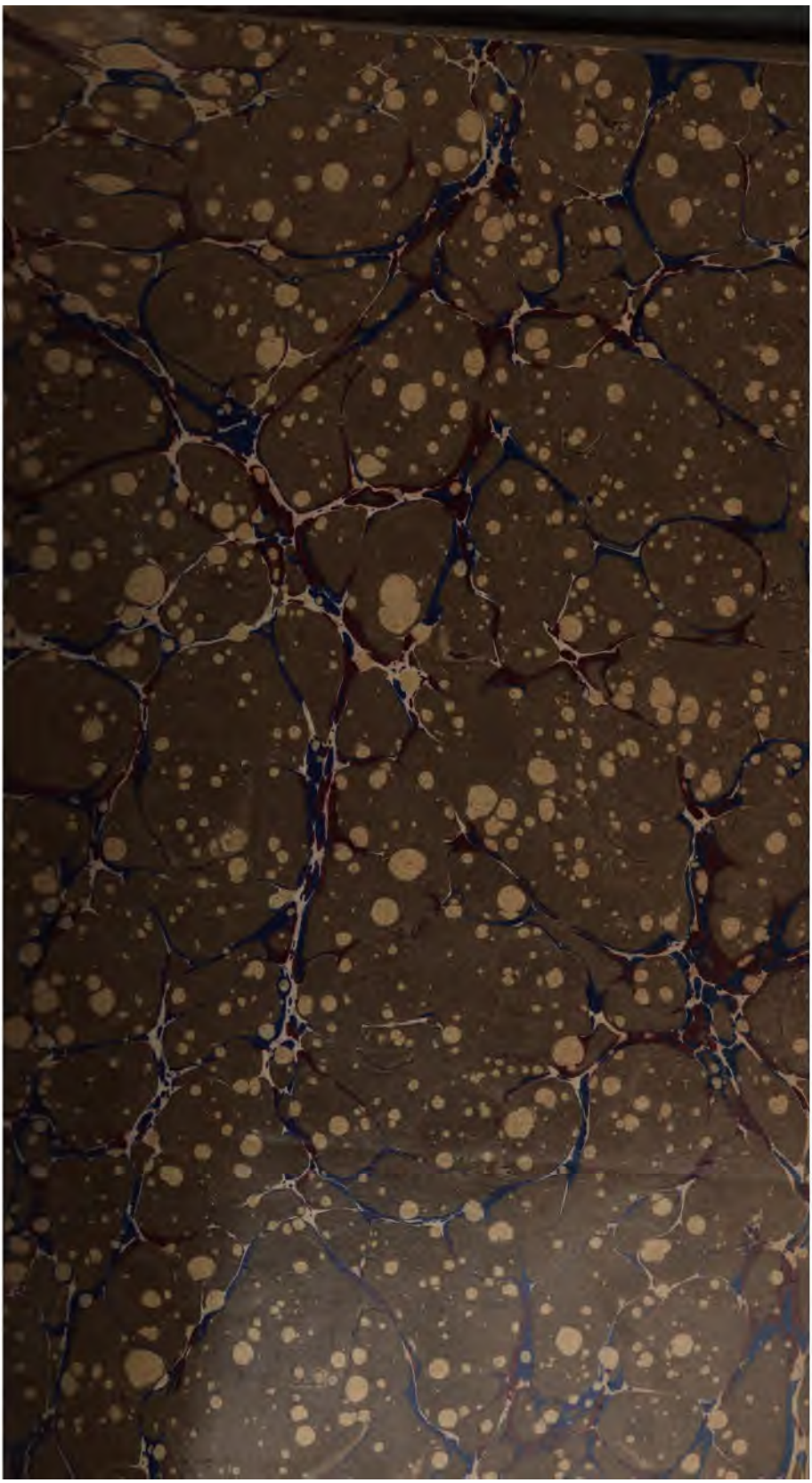

THE WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTH;

CONTAINING

THE WHOLE POETICAL WORKS OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

INCLUDING HIS TRANSLATIONS OF

HOMER'S ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

LONDON:

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1800.

PREFACE.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt Invention of any writer whatever. The praiſe of judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivaled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great Geniuſes: the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſters every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but ſteal wiſely; for Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them to which the Invention muſt not contribute: as in the moſt regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradiſe, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nurſery, which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſt by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animating nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νεμοίτο.

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PREFACE.

"They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this "vivida vis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This fire is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant; in Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakeſpeare it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven; but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhew, how this vaſt Invention exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its vortex. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things, for his deſcriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of Fable. That which Ariſtotle calls the "Soul of poetry," was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt; and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The Probable Fable is the recital of ſuch actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature; or of ſuch as, though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an Epic poem, the return of Ulyſſes, the ſettlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that ever was choſen by any poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of counſels, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes; and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemorus. If Ulyſſes viſits the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil

and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon, and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the Allegorical Fable: if we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his Allegories, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed! This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous Fable includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the Gods. He ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his machines in a philoſophical or religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his perſons; and here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurprizing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of courage is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice, and ſubject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and ſelf-confiding: of Hector, active and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and tenderneſs for his people: we find in Idomeneus, a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in wiſdom; and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open and regular. But they have, beſides, characters of courage; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends ſtill upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we

ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſthus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the Epic and Tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the Invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The ſpeches are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it) that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the ſentiments, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the ſcripture; Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we obſerve his deſcriptions, images, and ſimiles, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination: to which all things in their various views preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurprizing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the Iliad, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the expreſſion, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer, ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that language of the Gods to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirſts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction,

which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: for in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the compound epithets. This is a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it aſſiſted and filled the numbers with greater ſound and pomp; and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the images. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motions of Hector's plumes in the epithet κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of Mount Neritus in that of ευσσίφυλλος, and ſo of others; which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of thoſe epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his verſification, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but ſearched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels and conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the dipthongs into two ſyllables; ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Eolic, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian Operas) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek has ſome advantages both from the natural ſound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verſe, which agree with the genius of no other language: Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is that fewer criticks have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our Author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the Compoſition of Words. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the Muſes dictated: and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpired vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full: while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extenſive and copious than any other, his manners

more lively and ſtrongly marked, his ſpeeches more affecting and tranſported, his ſentiments more warm and ſublime, his images and deſcriptions are full and animated, his expreſſion more raiſed and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope in what has been ſaid of Virgil with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no ways derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhed excellence of each: it is in that we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion, Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets reſemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues; they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief objections againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his ſpeaking horſes, and Virgil his myrtles diſtilling blood, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his ſimiles have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which however are ſo managed as not to overpower the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeably to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his groſſer repreſentations of the Gods, and the vicious and the imperfect manners of his Heroes; but I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with madam Dacier, "that * thoſe times and manners are ſo much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours," Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhewn but for the ſake of lucre, when the greateſt princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? on the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern criticks, who are ſhocked at the ſervile offices and mean employments in which we ſometimes ſee the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity, in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages; in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light, will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurprizing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may farther ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame epithets to his Gods and heroes, ſuch as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the ſwift-footed Achilles, &c. which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes, with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that th y were in the nature of ſurnames, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: as Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Long-ſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a farther conjecture. Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes diſtinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the iſlands of the bleſſed.† Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame, as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation: one would

* Preface to her Homer. † Heſiod, lib. I. ver. 155, &c.

imagine, by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe criticks never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt: a conſideration which whoever compares theſe two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſeis above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiſer man: and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other; or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the aukwardneſs of their own tranſlations; this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: and in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief Invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one ſort of criticks: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of poetry, but excells all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; Nature and Art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as that is ſeen in the main parts of the poem, ſuch as the Fable, Manners, and Sentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion.

PREFACE.

If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for transfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: and I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the Fire of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: however it is the ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to the utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is in any particular place. It is a great ſecret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh critick. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of *his* ſtyle; ſome of his tranſlators having ſwelled into fuſtian, in a proud confidence of the ſublime; others ſunk into flatneſs, in a cold and timorous notion of ſimplicity. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle); others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes, one would ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call ſimplicity, and the reſt of the world will call dullneſs. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity, as well as a bold and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the means between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the Scripture and our Author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired Writings, that the Divine Spirit made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the purity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a farther preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe moral ſentences and proverbial ſpeeches which are ſo numerous in this poet. They have ſomething venerable, and as I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Græciſms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

PREFACE.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a ſort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects, and thoſe who are ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſt in a ſingle word as in a compound one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally "leaf-ſhaking," but affords a majeſtic idea in the periphraſis: "The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or "far-ſhooting" is capable of two explications; one literal, in reſpect to the darts and bow, the enſigns of that God; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the ſun: therefore, in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three ſorts; of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the Author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe, the beſt rule is, to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion; but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authoriſed to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the verſification. Homer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſt of his image: however it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet done. We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequently interpolations of

four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odyſſes, ver. 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one may think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, inſomuch as to promiſe, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to ſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buſſy d'Amboiſe, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general; but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions abovementioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimilies and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters: though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the common-wealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity; perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs, than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to ſtudy his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and

Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epic poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few: thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the Publick, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the publick. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge, with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer; as I wiſh for the ſake of the world he had prevented me the reſt. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a further opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the Great have done me, while the firſt names of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of poet; that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent Eſſay) ſo complete a praiſe.

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
"For all books elſe appear ſo mean and poor,
"Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
"And Homer will be all the Books you need."

That the earl of Halifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a genius as my lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critick of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that ſo excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the earl of Carnarvon: but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent ſecretary of ſtate, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive

that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: and I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens, that has been ſhewn me by its learned rival, the univerſity of Oxford. If my author had the Wits of after ages for his defenders, his tranſlator has had the Beauties of the preſent for his advocates; a pleaſure too great to be changed for any fame in reverſion. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner, neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

THE

THE

ENGLISH POETS.

POPE'S HOMER.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon.

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks, having ſacked ſome of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryſeïs and Briſeïs, allotted the firſt to Agamemnon, and the laſt to Achilles. Chryſes, the father of Chryſeïs, and prieſt of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ranſom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the ſiege. The prieſt being refuſed, and inſolently diſmiſſed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a peſtilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cauſe of it, who attributes it to the refuſal of Chryſeïs. The king being obliged to ſend back his captive, enters into a furious conteſt with Achilles, which Neſtor pacifies; however, as he had the abſolute command of the army, he ſeizes on Briſeïs in revenge. Achilles in diſcontent withdraws himſelf and his forces from the reſt of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, ſhe ſupplicates Jupiter to render them ſenſible of the wrong done to her ſon, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her ſuit incenſes Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the addreſs of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's ſtay with the Æthiopians, at whoſe return Thetis prefers her petition. The ſcene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chryſa, and laſtly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful ſpring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddeſs ſing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The ſouls of mighty chiefs untimely ſlain;
Whoſe limbs unbury'd on the naked ſhore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atrides ſtrove,
Such was the ſovereign doom, and ſuch the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muſe! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung the fierce ſtrife, from what offended power?
Latona's ſon a dire contagion ſpread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend prieſt defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.
For Chryſes ſought with coſtly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.

Suppliant the venerable father ſtands,
Apollo's awful enſigns grace his hands:
By theſe he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the ſceptre and the laurel crown.
He ſued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings, of Atreus' royal race.
Ye kings and warriours! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove reſtore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleaſures of your native ſhore:
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryſeis to theſe arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my preſents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, ſon of Jove.
The Greeks in ſhouts their joint aſſent declare,
The prieſt to reverence, and releaſe the fair.
Not ſo Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the ſacred ſire, and thus reply'd:
Hence, on thy life, and fly thoſe hoſtile plains,
Nor aſk, preſumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor truſt too far thoſe enſigns of thy God.
Mine is thy daughter, prieſt, and ſhall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, ſhall plead in vain;
Till time ſhall riſle every youthful grace,
And age diſmiſs her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed ſhe once enjoy'd.
Hence then, to Argos ſhall the maid retire,
Far from her native ſoil, and weeping ſire.
The trembling prieſt along the ſhore return'd,
And in the anguiſh of a father mourn'd.
Diſconſolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the ſounding main:
Till, ſafe at diſtance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.
O Smintheus! ſprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou ſource of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whoſe bright preſence gilds thy Chryſa's ſhores:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy ſacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen ſlain;
God of the ſilver bow! thy ſhafts employ,
Avenge thy ſervant, and the Greeks deſtroy.
Thus Chryſes pray'd: The favouring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops deſcends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his ſilver ſhafts reſound;
Breathing revenge, a ſudden night he ſpread,
And gloomy darkneſs roll'd about his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hiſſing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection firſt began;
And laſt, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights through all the duſky air
The pyres thick flaming ſhot a diſmal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inſpir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like ſon:
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train:
For much the Goddeſs mourn'd her heroes ſlain.
Th' aſſembly ſeated, riſing o'er the reſt,
Achilles thus the king of men addreſt:
Why leave we not the fatal Trojan ſhore,
And meaſure back the ſeas we croſt before?
The plague deſtroying whom the ſword would ſpare,
'Tis time to ſave the few remains of war.
But let ſome prophet, or ſome ſacred ſage,
Explore the cauſe of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the waſteful vengeance to remove,
By myſtic dreams, for dreams deſcend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curſe have laid,
Let altars ſmoke, and hecatombs be paid:
So heaven aton'd ſhall dying Greece reſtore,
And Phœbus dart his burning ſhafts no more.
He ſaid, and ſat: when Chalcas thus repli'd:
Chalcas the wiſe, the Grecian prieſt and guide,
That ſacred ſeer, whoſe comprehenſive view
The paſt, the preſent, and the future knew:
Upriſing ſlow, the venerable ſage
Thus ſpoke the prudence and the fears of age.
Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'ſt thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
Firſt give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of ſure protection, by thy power and ſword.
For I muſt ſpeak what wiſdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the taſk, when ſubjects grown too wiſe,
Inſtruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the ſhort-liv'd fury paſt,
'Tis ſure, the Mighty will revenge at laſt.
To whom Pelides. From thy inmoſt ſoul
Speak what thou know'ſt, and ſpeak without controul.
Ev'n by that God I ſwear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whoſe bleſt oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek of all the numerous band
Againſt his prieſt ſhall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hoſts are led,
The king of kings, ſhall touch that ſacred head.
Encourag'd thus, the blameleſs man replies;
Nor vows unpaid, nor ſlighted ſacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging paſt,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd prieſt,
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury ceaſe,
But plagues ſhall ſpread, and funeral fires increaſe,
Till the great king, without a ranſom paid,
To her own Chryſa ſend the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added ſacrifice and prayer,
The prieſt may pardon, and the God may ſpare.
The prophet ſpoke; when with a gloomy frown
The monarch ſtarted from his ſhining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breaſt that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living fire.
Augur accurſt! denouncing miſchief ſtill,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still muſt that tongue ſome wounding meſſage bring,
And ſtill thy prieſtly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their Lord?
For this with falſehoods is my honour ſtain'd,
Is heaven offended, and a prieſt profan'd;
Becauſe my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half ſo dear were Clytæmneſtra's charms,
When firſt her blooming beauties bleſt my arms.
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her ſail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:

Let me be deem'd the hateful cauſe of all,
And ſuffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will reſign,
So dearly valued, and ſo juſtly mine.
But ſince for common good I yield the fair,
My private loſs let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Inſatiate king (Achilles thus replies)
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Would'ſt thou the Greeks their lawful prey ſhould yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The ſpoils of cities raz'd, and warriours ſlain,
We ſhare with juſtice, as with toil we gain:
But to reſume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by ſlaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The ſpoils of Ilion ſhall thy loſs requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the duſt her lofty towers.
Then thus the king. Shall I my prize reſign
With tame content, and thou poſſeſt of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a ſoldier's right.
At thy demand ſhall I reſtore the maid?
Firſt let the juſt equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might aſk; and let it be
A treaſure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim,
This hand ſhall ſeize ſome other captive dame;
The mighty Ajax ſhall his prize reſign,
Ulyſſes' ſpoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who ſuffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he ſhall rage in vain.
But this when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
And waft the ſacrifice to Chryſa's ſhores,
With choſen pilots, and with labouring oars.
Soon ſhall the fair the ſable ſhip aſcend,
And ſome deputed prince the charge attend:
This Creta's king, or Ajax ſhall fulfill,
Or wiſe Ulyſſes ſee perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleaſure ſhall ordain,
Achilles' ſelf conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The God propitiate, and the peſt aſſuage.
At this Pelides, frowning ſtern, reply'd:
O tyrant, arm'd with inſolence and pride!
Inglorious ſlave to intereſt, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambuſh, or ſhall lift the ſword?
What cauſe have I to war at thy decree?
The diſtant Trojans never injur'd me:
To Phthia's realms no hoſtile troops they led,
Safe in her vales my warlike courſers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarſe-reſounding main,
And walls of rocks, ſecure my native reign,
Whoſe fruitful ſoil luxuriant harveſts grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we ſail'd, a voluntary throng,
T'avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What elſe to Troy th' aſſembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cauſe?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deſerve;
Diſgrac'd and injur'd by the man we ſerve?
And dar'ſt thou threat to ſnatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as ſmall, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conqueſt is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the ſweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial preſents to my ſhips I bear,
Or barren praiſes pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy ſlave no more;
My fleet ſhall waft me to Theſſalia's ſhore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What ſpoils, what conqueſts, ſhall Atrides gain?
To this the king: Fly, mighty warriour! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in ſuch a cauſe to fight,
And Jove himſelf ſhall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the God's diſtinguiſh'd care)
To power ſuperior none ſuch hatred bear:
Strife and debate thy reſtleſs ſoul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy ſavage joy;
If thou haſt ſtrength, 'twas heaven that ſtrength beſtow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haſte, launch thy veſſels, fly with ſpeed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary ſway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy ſhort-liv'd friendſhip, and thy groundleſs hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
My bark ſhall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll ſeize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briſeis with the radiant eyes.
Hence ſhalt thou prove my might, and curſe the hour.
Thou ſtood'ſt a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our hoſt it ſhall be known,
That kings are ſubjects to the Gods alone.
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppreſt,
His heart ſwell'd high, and labour'd in his breaſt.
Diſtracting thoughts by turns his boſom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reaſon cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw his deadly ſword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord:
This whiſpers ſoft, his vengeance to controul,
And calm the riſing tempeſt of his ſoul.
Juſt as in anguiſh of ſuſpence he ſtay'd,
While half unſheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,
Minerva ſwift deſcended from above,
Sent by the ſiſter and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind ſhe ſtood, and by the golden hair
Achilles ſeiz'd; to him alone conſeſt;
A ſable cloud conceal'd her from the reſt.
He ſees, and ſudden to the Goddeſs cries,
Known by the flames that ſparkle from her eyes.
Deſcends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heavenly witneſs of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' ſon: then let thoſe eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.

Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies)
To calm thy fury I forſake the ſkies:
Let great Achilles, to the Gods reſign'd,
To reaſon yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given;
The king and you are both the care of heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But ſheath, obedient, thy revenging ſteel.
For I pronounce (and truſt a heavenly power)
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch ſhall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendſhip with a boundleſs ſtore.
Then let revenge no longer bear the ſway,
Command thy paſſions, and the Gods obey.
To her Pelides. With regardful ear
'Tis juſt, O Goddeſs! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I ſuppreſs:
Thoſe who revere the Gods, the Gods will bleſs.
He ſaid, obſervant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the ſheath return'd the ſhining blade.
The Goddeſs ſwift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the ſacred ſenate of the ſkies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breaſt forſook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.
O monſter! mix'd of inſolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambuſh'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die,
So much 'tis ſafer through the camp to go,
And rob a ſubject, than deſpoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and baſe!
Sent by Jove's anger on a ſlaviſh race,
Who, loſt to ſenſe of generous freedom paſt,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy laſt.
Now by this ſacred ſcepter hear me ſwear,
Which never more ſhall leaves or bloſſoms bear,
Which ſever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This ſceptre, form'd by temper'd ſteel to prove
An enſign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and juſtice ſprings
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I ſpear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, ſhe ſhall call in vain.
When, fluſh'd with ſlaughter, Hector comes to ſpread
The purpled ſhore with mountains of the dead,
Then ſhalt thou mourn th' affront thy madneſs gave,
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to ſave:
Then rage in bitterneſs of ſoul to know
This act has made the braveſt Greek thy foe.
He ſpoke: and furious hurl'd againſt the ground
His ſceptre ſtarr'd with golden ſtuds around.
Then ſternly ſilent ſat. With like diſdain,
The raging king returned his frowns again.
To calm their paſſions with the words of age,
Slow from his ſeat aroſe the Pylian ſage,
Experienc'd Neſtor, in perſuaſion ſkill'd,
Words ſweet as honey from his lips diſtill'd;
Two generations now had paſs'd away,
Wiſe by his rules, and happy by his ſway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
What ſhame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverſe Gods commit to ſtern debate
The beſt, the braveſt of the Grecian ſtate.
Young as you are, this youthful head reſtrain,
Nor think your Neſtor's years and wiſdom vain.
A Godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such, as no more theſe aged eyes ſhall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathleſs name;
Theſeus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?
With theſe of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led:
Fir'd with the thirſt which virtuous envy breeds,
And ſmit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongeſt of men, thy pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deſarts red with monſters gore,
And from their hills the ſhaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet theſe with ſoft, perſuaſive arts I ſway'd;
When Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n theſe eſteem'd me wiſe;
Do you, young warriours, hear my age adviſe.
Atrides, ſeize not on the beauteous ſlave;
That prize the Greeks by common ſuffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be juſt, and ſovereign power preſide.
Thee, the firſt honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in ſtrength, and of a Goddeſs born;
Him, awful majeſty exalts above
The powers of earth, and ſcepter'd ſons of Jove.
Let both unite, with well conſenting mind,
So ſhall authority with ſtrength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to claim Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyſelf, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it Gods! Achilles ſhould be loſt,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our hoſt.
This ſaid, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd ſoul,
No laws can limit, no reſpect controul.
Before his pride muſt his ſuperiours fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him muſt our hoſts, our chiefs, ourſelves obey?
What king can bear a rival in his ſway?
Grant that the Gods his matchleſs force hath given;
Has ſoul reproach a privilege from Heaven?
Here on the monarch's ſpeech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting ſpoke:
Tyrant, I well deſerv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy ſlave, and ſtill to ſerve in vain;

Should I ſubmit to each unjuſt decree:
Command thy vaſſals, but command not me.
Seize on Briſeïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely ſee reſum'd;
And ſeize ſecure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering ſword in any woman's cauſe.
The Gods command me to forgive the paſt;
But let this firſt invaſion be the laſt:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'ſt invade,
Shall ſtream in vengeance on my reeking blade.
At this they ceas'd; the ſtern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in ſullen majeſty retir'd.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow veſſels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ſhip for Chryſa's ſacred ſhores:
High on the deck was fair Chriſeïs plac'd,
And ſage Ulyſſes with the conduct grac'd;
Safe in her ſides the hecatomb they ſtow'd,
Then, ſwiftly ſailing, cut the liquid road.
The hoſt to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure luſtrations, and with ſolemn prayers.
Waſh'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and caſt th' ablutions in the main.
Along the ſhore whole hecacombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid,
The ſable fumes in curling ſpires ariſe,
And waft their grateful odours to the ſkies.
The army thus in ſacred rites engag'd,
Atrides ſtill with deep reſentment rag'd.
To wait his will, two ſacred heralds ſtood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
Haſte to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
Thence bear Briſeïs as our royal prize:
Submit he muſt; or, if they will not part,
Ourſelf in arms ſhall tear her from his heart.
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Penſive they walk along the barren ſands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aſpect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful diſtance long they ſilent ſtand,
Loth to advance, or ſpeak their hard command;
Decent confuſion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye ſacred miniſters of men and Gods!
I know your meſſage; by conſtraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame,
Patroclus haſte, the fair Briſeïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witneſs, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witneſs to Gods above, and men below!
But firſt, and loudeſt to your prince declare,
That lawleſs tyrant whoſe commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles ſhall remain,
Though proſtrate Greece ſhould bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging chief in frantic paſſion loſt,
Blind to himſelf, and uſeleſs to his hoſt,
Unſkill'd to judge the future by the paſt,
In blood and ſlaughter ſhall repent at laſt.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in ſoft ſorrow, and in penſive thought,
Paſt ſilent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, ſlow moving o'er the ſtrand.
Not ſo his loſs the fierce Achilles bore;
But ſad retiring to the ſounding ſhore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother ſprung:
There, bath'd in tears of anger and diſdain,
Thus loud lamented to the ſtormy main:
O parent Goddeſs! ſince in early bloom
Thy ſon muſt fall, by too ſevere a doom;
Sure, to ſo ſhort a race of glory born,
Great Jove in Juſtice ſhould this ſpan adorn:
Honour and fame at leaſt the Thunderer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promiſe of a God;
If yon proud monarch thus thy ſon defies,
Obſcures my glories, and reſumes my prize.
Far from the deep receſſes of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The Goddeſs-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a miſt ſhe roſe above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked ſhores,
And thus the ſorrows of his ſoul explores.
Why grieves my ſon? Thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He deeply ſighing ſaid: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè ſacred to Apollo's name,
(Aëtion's realm) our conquering army came,
With treaſure loaded and triumphant ſpoils;
Whoſe juſt diviſions crown'd the ſoldier's toils;
But bright Chryſeïs, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote ſelected, to the general's bed.
The prieſt of Phœbus ſought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the ſceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The generous Greeks their joint conſent declare,
The prieſt to reverence, and releaſe the fair;
Not ſo Atrides: He, with wonted pride,
The ſire inſulted, and his gifts deny'd:
Th' inſulted ſire (his God's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague enſues; th' avenging darts
Inceſſant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inſpir'd by Heaven aroſe,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes.
Myſelf the firſt th' aſſembled chiefs incline
T' avert the avengeance of the power divine;
Then riſing in his wrath, the monarch ſtorm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryſeïs to her ſire was ſent,
With offer'd gifts to make the God relent;

But now he ſeiz'd Briſeïs heav'nly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And ſervice, faith, and juſtice plead in vain.
But, Goddeſs! thou thy ſuppliant ſon attend,
To high Olympus' ſhining court aſcend,
Urge all the ties to former ſervice ow'd,
And ſue for vengeance to the thundering God.
Oft haſt thou triumph'd in the glorious boaſt,
That thou ſtood'ſt forth of all th' æthereal hoſt,
When bold rebellion ſhook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, the monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durſt threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heaven.
Then call'd by thee, the monſter Titan came,
(Whom Gods Briareus, Men Ægeon name)
Through wondering ſkies enormous ſtalk'd along;
Not * he that ſhakes the ſolid earth ſo ſtrong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he ſtands,
And brandiſh'd round him all his hundred hands;
Th' affrighted Gods confeſs'd their awful lord,
They dropt the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.
This, Goddeſs, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the ſhores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curſe of ſuch a king:
Let Agamemnon liſt his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durſt diſgrace
The boldeſt warrior of the Grecian race.
Unhappy ſon! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celeſtial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averſe, and nurs'd for future woes?
So ſhort a ſpace the light of Heaven to view!
So ſhort a ſpace! and fill'd with ſorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wiſh prevail,
Far, far from Ilion ſhould thy veſſels ſail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger ſhun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my ſon.
Yet (what I can) to move thy ſuit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy ſnow.
Mean time, ſecure within thy ſhips, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The ſire of Gods and all th' æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the fartheſt main,
Now mix with mortals, nor diſdain to grace
The feaſts of Æthiopia's blameleſs race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

* Neptune.

The Goddeſs ſpoke: the rolling waves unloſe;
Then down the deep ſhe plung'd from whence ſhe roſe,
And left him ſorrowing on the lonely coaſt,
In wild reſentment for the fair he loſt.
In Chryſa's port now ſage Ulyſſes rode;
Beneath the deck the deſtin'd victims ſtow'd;
The ſails they furl'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
Next on the ſhore their hecatomb they land,
Chryſeïs laſt deſcending on the ſtrand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulyſſes led to Phœbus' ſacred fane;
Where at his ſolemn alter as the maid
He gave to Chryſes, thus the Hero ſaid:
Hail! reverend prieſt! to Phœbus' awful dome
A ſuppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unranſom'd here receive the ſpotleſs fair;
Accept the hecatombs the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God, who ſcatters darts around,
Aton'd by ſacrifice, deſiſt to wound.
At this, the fire embrac'd the maid again,
So ſadly loſt, ſo lately ſought in vain.
Then near the alter of the darting king,
Diſpos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The ſacred offering of the ſalted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And ſolemn voice, the prieſt directs his prayer:
God of the ſilver bow, thy ear incline,
Whoſe power incircles Cilla the divine;
Whoſe ſacred eye thy Tenedos ſurveys,
And gilds fair Chryſa with diſtinguiſh'd rays!
If, ſir'd to vengeance at thy prieſt's requeſt,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging peſt;
Once more attend! avert the waſteful woe,
And ſmile propitious, and unbend thy bow.
So Chryſes pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the ſalted barley threw,
And with their heads to Heaven the victims ſlew:
The limbs they ſever from th' incloſing hide;
The thighs, ſelected to the Gods, divide:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
The prieſt himſelf before his altar ſtands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands;
Pours the black wine, and ſees the flames aſpire;
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire;
The thighs thus ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and roaſt the reſt:
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
With pure libations they conclude the feaſt;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, diſpenſe the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the ſun deſcends:

The Greeks, reſtor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo liſtens, and approves the ſong.
'Twas night; the chiefs beſide their veſſel lie,
Till roſy morn had purpled o'er the ſky:
Then launch, and hoiſt the maſt; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the ſwelling ſails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows ſwift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand):
Then part, where ſtretch'd along the winding bay
The ſhips and tents in mingled proſpects lay.
But raging ſtill, amidſt his navy ſate
The ſtern Achilles, ſtedfaſt in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But waſting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and ſlaughter roll,
And ſcenes of blood riſe dreadful in his ſoul.
Twelve days were paſt, and now the dawning light.
The Gods had ſummon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove firſt aſcending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of æthereal powers.
When like the morning miſt in early day,
Roſe from the flood the daughter of the ſea;
And to the ſeats divine her flight addreſt.
There, far apart, and high above the reſt,
The Thunderer ſat; where old Olympus ſhrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the Goddeſs ſtood: one hand ſhe plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd:
If e'er, O Father of the Gods! ſhe ſaid,
My words could pleaſe thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my ſon beſtow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at leaſt by heavenly promiſe due
To life ſo ſhort, and now diſhonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever juſt and wiſe!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans riſe;
Till the proud kind, and all the Achaian race,
Shall heap with honour him they now diſgrace.
Thus Thetis ſpoke, but Jove in ſilence held
The ſacred councils of his breaſt conceal'd.
Not ſo repuls'd, the Goddeſs cloſer preſt,
Still graſp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear requeſt:
O ſire of Gods and men! thy ſuppliant hear;
Refuſe, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh declare, of all the pow'rs above,
Is wretched Thetis leaſt the care of Jove?
She ſaid, and ſighing thus the God replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies?
What haſt thou aſk'd? Ah why ſhould Jove engage
In foreign conteſts, and domeſtic rage,
The Gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, leſt the haughty partner of my ſway
With jealous eyes thy cloſe acceſs ſurvey;
But part in peace, ſecure thy prayer is ſped:
Witneſs the ſacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable ſign,
This ſeals thy ſuit, and this fulfills thy vows—
He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod;
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all Olympus to the centre ſhook.
Swift to the ſeas profound the Goddeſs flies,
Jove to his ſtarry manſion in the ſkies.
The ſhining ſynod of th' immortals wait
The coming God, and from their thrones of ſtate
Ariſing ſilent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majeſty of heaven appear.
Trembling they ſtand, while Jove aſſumes the throne,
All, but the God's imperious queen alone:
Late had ſhe view'd the ſilver-footed dame,
And all her paſſions kindled into flame.
Say, artful manager of heaven (ſhe cries)
Who now partakes the ſecrets of the ſkies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial ſtate.
What favourite Goddeſs then thoſe cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his conſort hides?
To this the Thunderer; Seek not thou to find
The ſacred counſels of Almighty mind:
Involv'd in darkneſs lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the firſt ſhalt know
The firſt of Gods above and men below;
But thou, nor they, ſhall ſearch the thoughts that roll
Deep in the cloſe receſſes of my ſoul.
Full on the ſire the Goddeſs of the ſkies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majeſtic eyes,
And thus return'd: Auſtere Saturnius, ſay
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy ſway?
Thy boundleſs will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counſels take the deſtin'd courſe.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was ſeen
In cloſe conſult the Silver-footed Queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the ſignal vain that ſhook the ſky.
What fatal favour has the Goddeſs won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable ſon?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people ſlain.
Then thus the God: Oh reſtleſs fate of pride,
That ſtrives to learn what heaven reſolves to hide;
Vain is the ſearch, preſumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this ſuffice; th' immutable decree
No force can ſhake: what is, that ought to be.
Goddeſs, ſubmit, nor dare our will withſtand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
Th' united ſtrength of all the Gods above
In vain reſiſts th' omnipotence of Jove.

The Thunderer ſpoke, nor durſt the Queen reply:
A reverend horror ſilenc'd all the ſky.
The feaſt diſturb'd, with ſorrow Vulcan ſaw
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleaſure his deſign,
Thus interpos'd the Architect Divine:
The wretched quarrels of the mortal ſtate
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in ſenſeleſs ſtrife employ,
We, in eternal peace and conſtant joy.
Thou Goddeſs-mother, with our ſire comply,
Nor break the ſacred union of the ſky;
Leſt, rouz'd to rage, he ſhake the bleſt abodes,
Launch the red lightening, and dethrone the Gods.
If you ſubmit, the Thunderer ſtands appeas'd;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd.
Thus Vulcan ſpoke; and riſing with a bound,
The double bowl with ſparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a chearful way,
Goddeſs, (he cried) be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God ſo daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand againſt the force of Jove?
Once in your cauſe I felt his matchleſs might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial height;
Toſt all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the ſun deſcended, touch'd the ground:
Breathleſs I fell, in giddy motions loſt;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coaſt.
He ſaid, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which with a ſmile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.
Then to the reſt he fill'd; and in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies,
And unextinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſkies.
Thus the bleſt Gods the genial day prolong,
In feaſts ambroſial, and celeſtial ſong.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muſes round
With voice alternate aid the ſilver ſound.
Mean time the radiant ſun, to mortal ſight
Deſcending ſwift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their ſtarry domes the Gods depart,
The ſhining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno ſlumber'd on the golden bed.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trial of the Army, and Catalogue of the Forces.

JUPITER, in purſuance of the requeſt of Thetis, ſends a deceitful viſion to Agamemnon, perſuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks ſenſible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his aſſiſtance, but fears the army was diſcouraged by his abſence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their diſpoſition by a ſtratagem. He firſt communicates his deſign to the princes in council, that he would propoſe a return to the ſoldiers, and that they ſhould put a ſtop to them if the propoſal was embraced. Then he aſſembles the whole hoſt, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimouſly agree to it, and run to prepare the ſhips. They are detained by the management of Ulyſſes, who chaſtiſes

the insolence of Therſites. The aſſembly is recalled, ſeveral ſpeeches made on the occaſion, and at length the advice of Neſtor followed, which was, to make a general muſter of the troops, and to divide them into their ſeveral nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occaſion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book conſiſts not entirely of one day. The ſcene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the ſea-ſhore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

NOW pleaſing ſleep had ſeal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' immortals ſlumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' ſon he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty phantom riſe to fight,
And thus commands the viſion of the night:
Fly hence, deluding Dream! and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the duſty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Swift as the word the vain illuſion fled,
Deſcends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Cloath'd in the figure of the Pylian ſage,
Renown'd for wiſdom, and rever'd for age;
Around his temples ſpreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king:
Can'ſt thou, with all a monarch's cares oppreſt,
Oh, Atreus ſon! can'ſt thou indulge thy reſt?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war preſides,
To whom its ſafety a whole people owes,
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In juſt array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the duſty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake, but waking this advice approve,
And truſt the viſion that deſcends from Jove.
The phantom ſaid; then vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Reſolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thouſand ſchemes the monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought, he ſacks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor ſaw what Jove and ſecret fate deſign'd,
What mighty toils to either hoſt remain,
What ſcenes of grief, and numbers of the ſlain!
Eager he riſes, and in fancy hears
The voice celeſtial murmuring in his ears.
Firſt on his limbs a ſlender veſt he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw;
Th' embroider'd ſandals on his feet were tied;
The ſtarry faulchion glitter'd at his ſide;
And laſt his arm the maſſy ſceptre loads,
Unſtain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.
Now roſy morn aſcends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king diſpatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and ſummon all the bands;
The gathering hoſts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ſhip the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a ſenate of the Peers around;
Th' aſſembly plac'd, the king of men expreſt
The counſels labouring in his artful breaſt:
Friends and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as ſlumber'd in the ſhades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my ſight,
Whoſe viſionary form like Neſtor came,
The ſame in habit, and in mien the ſame.
The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, doſt thou ſleep, Oh, Atreus' ſon? (he ſaid)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war preſides,
To whom its ſafety a whole people owes;
To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.
In juſt array draw forth th' embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the duſty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to deſtroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with fate contend;
At Juno's ſuit the heavenly factions end.
Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
This hear obſervant, and the Gods obey!
The viſion ſpoke, and paſt in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! ſince Heaven itſelf alarms;
Unite, and rouſe the ſons of Greece to arms.
But firſt, with caution try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unſucceſsful war!
To move the troops to meaſure back the main
Be mine; and your's the province to detain.
He ſpoke, and ſat; when Neſtor riſing ſaid,
(Neſtor, whom Pylos' ſandy realms obey'd)
Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline;
Nor doubt the viſion of the power divine;

Sent by great Jove to him that rules the hoſt,
Forbid it Heaven! this warning ſhould be loſt!
Then let us haſte, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouſe the ſons of Greece to arms.
Thus ſpoke the ſage: The kings without delay
Diſſolve the council, and their chief obey:
The ſceptred rulers lead; the following hoſt
Pour'd forth by thouſands, darkens all the coaſt.
As from ſome rocky cleft the ſhepherd ſees
Cluſtering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling, and blackening, ſwarms ſucceeding ſwarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarſe alarms;
Duſky they ſpread, a cloſe embody'd crowd,
And o'er the vale deſcends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ſhips, a lengthening train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'erſhades the plain:
Along the region runs a deafening ſound;
Beneath their footſteps groans the trembling ground.
Fame flies before, the meſſenger of Jove,
And ſhining ſoars, and claps her wings above.
Nine ſacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, ſuſpend the liſtening crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
The king of kings his awful figure rais'd;
High in his hand the golden ſceptre blaz'd:
The golden ſceptre, of celeſtial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
To Pelops he th' immortal gift reſign'd;
Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyeſtes next the prize deſcends:
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.
On this bright ſceptre now the king reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the ſpeech deſign'd:
Ye ſons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!
Of partial Jove with juſtice I complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with ſpoils.
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt,
Our blood, our treaſure, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees, reſiſtleſs lord of all!
At whoſe command whole empires riſe or fall:
He ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towns and armies humbles to the duſt.
What ſhame to Greece a fruitleſs war to wage,
Oh, laſting ſhame in every future age!
Once great in arms the common ſcorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe:
So ſmall their number, that if wars were ceas'd
And Greece triumphant held a general feaſt,
And rank'd by tens, whole decads when they dine
Muſt want a Trojan ſlave to pour the wine.
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
Since firſt the labours of this war begun:
Our cordage torn, decay'd our veſſels lie,
And ſcarce enſure the wretched power to fly.
Haſte then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
Love, duty, ſafety, ſummon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey,
Our ſhatter'd barks may yet tranſport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native ſhore.
Fly, Grecians, fly, your ſails and oars employ,
And dream no more of Heaven-defended Troy.
His deep deſign unknown, the hoſts approve
Atrides' ſpeech. The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to th' Icarian ſhore,
From Eaſt and South when winds begin to roar,
Burſt their dark manſions in the clouds, and ſweep
The whitening ſurface of the ruffled deep,
And as on corn when weſtern guſts deſcend,
Before the blaſt the lofty harveſts bend:
Thus o'er the field the moving hoſt appears,
With nodding plumes, and groves of waving ſpears.
The gathering murmur ſpreads, their trampling feet
Beat the looſe ſands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long-reſounding cries they urge the train
To fit the ſhips, and launch into the main.
They toil, they ſweat, thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
The doubling clamours echo to the ſkies.
Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hoſtile plain,
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
But Jove's imperial queen their flight ſurvey'd,
And ſighing, thus beſpoke the blue-ey'd maid:
Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire diſgrace!
And leave unpuniſh'd this perfidious race?
Shall Troy, ſhall Priam, and th' adulterous ſpouſe,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And braveſt chiefs, in Helen's quarrel ſlain,
Lie unreveng'd on yon deteſted plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent ſhine in brazen arms.
Haſte, Goddeſs, haſt! the flying hoſt detain,
Nor let one ſail be hoiſted on the main.
Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
Swift to the ſhips precipitates her flight;
Ulyſſes, firſt in public cares, ſhe found,
For prudent counſel like the Gods renown'd:
Oppreſs'd with gen'rous grief the hero ſtood,
Nor drew his ſable veſſels to the flood.
And is it thus, divine Laërtes' ſon!
Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun)
Thus to their country bear their own diſgrace,
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beauteous He'en ſtill remain unfreed,
Still unreveng'd a thouſand heroes bleed?
Haſte, generous Ithacus! prevent the ſhame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.

Your own reſiſtleſs eloquence employ,
And to the Immortals truſt the fall of Troy.
The voice divine conſeſs'd the warlike maid,
Ulyſſes heard, nor uninſpir'd obey'd:
Then meeting firſt Atrides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial ſceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and reſpect to gain,
He runs, he flies, through all the Grecian train,
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
He fir'd with praiſe, or with perſuaſion mov'd.
Warriours, like you, with ſtrength and wiſdom bleſt,
By brave examples ſhould confirm the reſt.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but reſents our fears,
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in ſecret council ſpoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour ſprings,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.
But if a clamorous vile plebeian roſe,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
Be ſtill, thou ſlave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye Gods, what daſtards would our hoſt command,
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land!
Be ſilent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worſt of tyrants, an uſurping crowd:
To one ſole monarch Jove commits the ſway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.
With words like theſe the troops Ulyſſes rul'd,
The loudeſt ſilenc'd, and the fierceſt cool'd.
Back to th' aſſembly roll'd the thronging train,
Deſert the ſhips, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge ſurges to the trembling ſhores:
The groaning banks are burſt with bellowing ſound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult ſinks, the noiſes ceaſe,
And a ſtill ſilence lulls the camp to peace,
Therſites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no ſhame, by no reſpects control'd,
In ſcandal buſy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice ſtudious to defame:
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim;
But chief he glory'd, with licentious ſtile,
To laſh the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure ſuch as might his ſoul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain ſhoulders half his breaſt o'erſpread,
Thin hairs beſtrew'd his long miſhapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart poſſeſt,
And much he hated all, but moſt the beſt.
Ulyſſes or Achilles ſtill his theme;
But royal ſcandal his delight ſupreme.
Long had he liv'd the ſcorn of every Greek,
Vext when he ſpoke, yet ſtill they heard him ſpeak.

Sharp was his voice, which, in the ſhrilleſt tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:
Amidſt the glories of ſo bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warriour's breaſt inflames,
The golden ſpoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our war and blood beſtow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy cheſts o'erflow,
Thus at full eaſe in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirſt of gold?
Say, ſhall we march with our unconquer'd powers,
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hoſtile towers,
And bring the race of royal baſtards here,
For Troy to ranſom at a price too dear?
But ſafer plunder thy own hoſt ſupplies;
Say, would'ſt thou ſeize ſome valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bleſs thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our maſter craves, ſubmit we muſt,
Plagued with his pride, or puniſh'd for his luſt.
Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waſte his ſtore
In loves and pleaſures on the Phrygian ſhore.
We may be wanted on ſome buſy day,
When Hector comes: ſo great Achilles may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearleſs, and the brave:
And durſt he, as he ought, reſent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
Fierce from his ſeat at this Ulyſſes ſprings,
In generous vengeance of the king of kings;
With indignation ſparkling in his eyes,
He vies the wretch, and ſternly thus replies:
Peace, factious monſter, born to vex the ſtate,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor raſhly vain
And ſingly mad, aſperſe the ſovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, ſlave! of all our hoſt,
The man who acts the leaſt, upbraids the moſt?
Think not the Greeks to ſhameful flight to bring,
Nor let thoſe lips profane the name of king.
For our return we truſt the heavenly Powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the hoſt with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what haſt thou beſtow'd?
Suppoſe ſome hero ſhould his ſpoils reſign,
Art thou that hero, could thoſe ſpoils be thine?
Gods! let me periſh on this hateful ſhore,
And let theſe eyes behold my ſon no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To ſtrip thoſe arms thou ill deſerv'ſt to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And ſend thee ſcourg'd and howling thro' the fleet.
He ſaid, and cowering as the daſtard bends,
The weighty ſceptre on his back deſcends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumours riſe;
The tears ſpring ſtarting from his haggard eyes:

Trembling he ſat, and, ſhrunk in abject fears,
From his vile viſage wip'd the ſcalding tears.
While to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
Ye Gods! what wonders has Ulyſſes wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield;
Great in the council, glorious in the field!
Generous he riſes in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of inſolence.
Such juſt examples on offenders ſhown,
Sedition ſilence, and aſſert the throne.
'Twas thus the genera voice the hero prais'd,
Who, riſing high, th' imperial ſceptre rais'd:
The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celeſtial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.
Th' expecting crowds in ſtill attention hung,
To hear the wiſdom of his heavenly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pauſing ere he ſpoke,
His ſilence thus the prudent hero broke:
'Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race,
With ſhame deſerting, heap with vile diſgrace.
Not ſuch at Argos was their generous vow,
Once all their voice, but, ah! forgotten now:
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud ſtructures ſhould in aſhes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native ſhore!
What could their wives or helpleſs children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one ſhort month, endure the wintery main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wiſh our peaceful ſeat,
When the ſhip toſſes, and the tempeſts beat:
Then well may this long ſtay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian hoſt I blame;
But vaniſh'd! baffled! oh, eternal ſhame!
Expect the time to Troy's deſtruction given,
And try the faith of Chalcas and of Heaven.
What paſs'd at Aulis, Greece can witneſs bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beſide a fountain's ſacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd;
('Twas where the plane-tree ſpreads its ſhades around)
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon ſhot, of dire portent;
From Jove himſelf the dreadful ſign was ſent.
Strait to the tree his ſanguine ſpire he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmoſt branch a mother-bird poſſeſt;
Eight callow infants fill'd the moſſy neſt;
Herſelf the ninth: the ſerpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and cra ſh'd the crying young;
While hovering near, with miſerable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The motlier laſt, as round the neſt ſhe flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monſter ſlew:
Nor long ſurviv'd; to marble turn'd he ſtands
A laſting prodigy on Aulis' ſands.
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Truſt in his omen, and ſupport the war.
For while around we gaze with wondering eyes,
And trembling ſought the powers with ſacrifice,
Full of his God, the reverend Chalcas cried,
Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aſide.
This wonderous ſignal Jove himſelf diſplays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praiſe.
As many birds as by the ſnake were ſlain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain,
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fate decreed;
Thus ſpoke the prophet, thus the fates ſucceed.
Obey, ye Grecians! with ſubmiſſion wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.
He ſaid: the ſhores with loud applauſes ſound,
The hollow ſhips each deafening ſhout rebound.
Then Neſtor thus—Theſe vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high reſolves at laſt?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements paſt?
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vaniſh'd like their ſmoke: the faith of men!
While uſeleſs words conſume th' unactive hours,
No wonder Troy ſo long reſiſts our powers.
Riſe, great Atrides! and with courage ſway;
We march to war, if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare reſiſt thy laws,
The mean deſerters of the Grecian cauſe,
To grudge the conqueſts mighty Jove prepares,
And view with envy our ſucceſsful wars.
On that great day when firſt the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main,
Jove on the right, a proſperous ſignal ſent,
And thunder rolling ſhook the firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious ſtrife,
Till every ſoldier graſp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troops to baſe, inglorious flight;
Stand forth that Greek! and hoiſt his ſail to fly,
And die the daſtard firſt, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs adviſe:
Nor what they offer, thou thyſelf deſpiſe.
Among thoſe councils, let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide thy train;
His ſeparate troops let every leader call,
Each ſtrengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or ſoldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus diſtinct they war, ſhall ſoon be known,
And what the cauſe of Ilion not o'er-thrown;
If fate reſiſts, or if our arms are ſlow,
If Gods above prevent, or men below.
To him the king: How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in ſpeaking well?
O would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten ſuch ſages as they grant in thee;
Such wiſdom ſoon ſhould Priam's force deſtroy,
And ſoon ſhould fall the haughty towers of Troy!
But Jove forbids, who plunges thoſe he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates.
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provok'd: a captive maid the cauſe:

If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
Muſt ſhake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
But now, ye warriours, take a ſhort repaſt:
And, well-refreſh'd, to bloody conflict haſte.
His ſharpen'd ſpear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen ſhield:
Let all excite the fiery ſteeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No reſt, no reſpite, till the ſhades deſcend;
Till darkneſs, or till death, ſhall cover all:
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
Till bath'd in ſweat be every manly breaſt,
With the huge ſhield each brawny arm depreſt,
Each aching nerve refuſe the lance to throw,
And each ſpent courſer at the chariot blow.
Who dares, inglorious, in his ſhips to ſtay,
Who dares to tremble on this ſignal day;
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
The monarch ſpoke; and ſtrait a murmur roſe,
Loud as the ſurges when the tempeſt blows,
That daſh'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the ſtony ſhore.
Straight to the tents the troops diſperſing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the ſmokes aſcend;
With haſty feaſt they ſacrifice, and pray,
T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A ſteer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:
There bade the nobleſt of the Grecian peers;
And Neſtor firſt, as moſt advanc'd in years.
Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' ſon,
Ajax the leſs, and Ajax Telamon;
Then wiſe Ulyſſes in his rank was plac'd;
And Menelaus came unbid, the laſt.
The chiefs ſurround the deſtin'd beaſt, and take
The ſacred offering of the ſalted cake.
When thus the king prefers his ſolemn prayer:
Oh thou! whoſe thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heaven of heavens has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone!
Hear! and before the burning ſun deſcends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the duſt be laid yon hoſtile ſpires,
Be Priam's palace ſunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breaſt be plung'd this ſhining ſword,
And ſlaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!
Thus pray'd the chief; his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refus'd, and toſt in empty air:
The God averſe, while yet the fumes aroſe,
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite purſue,
The barley ſprinkled, and the victim ſlew,
The limbs they ſever from th' incloſing hide,
The thighs, ſelected to the Gods, divide.
On theſe, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aſpire,
While the fat victim feeds the ſacred fire.
The thighs thus ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, tranſfix, and roaſt the reſt;
Then ſpread the tables, the repaſt prepare,
Each takes his ſeat, and each receives his ſhare.
Soon as the rage of hunger was ſuppreſt,
The generous Neſtor thus the prince addreſt:
Now bid thy heralds ſound the loud alarms,
And call the ſquadrons ſheath'd in brazen arms:
Now ſeize th' occaſion, now the troops ſurvey,
And lead to war when Heaven directs the way.
He ſaid; the monarch iſſued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.
The chiefs incloſe their king: the hoſt divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either ſide.
High in the midſt the blue-eyed Virgin flies;
From rank to rank ſhe darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal ſhield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vaſt orb an hundred ſerpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and ſeem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breaſt ſhe warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and ſtrings their nervous arms;
No more they ſigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on ſome mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames aſcend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding as the winds ariſe,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the ſkies:
So from the poliſh'd arms, and brazen ſhields,
A gleamy ſplendour flaſh'd along the fields.
Not leſs their number than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white ſwans in Aſius' watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayſter's ſprings,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their ruſtling wings,
Now tower aloft, and courſe in airy rounds;
Now light with noiſe; with noiſe the field reſounds.
Thus numerous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery ſide;
With ruſhing troops the plains are covered o'er,
And thundering footſteps ſhake the ſounding ſhore.
Along the river's level meads they ſtand,
Thick as in ſpring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as inſects play,
The wandering nation of a ſummer's day,
That, drawn by milky ſteams, at evening hours,
In gather'd ſwarms ſurround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with buſy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the ſun.
So throng'd, ſo cloſe, the Grecian ſquadrons ſtood
In radiant arms, and thirſt for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his ſcattered force conjoins
In cloſe array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more eaſe, the ſkilful ſhepherd ſwain
collects his flocks from thouſands on the plain.
The King of Kings, majeſtically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outſhines them all;
Like ſome proud bull that round the paſtures leads
His ſubject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods, th' exalted chief was ſeen,
His ſtrength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien
Jove o'er his eyes celeſtial glories ſpread,
And dawning conqueſt play'd around his head.
Say, Virgins, ſeated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddeſſes! immortal nine!

Since earth's wide regions, heaven's unmeaſur'd height,
And hell's abyſs, hide nothing from your ſight.
(We wretched mortals! loſt in doubts below,
But gueſs by rumour, and but boaſt we know)
Oh, ſay what heroes, fir'd by thirſt of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's deſtruction came?
To count them all, demands a thouſand tongues,
A throat of braſs, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, aſſiſt! inſpir'd by you
The mighty labour dauntleſs I purſue:
What crowed armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I ſing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

The hardy warriours whom Bœotia bred,
Penelius, Leitus, Prothoënor led:
With theſe Arceſilaus and Clonius ſtand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
Theſe head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,
And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,
And Mycaleſſia's ample piny plain.
Thoſe who on Peteon or Ileſion dwell,
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;
Heleon and Hylè, which the ſprings o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus ſtray,
Or Theſpia ſacred to the God of Day.
Oncheſtus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Copæ, and Thiſbè, fam'd for ſilver doves,
For flocks Erythræ, Gliſſa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nyſa the divine.
And they whom Thebè's well-built walls encloſe,
Where Mydè, Eutreſus, Coroné roſe;
And Arnè rich, with purple harveſts crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmoſt bound.
Full fifty ſhips they ſend, and each conveys
Twice ſixty warriours through the foaming ſeas.
To theſe ſucceed Aſpledon's martial train,
Who plow the ſpacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Ialmen and Aſcalaphus the ſtrong:
Sons of Aſtyochè, the heavenly fair,
Whoſe Virgin charms ſubdued the God of War
(In Actor's court as ſhe retir'd to reſt,
The ſtrength of Mars the bluſhing maid compreſt).
Their troops in thirty ſable veſſels ſweep
With equal oars the hoarſe-reſounding deep.
The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
Epiſtrophus and Schedius head the war.
From thoſe rich regions where Cephiſſus leads
His ſilver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopëa, Chryſa the divine,
Where Anemoria's ſtately turrets ſhine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cypariſſus ſtood,
And fair Lilæa views the riſing flood.
Theſe rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Cloſe on the left, the bold Bœotians ſide.
Fierce Ajax led the Locrian ſquadrons on,
Ajax the leſs, Oïleus' valiant ſon;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in purſuit and active in the fight;
Him, as their chief, the choſen troops attend,
Which Beſſa, Thronus, and rich Cynos ſend:
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands,
And thoſe who dwell where pleaſing Augia ſtands,
And where Boägrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Taphe's ſylvan ſeats reſide:
In forty veſſels cut the liquid tide.
Euboea next her martial ſons prepares,
And ſends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and ſtrong Eretria;
Th' Iſteian field for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Cariſtos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad ſhoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands diſmiſs not the long lance in air;
But with protended ſpears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corſelets and the brazen ſhields.
Twice twenty ſhips tranſport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.
Full fifty more from Athens ſtem the main,
Led by Meneſtheus through the liquid plain,
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus ſway'd,
That ow'd his nurture to the blue-eyed Maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offſpring of the foodful earth.
Him Pallas plac'd amidſt her wealthy fane,
Ador'd with ſacrifice and oxen ſlain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes reſound the Goddeſs' praiſe)
No chief like thee, Meneſtheus! Greece could yield,
To marſhal armies in the duſty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to diſplay,
Or cloſe th' embody'd hoſt in firm array.
Neſtor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praiſe.
With theſe appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
In twelve black ſhips to Troy they ſteer their courſe,
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train,
From high Trœzenè, and Maſeta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom ſtrong Tyrinthè's lofty walls ſurround,
And Epidaur with viny harveſts crown'd;
And where fair Aſinen and Hermion ſhow
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
Theſe by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
But chief Tydides bore the ſovereign ſway;
In four-ſcore barks they plow the watery way.
The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægeon, and Adraſtus' ancient reign;
And thoſe who dwell along the ſandy ſhore,
And where Pellenè yields her fleecy ſtore,
Where Helicè and Hypereſia lie,
And Gonoëſſa's ſpires ſalute the ſky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred veſſels in long order ſtand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.

High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his hoſt, unrivall'd in his reign,
In ſilent pomp he moves along the main.
His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans exercis'd in arms;
Phares and Bryſia's valiant troops, and thoſe
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills incloſe:
Or Meſſe's towers for ſilver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, Laäs, Augia's happy ground,
And thoſe whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
And Helos, on the margin of the main:
Theſe, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cauſe,
In ſixty ſhips, with Menelaus draws:
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair-one's grief, and ſees her falling tears.
In ninety ſail, from Pylos' ſandy coaſt,
Neſtor the ſage conducts his choſen hoſt:
From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon ſtand;
Where beauteous Arenè her ſtructures ſhows,
And Thryon's walls Alpheus' ſtreams incloſe:
And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' diſgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals empty praiſe, he ſtrove
To match the ſeed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whoſe unſucceſsful pride
Th' immortal Muſes in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muſes of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and ſnatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to ſing,
His hand no more awak'd the ſilver ſtring.
Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,
The ſhaded tomb of old Ægyptus ſtood;
From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous paſture rove;
And Stymphelus with her ſurrounding grove,
Parrhaſia, on her ſnowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Eniſpè ſhook by wintery wind,
And fair Mantinea's ever pleaſing ſite;
In ſixty ſail th' Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Ancæus' ſon) the mighty ſquadron led.
Their ſhips, ſupply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring ſeas the wondering warriours bear;
The firſt to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.
Thoſe, where fair Elis and Buprafium join;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrſinus confine,
And bounded there where o'er the valleys roſe
Th' Olenian rock; and where Aliſium flows;
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came:
The ſtrength and glory of th' Epean name,
In ſeparate ſquadrons theſe their train divide,
Each leads ten veſſels through the yielding tide.
One was Amphimachus, and Thalphius one
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus ſon);
Diores ſprung from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.

But thoſe who view fair Elis o'er the ſeas
From the bleſt iſlands of th' Echinades,
In forty veſſels under Meges move,
Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove.
To ſtrong Dulichium from his ſire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulyſſes follow'd through the watery road,
A chief, in wiſdom equal to a God.
With thoſe who Cephalenia's iſle inclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coaſt oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos ſhakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged ſides are ſeen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
Theſe in twelve galleys with vermillion prores,
Beneath his conduct ſought the Phrygian ſhores.
Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian ſteep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriours from th' Ætolian ſhore,
For now the ſons of Oeneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himſelf, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas care now truſt the martial train,
His forty veſſels follow through the main.
Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnoſſus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
And thoſe who dwell where Rhytion's domes ariſe,
Or white Lycaſtus glitters to the ſkies,
Or where by Phæſtus ſilver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her ſons.
Theſe march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.
Tlepolemus, the ſon of Hercules,
Led nine ſwift veſſels through the foamy ſeas;
From Rhodes with everlaſting ſunſhine bright,
Jalyſſus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding ſhore,
Where mighty towns in ruins ſpread the plain,
And ſaw their blooming warriours early ſlain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, ſlew;
For this, conſtrain'd to quit his native place,
And ſhun the vengeance of the Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;
Where, many ſeas and many ſufferings paſt,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at laſt:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Encreas'd and proſper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the ſire of men and Gods;
With joy they ſaw the growing empire riſe,
And ſhowers of wealth deſcending from the ſkies.
Three ſhips with Nireus fought the Trojan ſhore,
Nireus, whom Aglæe to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultleſs ſhape and blooming grace,
The loveliеſt youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and ſmall his ſtrength in arms.

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of thoſe Calydnæ's ſea-girt iſles contain;
With them the youth of Nyſyrus repair,
Caſus the ſtrong, and Crapathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus poſſeſt the ſway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
Theſe Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Theſſalus the king.
Now, Muſe, recount Pelaſgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers;
From Phthia's ſpacious vales; and Hella, bleſt
With female beauty far beyond the reſt.
Full fifty ſhips beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Theſſalians all, though various in their name;
The ſame their nation, and their chief the ſame.
But now, inglorious, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array;
Cloſe in his fleet the angry leader lay;
Since fair Briſeïs from his arms was torn,
The nobleſt ſpoil from ſack'd Lyrneſſus borne,
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold ſons of great Evenus ſlew.
These mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
But ſoon to riſe in ſlaughter, blood, and war.
To theſe the youth of Phylacè ſucceed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And graſſy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the ſylvan ſcenes,
Sweet Pyrrhaſus, with blooming flowrets crown'd,
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.
Theſe own'd as chief Proteſilas the brave,
Who now lay ſilent in the gloomy grave:
The firſt who boldly touch'd the Trojan ſhore,
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies, far diſtant from his native plain;
Unfiniſh'd, his proud palaces remain,
And his ſad conſort beats her breaſt in vain.
His troops in forty ſhips Podarces led,
Iphiclus' ſon, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the hoſt;
Yet ſtill they mourn'd their ancient leader loſt.
The men who Glaphyra's fair ſoil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake.
Where Phæra hears the neighbouring waters fall,
Or proud Iolcus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ſhips embark'd for Ilion's ſhore:
With bold Eumylus, whom Alceſte bore:
All Pelias' race Alceſtè far outſhin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.
The troops Methone, or Thaumachia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Meliboea's fields,
With Philoctetes ſail'd, whoſe matchleſs art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Seven were his ſhips; each veſſel fifty row,
Skill'd in his ſcience of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poiſonous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length ſhall wiſh, nor wiſh in vain.
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' ſhore,
Oïleus' ſon, whom beauteous Rhena bore.
Th' Oechalian race, in thoſe high towers contain'd,
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty ſail the ſparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To theſe his ſkill their * Parent-God imparts,
Divine profeſſors of the healing arts.
The bold Ormènian and Aſterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in ſnow,
And where Hyperia's ſilver fountains flow.
Thy troops, Argiſſa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, ſhelter'd by Olympus' ſhades,
Gyrtonè's warriours; and where Orthè lies,
And Oleoſſon's chalky cliffs ariſe.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To diſtant dens the ſhaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypœtes join'd in equal ſway
Leontes leads, and forty ſhips obey.
In twenty ſail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
With theſe the Enians join'd, and thoſe who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleaſing Titareſius glides
And into Peneus rolls his eaſy tides;
Yet o'er the ſilver ſurface pure they flow,
The ſacred ſtream unmix'd with ſtreams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!
Laſt under Prothous the Magneſians ſtood,
Prothous the ſwift, of old Tenthredron's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obſcures the glade, and nods his ſhaggy brows;
Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus ſtray'd,
(The region ſtretch'd beneath his mighty ſhade)
In forty ſable barks they ſtemm'd the main;
Such were the chiefs, and ſuch the Grecian train.
Say next, O Muſe! of all Achaia breeds,
Who braveſt fought, or rein'd the nobleſt ſteeds?
Eumelus' mares are foremoſt in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:
Bred where Pieria's faithful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the ſilver bow.
Fierce in the fight their noſtrils breath'd a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age the ſame;

* Æſculapius.

'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
nd break the ranks, and thunder through the war.
jax in arms the firſt renown acquir'd,
hile ſtern Achilles in his wrath retir'd
lis was the ſtrength that mortal might exceeds,
id his, th' unrivall'd race of heavenly ſteeds).
it Thetis' ſon now ſhines in arms no more;
s troops, neglected on the ſandy ſhore,
empty air their ſportive javelins throw,
whirl the diſk, or bend an idle bow:
ıſtain'd with blood his cover'd chariots ſtand;
t' immortal courſers graze along the ſtrand;
t the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
id wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.
Now like a deluge, covering all around,
e ſhining armies ſwept along the ground:
ift as a flood of fire, when ſtorms ariſe,
ats the wide field, and blazes to the ſkies.
rth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove
rls down the forky lightning from above,
Arime when he the thunder throws,
d fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
ere Typhon, preſt beneath the burning load,
l feels the fury of th' avenging God.
ut various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
eds on the wings of winds through liquid air;
Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs ſhe found,
: old conſulting, and the youths around.
ites' ſhape, the monarch's ſon, ſhe choſe,
o from Æſetes' tomb obſerv'd the foes,
h on the mound; from whence in proſpect lay
: fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
his diſſembled form, ſhe haſtes to bring
unwelcome meſſage to the Phrygian king:
eaſe to conſult, the time for action calls,
, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
mbled armies oft have I beheld;
ne'er till now ſuch numbers charg'd the field,
k as autumnal leaves or driving ſand,
moving ſquadrons blacken all the ſtrand.
, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
nble all th' united bands of Troy;
ſt array let every leader call
oreign troops; this day demands them all.
e voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
council breaks, the warriours ruſh to arms.
gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
ns on nations fill the duſky plain.
ſteeds, and chariots, ſhake the trembling ground;
umult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
lſt the plain in ſight of Ilion ſtands
ing mount, the work of human hands;
for Myrinne's tomb th' Immortals know,
gh call'd Bateïa in the world below)
ath their chiefs in martial order here,
uxiliar troops and Trojan hoſts appear.
e godlike Hector, high above the reſt,
es his huge ſpear, and nods his plumy creſt!
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.
Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchiſes' ſon by Venus' ſtol'n embrace,
Born in the ſhades of Ida's ſecret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love)
Archilochus and Acamas divide
The warriour's toils, and combat by his ſide.
Who fair Zeleia's wealthy vallies till,
Faſt by the foot of Ida's ſacred hill;
Or drink, Æſepus, of thy ſable flood:
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to ſhow,
Grac'd with the preſent of his ſhafts and bow.
From rich Apæſus' and Adreſtia's towers,
High Teree's ſummits, and Pityea's bowers;
From theſe the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius' and Adraſtus' equal ſway:
Old Merops' ſons; whom, ſkill'd in fates to come,
The ſire forewarn'd, and prophefy'd their doom;
Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to war, and periſh'd on the plain.
From Practius' ſtream, Percote's paſture lands,
And Seſtos and Abydos' neighbouring ſtrands,
From great Ariſba's walls and Selle's coaſt,
Aſius Hyrtacides conducts his hoſt:
High on his car he ſhakes the flowing reins,
His fiery courſers thunder o'er the plains.
The fierce Pelaſgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Lariſſa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders ſhine
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.
Next Acamus and Pyrous lead their hoſts,
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coaſts;
Round the bleak realms where Helleſpontes roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarſe-reſounding ſhores.
With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trazenian Ceus, loy'd by Jove.
Pyæchmus the Pœonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend:
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the diſtant Amydon;
Axius, that ſwells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.
The Paphlagonians Pylœmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her ſavage mules,
Where Erythinus' riſing clifts are ſeen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Seſamus invades the ſky;
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.
Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epiſtrophus command,
From thoſe far regions where the ſun refines
The ripening ſilver in Alybean mines.
There mighty Chromis led the Myſian train,
And augur Eunomus, inſpir'd in vain,
For ſtern Achilles lopt his ſacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcis and brave Aſcanius here unite
Th' Aſcanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.
Of thoſe who round Mæonia's realms reſide,
Or whom the vales in ſhades of Tmolus hide,
Meſtles and Antiphus the charge partake;
Born on the banks of Gyges' ſilent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalè, and Latmos' ſhady brows,
And proud Miletes, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous tongues.
Amphimachus and Nauſtes guide the train,
Nauſtes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war,
Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles ſlain,
The river ſwept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;
The valiant victor ſeiz'd the golden prize.
The forces laſt in fair array ſucceed,
Which blameleſs Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
The warlike bands that diſtant Lycia yields,
Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duel of Menelaus and Paris.

THE Armies being ready to engage, a ſingle combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is ſent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam ſat with his counſellors, obſerving the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the ſolemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel enſues; wherein Paris being overcome, he is ſnatched away in a cloud by Venus, and tranſported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the reſtoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day ſtill continues throughout this book. The ſcene is ſometimes in the Fields before Troy, and ſometimes in Troy itſelf.

THUS by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and ſtretches o'er the land.
With ſhouts the Trojans ruſhing from afar,
Proclaim'd their motions, and provok'd the war;
So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing froſts, or thick-deſcending rain,
To warmer ſeas, the Cranes embody'd fly,
With noiſe, and order, through the mid-way ſky;

To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war deſcends upon the wing.
But ſilent, breathing rage, reſolv'd and ſkill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid duſt around
Darkening ariſes from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus ſheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding miſts the duſky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight ſhade;
While ſcarce the ſwains their feeding flocks ſurvey,
Loſt and confus'd amidſt the thicken'd day:
So, wrapt in gathering duſt, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, ſwept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hoſtile armies ſtand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the ſons of fame
Whom Troy ſent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
In form a God! the panther's ſpeckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an eaſy pride,
His bended bow acroſs his ſhoulders flung,
His ſword beſide him negligently hung,
Two pointed ſpears he ſhook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the braveſt of the Grecian race.
As thus with glorious air and proud diſdain,
He boldly ſtalk'd, the foremoſt on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, eſpies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he ſeizes and devours the ſlain,
Preſt by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;
Smit with a conſcious ſenſe, retires behind,
And ſhuns the fate he well deſerves to find.
As when ſome ſhepherd, from the ruſtling trees
Shot forth to view, a ſcaly ſerpent ſees;
Trembling and pale, he ſtarts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
So from the king the ſhining warriour flies,
And plung'd amid the thickeſt Trojans lies.
As God-like Hector ſees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh, hadſt thou died when firſt thou ſaw'ſt the light,
Or died at leaſt before the nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boaſt,
And fly, the ſcandal of the Trojan hoſt.
Gods! how the ſcornful Greeks exult to ſee
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy ſoul ſupplies a form ſo fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride
When thy tall ſhips triumphant ſtemm'd the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvaſs flow,
And crowds ſtood wondering at the paſſing ſhow;
Say, was it thus, with ſuch a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And * both her warlike lords outſhin'd in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes delight, thy own diſgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or haſt thou injur'd whom thou dar'ſt not right?
Soon to thy coſt the field would make thee know
Thou keep'ſt the conſort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form inſtilling ſoft deſire,
Thy curling treſſes, and thy ſilver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to theſe you truſt,
When youth and beauty ſhall be laid in duſt:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Cruſh the dire author of his country's woe.
His ſilence here, with bluſhes, Paris breaks;
'Tis juſt, my brother, what your anger ſpeaks:
But who like thee can boaſt a ſoul ſedate,
So firmly proof to all the ſhocks of fate?
Thy force like ſteel a temper'd hardneſs ſhows,
Still edg'd to wound, and ſtill untir'd with blows.
Like ſtee', uplifted by ſome ſtrenuous ſwain,
With falling woods to ſtrow the waſted plain:
Thy gifts I praiſe; nor thou deſpiſe the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving ſpeech, and pleaſing outward ſhow,
No wiſh can gain them, but the Gods beſtow.
Yet, would'ſt thou have the proffer'd combat ſtand,
The Greeks and Trojans ſeat on either hand;
Then let a midway ſpace our hoſts divide,
And on that ſtage of war the cauſe be tri'd:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth ſhe brought:
And who his rival can in arms ſubdue,
His be the fair, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league your toils may ceaſe,
And Troy poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for generous ſteeds, for beauty more.
He ſaid. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his ſpear reſtrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midſt, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with ſteps majeſtically ſlow:
While round his dauntleſs head the Grecians pour
Their ſtones and arrows in a mingled ſhower.
Then thus the monarch great Atrides cri'd;
Forbear, ye warriours! lay the darts aſide:
A parley Hector aſks, a meſſage bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.

* Theſeus and Menelaus.

Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult ſilence, and the fight ſuſpend.
While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either hoſt, and thus to both applies:
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your ſhining ſwords within the ſheath reſtrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midſt, in either army's ſight,
He dares the Spartan king to ſingle fight;
And wills, that Helen and the raviſh'd ſpoil
That caus'd the conteſt, ſhall reward the toil.
Let theſe the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.
He ſpoke: in ſtill ſuſpenſe on either ſide
Each army ſtood: the Spartan chief reply'd:
Me too, ye warriours, hear, whoſe fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field deſign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall he that muſt, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the reſt, ſecure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a ſable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the ſanction of conſiderate age;
His ſons are faithleſs, headlong in debate,
And youth itſelf an empty wavering ſtate:
Cool age advances venerably wiſe,
Turns on all hands its deep-diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.
The nations hear, with riſing hopes poſſeſt,
And peaceful proſpects dawn in every breaſt.
Within the lines they drew their ſteeds around,
And from their chariots iſſued on the ground:
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the ſable ſhore,
On either ſide the meeting hoſts are ſeen,
With lances fix'd, and cloſe the ſpace between.
Two heralds now, diſpatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius haſtens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.
Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the ſkies
The various Goddeſs of the rain-bow flies
(Like fair Laodicè in form and face,
The loveliеſt nymph of Priam's royal race).
Her in the palace, at her loom ſhe found;
The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd.
The Trojan wars ſhe weav'd (herſelf the prize)
And the dire triumph of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddeſs of the painted bow;
Approach and view the wondrous ſcenes below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now reſt their ſpears, or lean upon their ſhields;
Ceas'd is the war, and ſilent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In ſingle fight to toſs the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
This ſaid, the many colour'd maid inſpires
Her huſband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Ruſh to her thoughts, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a ſnowy veil ſhe threw,
And, ſoftly ſighing, from the loom withdrew:
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her ſilent footſteps to the Scæan gate.
There ſat the ſeniors of the Trojan race.
(Old Priam's chiefs, and moſt in Priam's grace)
The king the firſt; Thymœtes at his ſide;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetäon, once the ſtrong;
And next, the wiſeſt of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and ſage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and baſk'd before the ſun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wiſe through time, and narrative with age,
In ſummer-days like graſhoppers rejoice,
A bloodleſs race, that ſend a feeble voice.
Theſe, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,
In ſecret own'd reſiſtleſs beauty's power:
They cried, No wonder ſuch celeſtial charms
For nine long years have ſet the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majeſtic mien!
She moves a Goddeſs, and ſhe looks a Queen!
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from deſtruction ſave the Trojan race.
The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried,
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's ſide.
See on the plain thy Grecian ſpouſe appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our preſent ſufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's diſpoſing will, the cauſe;
The Gods theſe armies and this force employ,
The hoſtile Gods conſpire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and ſay, what Greek is he
(Far as from hence theſe aged orbs can ſee)
Around whoſe brow ſuch martial graces ſhine,
So tall, ſo awful, and almoſt divine!
Though ſome of larger ſtature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He ſeems a monarch, and his country's pride,
Thus ceas'd the king; and thus the fair replied:
Before thy preſence, father, I appear
With conſcious ſhame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to theſe walls I fled,
Falſe to my country and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
Falſe to them all, to Paris only kind?
For this I mourn, till grief or dire diſeaſe
Shall waſte the form, whoſe crime it was to pleaſe.
The king of kings, Atrides, you ſurvey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of ſway:

ly brother once, before my days of ſhame;
nd oh! that ſtill he bore a brother's name!
With wonder Priam view'd the god-like man,
ctoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
bleſt Atrides! born to proſperous fate,
ccefsful monarch of a mighty ſtate!
w vaſt thy empire! Of yon matchleſs train
at numbers loſt, what numbers yet remain?
Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
ncient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
en god-like Mygdon led their troops of horſe,
d I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
inſt the manlike Amazons we ſtood,
Sangar's ſtream ran purple with their blood.
far inferior thoſe, in martial grace
ſtrength of numbers, to this Grecian race.
is ſaid, once more he view'd the warriour-train:
's he whoſe arms lie ſcatter'd on the plain;
l is his breaſt, his ſhoulders larger ſpread,
gh great Atrides overtops his head.
et appear his care and conduct ſmall;
rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
tately ram thus meaſures o'er the ground,
maſter of the flock, ſurveys them round.
n Helen thus: Whom your diſcerning eyes
ſingled out, is Ithacus the wiſe:
ren iſland boaſts his glorious birth:
me for wiſdom fills the ſpacious earth.
enor took the word, and thus began:
f, O king! have ſeen that wond'rous man:
, truſting Jove and hoſpitable laws,
oy he came, to plead the Grecian cauſe;
t Menelaus urg'd the ſame requeſt)
ouſe was honour'd with each royal gueſt:
w their perſons, and admir'd their parts,
brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
, the Spartan moſt engag'd our view;
s ſeated greater reverence drew.
Atreus' ſon harangu'd the liſtening train,
was his ſenſe, and his expreſſion plain,
ords ſuccinct, yet full, without a fault;
oke no more than juſt the thing he ought.
when Ulyſſes roſe, in thought profound,
nodeſt eyes he fixt upon the ground,
e unſkill'd or dumb, he ſeem'd to ſtand,
rais'd his head, nor ſtretch'd his ſcepter'd hand;
when he ſpeaks, what elocution flows!
as the fleeces of deſcending ſnows,
copious accents fall with eaſy art;
ng they fall, and ſink into the heart!
dering we hear, and fix'd in deep ſurprize;
ears refute the cenſure of our eyes.
he king then aſk'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
at chief is that, with giant ſtrength endued;
oſe brawny ſhoulders, and whoſe ſwelling cheſt,
d lofty ſtature, far exceed the reſt?
Ajax the great (the beauteous queen replied)
Himſelf a hoſt: the Grecian ſtrength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus ſuperior towers
Amidſt yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a God! I ſaw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan ſhore.
The reſt I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have ſought, but ſought in vain;
Caſtor and Pollux, firſt in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horſe.
My brothers theſe; the ſame our native ſhore,
One houſe contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at eaſe,
For diſtant Troy refus'd to ſail the ſeas:
Perhaps their ſwords ſome nobler quarrel draws,
Aſham'd to combat in their ſiſter's cauſe.
So ſpoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native ſhore,
Silent they ſlept, and heard of wars no more.
Meantime the heralds, through the crowded town,
Bring the rich wine and deſtin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets preſt,
Who thus the venerable king addreſt:
Ariſe, O father of the Trojan ſtate!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To ſeal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy ſon, and Sparta's king advance,
In meaſur'd liſts to toſs the weighty lance;
And who his rival ſhall in arms ſubdue
His be the dame, and his the treaſure too.
Thus with a laſting league our toils may ceaſe,
And Troy poſſeſs her fertile fields in peace;
So ſhall the Greeks review their native ſhore,
Much fam'd for generous ſteeds, for beauty more.
With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white courſers to the car:
He mounts the ſeat, Antenor at his ſide;
The gentle ſteeds through Scæa's gates they guide:
Next from the car deſcending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian hoſt and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the ſage Ulyſſes then
Aroſe, and with him roſe the king of men.
On either ſide a ſacred herald ſtands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlace ſheath'd beſide his ponderous ſword;
From the ſign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the princes ſhare;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and ſpreads his lifted hands:
O firſt and greateſt power! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain ſway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From eaſt to weſt, and view from pole to pole!

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Breach of the Truce, and the firſt Battle.

THE Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter ſends down Minerva to break the truce. She perſwades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time ſome of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is diſtinguiſhed in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, ſome by praiſes, and others by reproofs. Neſtor is particularly celebrated for his military diſcipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are ſlain on both ſides.

The ſame day continues through this, as through the laſt book (as it does alſo through the two following, and almoſt to the end of the ſeventh book.)—The ſcene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' ſhining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, aſſume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebe, freſh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.
When Jove, diſpos'd to tempt Saturnia's ſpleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen:
Two powers divine the ſon of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid:
But high in heaven they ſit, and gaze from far,
The tame ſpectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight.
The Queen of pleaſures ſhares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, conſtant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the laſt deſpair.
Her act has reſcued Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious ſtrife.
Then ſay, ye Powers! what ſignal iſſue waits
To crown this deed, and finiſh all the Fates?
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms ſpare,
Or rouze the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides ſoon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.
Thus while he ſpoke, the Queen of Heaven enrag'd,
And Queen of War in cloſe conſult engag'd:
Apart they ſit, their deep deſigns employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though ſecret anger ſwell'd Minerva's breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath ſuppreſt;
But Juno, impotent of paſſion, broke
Her ſullen ſilence, and with fury ſpoke:
Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal reign!
My ſchemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, ſhook Ilion with alarms,
Aſſembled nations, ſet two worlds in arms?
To ſpread the war, I flew from ſhore to ſhore;
Th' immortal courſers ſcarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himſelf the faithleſs race defends:
Loth as thou art to puniſh lawleſs luſt,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjuſt.

The Sire whoſe thunder ſhakes the cloudy ſkies
45
ks from his inmoſt ſoul, and thus replies:
lafting rancour! oh inſatiate hate
Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian ſtate!
at high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
wretched mortals harm the powers above? 50
it Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'ſt
confound.
l yon fair ſtructures level with the ground?
te, leave the ſkies, fulfil thy ſtern deſire,
ſt all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Priam bleed! If yet thou thirſt for more, 55
d all his ſons, and Ilion float with gore,
oundleſs vengeance the wide realm be given,
vaſt deſtruction glut the Queen of Heaven!
et it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
en Heaven no longer hears the name of Troy:
60
ſhould this arm prepare to wreak our hate
hy lov'd realms, whoſe guilt demands their fate,
ume not thou the lifted bolt to ſtay;
ember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
know, of all the numerous towns that riſe 65
ath the rolling ſun and ſtarry ſkies,
ch Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,
ſtands ſo dear to Jove as ſacred Troy.
ortals merit more diſtinguiſh'd grace
God-like Priam, or than Priam's race, 70
o our name their hecatombs expire,
altars blaze with unextinguiſh'd fire.
this the Goddeſs roll'd her radiant eyes,
on the Thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains, 75
dear than all th' extended earth contains,
ene, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
thou may'ſt raze, nor I forbid their fall:
ot in me the vengeance to remove;
rime's ſufficient, that they ſhare my love. 80
wer ſuperiour why ſhould I complain?
t I may, but muſt reſent in vain.
me diſtinction Juno might require,
g with thyſelf from one celeſtial ſire,
ddeſs born to ſhare the realms above, 85
tyl'd the conſort of the thundering Jove;
hou a wife and ſiſter's right deny;
th conſent, and both by turns comply;
all the Gods our joint decrees obey,
Heaven ſhall act as we direct the way. 90
eady Pallas waits thy high commands,
iſe in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
ſudden friendſhip by her arts may ceaſe,
the proud Trojans firſt infringe the peace.
e Sire f men and Monarch of the ſky, 95
dvice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
ve the league, and all her arts employ
ake the breach the faithleſs act of Troy.
'd with the charge, ſhe headlong urg'd her
flight,
ſhot like lightning from Olympus' height. 100
e red comet, from Saturnius ſent
right the nations with a dire portent
tal ſign to armies on the plain,
rembling ſailors on the wintery main)
ſweeping glories glides along in air, 105
ſhakes the ſparkles from its blazing hair:

Between both armies thus, in open ſight,
Shot the bright Goddeſs in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hoſts admire
The power deſcending, and the heavens on fire!
110
The Gods (they cried) the Gods this ſignal ſent,
And fate now labours with ſome vaſt event:
Jove ſeals the league, or bloodier ſcenes prepares;
Jove the great arbiter of peace and wars!
They ſaid, while Pallas through the Trojan
throng
(In ſhape a mortal) paſs'd diſguis'd along.
Like bold Laödocus, her courſe ſhe bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high deſcent.
Amidſt the ranks Lycaön's ſon ſhe found,
The warlike Pandarus, for ſtrength renown'd; 120
Whoſe ſquadrons, led from black Æſepus' flood,
With flaming ſhields in martial circle ſtood.
To him the Goddeſs: Phrygian! can'ſt thou hear
A well-tim'd counſel with a willing ear?
What praiſe were thine, could'ſt thou direct thy
dart,
Amidſt his triumph, to the Spartan's heart!
What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'ſt thou
gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory ſlain!
Then ſeize th' occaſion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breaſt, and may that aim ſucceed! 130
But firſt, to ſpeed thy ſhaft, addreſs thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the ſilver bow,
And ſwear the firſtlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of Day.
He heard, and madly, at the motion pleas'd, 135
His poliſh'd bow with haſty raſhneſs ſeiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and ſmooth'd with artful
toil,
A mountain goat reſign'd the ſhining ſpoil,
Who pierc'd long ſince beneath his arrows bled:
The ſtately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, 140
And ſixteen palms his brow's large honours
ſpread:
The workman join'd, and ſhap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This, by the Greeks unſeen, the warriour bends,
Screen'd by the ſhields of his ſurrounding friends.
145
There meditates the mark; and couching low,
Fits the ſharp arrow to the well-ſtrung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he choſe,
Fated to wound; and cauſe of future woes,
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown 150
Apollo's altars in his native town.
Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Cloſe to his breaſt he ſtrains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
155
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering
ſtring.
But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian power:
Pallas aſſiſts, and (weaken'd in its force) 160
Diverts the weapon from its deſtin'd courſe:
So from her babe, when ſlumber ſeals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.

Juſt where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corſlet lin'd,
She turn'd the ſhaft, which hiſſing from above,
Paſs'd the broad belt, and through the corſlet drove:
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And raz'd the ſkin, and drew the purple gore.
As when ſome ſtately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding ſteed,
A nymph, in Caria, or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red:
With equal luſtre various colours vie,
The ſhining whiteneſs, and the Tyrian die:
So, great Atrides! ſhow'd thy ſacred blood,
As down thy ſnowy thigh diſtill'd the ſtreaming flood.
With horror ſeiz'd, the king of men deſcried
The ſhaft infix'd, and ſaw the guſhing tide:
Nor leſs the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The ſhining barb appear'd above the wound.
Then, with a ſigh, that heav'd his manly breaſt,
The royal brother thus his grief expreſt,
And graſp'd his hands; while all the Greeks around
With anſwering ſighs return'd the plaintive ſound:

Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The ſolemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hoſtile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be ſlain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is ſcorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Thoſe hands we plighted, and thoſe oaths we ſwore,
Shall all be vain: when Heaven's revenge is ſlow,
Jove but prepares to ſtrike the fiercer blow.
The day ſhall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the duſt ſhall lay.
When Priam's powers and Priam's ſelf ſhall fall,
And one prodigious ruin ſwallow all.
I ſee the God, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I ſee th' Eternal all his fury ſhed,
And ſhake his Ægis o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait:
But thou, alas! deſerv'ſt a happier fate.
Still muſt I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my ſhare of praiſe?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartleſs Greeks no more
Shall dream of conqueſts on the hoſtile ſhore;
Troy ſeiz'd of Helen, and our glory loſt,
Thy bones ſhall moulder on a foreign coaſt:
While ſome proud Trojan thus inſulting cries,
(And ſpurns the duſt where Menelaüs lies)
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
"And ſuch the conqueſts of her King of Kings!
"Lo his proud veſſels ſcatter'd o'er the main,
"And unreveng'd his mighty brother ſlain."
Oh! ere that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's ſhame.

He ſaid: a leader's and a brother's fears
Poſſeſs his ſoul, which thus the Spartan chears:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltleſs of my fate;
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.

To whom the King: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!
Now ſeek ſome ſkilful hand, whoſe powerful art
May ſtaunch th' effuſion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be ſwift, and bid Machäon bring
His ſpeedy ſuccour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged ſhaft, (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's ſorrow, and the Dardan's joy.
With haſty zeal the ſwift Talthybius flies;
Through the thick files he darts his ſearching eyes,
And finds Machäon, where ſublime he ſtands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: Machäon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by ſome Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the god-like man:
Swift to his ſuccour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntleſs king yet ſtanding firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.
Where to the ſteely point the reed was join'd,
The ſhaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac'd,
He loos'd: the corſlet from his breaſt unbrac'd;
Then ſuck'd the blood, and ſovereign balm infus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æſculapius us'd.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,
The Trojans ruſh tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you ſeen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or ſurpriz'd with fear;
But fond of glory with ſevere delight,
His beating boſom claim'd the riſing fight,
No longer with his warlike ſteeds he ſtay'd,
Or preſs'd the car with poliſh'd braſs inlaid:
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery courſers ſnorted at his ſide.
On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe reproves.
Brave men! he cries (to ſuch who boldly dare
Urge their ſwift ſteeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us truſt in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whoſe crimes ſit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her ſons and matrons Greece ſhall lead in chains,
And her dead warriours ſtrow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inſpires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
Shame to your country, ſcandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deſerve to find!
Why ſtand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still muſt ye wait the foes, and ſtill retire,
Till yon tall veſſels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or truſt ye, Jove a valiant foe ſhall chace,
To ſave a trembling, heartleſs, daſtard race?

This ſaid, he ſtalk'd with ample ſtrides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;

High at their head he ſaw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy expreſt,
And claſp'd the warriour to his armed breaſt:
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praiſe ſhall we beſtow?
To thee the foremoſt honours are decreed,
Firſt in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Reſtore our blood, and raiſe the warriours ſouls,
Though all the reſt with ſtated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeaſur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be ſtill thyſelf; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
To whom the Cretan thus his ſpeech addreſt:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the reſt:
Fix'd to thy ſide, in every toil I ſhare,
Thy firm aſſociate in the day of war.
But let the ſignal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I aſk of Heaven.
The field ſhall prove how perjuries ſucceed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.
Charm'd with this heat, the king his courſe purſues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A ſwain ſurveys the gathering ſtorm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours riſe,
Spread in dim ſtreams, and fail along the ſkies,
Till black at night the ſwelling tempeſt ſhows,
The cloud condenſing as the Weſt-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending ſtorm, and drives his flock
To the cloſe covert of an arching rock.
Such, and ſo thick, th' embattled ſquadrons ſtood,
With ſpears erect, a moving iron wood;
A ſhady light was ſhot from glimmering ſhields,
And their brown arms obſcur'd the duſky fields.

O heroes! worthy ſuch a dauntleſs train,
Whoſe God-like virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaimed the king) who raiſe your eager hands
With great examples, more than loud commands:
Ah, would the Gods but breathe in all the reſt
Such ſouls as burn in your exalted breaſt:
Soon ſhould our arms with juſt ſucceſs be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie ſmoaking on the ground.
Then to the next the general bends his courſe
(His heart exults, and glories in his force);
There reverend Neſtor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inſpiring eloquence commands;
With ſtricteſt order ſets his train in arms,
The chiefs adviſes, and the ſoldiers warms,
Alaſtor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horſe and chariots to the front aſſign'd,
The foot (the ſtrength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle ſpace ſuſpected troops ſupply,
Incloſ'd by both, nor left the power to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery ſteed,
Nor cauſe confuſion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the reſt let none too raſhly ride;
Nor ſtrength nor ſkill, but juſt in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warriour turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field ſhall caſt
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haſte;
Nor ſeek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent courſe,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preſerv'd their force,
By laws like theſe immortal conqueſts made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in aſhes laid.
So ſpoke the maſter of the martial art,
And touch'd with tranſport great Atrides' heart!
Oh! had'ſt thou ſtrength to match thy brave deſires,
And nerves to ſecond what thy ſoul inſpires!
But waſting years, that wither human race,
Exhauſt thy ſpirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'ſt thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.
Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He ſhook his hoary locks and thus reply'd:
Well might I wiſh, could mortal wiſh renew,
That ſtrength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion ſlain
Beneath this arm fell proſtrate on the plain.
But Heaven its gifts not all at once beſtows,
Theſe years with wiſdom crowns, with action thoſe;
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The ſolemn council beſt becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I reſign,
Let ſage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He ſaid. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Meneſtheus on the duſty ſhore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx ſtands,
And next Ulyſſes with his ſubject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew ſo far
The peace inſtring'd, nor heard the ſound of war;
The tumult late begun, they ſtood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who ſaw their ſquadrons yet unmov'd,
With haſty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd:
Can Peteus' ſon forget a warriour's part,
And fears Ulyſſes, ſkill'd in every art?
Why ſtand you diſtant, and the reſt expect
To mix in combat which yourſelves neglect?
From you 'twas hop'd among the firſt to dare
The ſhock of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are call'd before the reſt,
To ſhare the pleaſures of the genial feaſt:
And can you, chiefs! without a bluſh ſurvey
Whole troops before you labouring in the fray?
Say, is it thus thoſe honours you requite:
The firſt in banquets, but the laſt in fight?
Ulyſſes heard: the hero's warmth o'erſpread
His cheek with bluſhes: and ſevere, he ſaid:
Take back th' unjuſt reproach! Behold, we ſtand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy ſoul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickeſt fight.
Then give thy warriour-chief a warriour's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'ſt to view.
Struck with his generous wrath the king replies;
Oh great in action, and in council wiſe!

With ours, thy care and ardour are the ſame,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the tranſport of a martial mind.
Haſte to the fight, ſecure of juſt amends;
The Gods that make, ſhall keep the worthy friends.
He ſaid, and paſs'd where great Tydides lay,
His ſteeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his ſide)
To whom with ſtern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh ſon of Tydeus! (he, whoſe ſtrength could tame
The bounding ſteed, in arms a mighty name)
Can'ſt thou, remote, the mingling hoſts deſcry,
With hands unactive, and a careleſs eye?
Not thus thy ſire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still firſt in front the matchleſs prince appear'd;
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of fight!
I ſaw him once, when, gathering martial power,
A peaceful gueſt, he ſaw Mycenæ's tower;
Armies he aſk'd, and armies had been given,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heaven;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrours of the Theban war.
Next, ſent by Greece from where Aſopus flows,
A fearleſs envoy, he approached the foes;
Thebes' hoſtile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntleſs he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feaſting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all thoſe chiefs around;
Dar'd and ſubdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas ſtrung his arm, and edg'd his ſword.
Stung with the ſhame, within the winding way,
To bar his paſſage fifty warriours lay;
Two heroes led the ſecret ſquadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Thoſe fifty ſlaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He ſpar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and ſuch his martial fire.
Gods! how the ſon degenerates from the ſire!
No words the god-like Diomed return'd,
But heard reſpectful, and in ſecret burn'd:
Not ſo fierce Capaneus' undaunted ſon,
Stern as his ſire, the boaſter thus begun:
What needs, O Monarch, this invidious praiſe,
Ourſelves to leſſen, while our ſires you raiſe?
Dare to be juſt, Atrides! and confeſs
Our valour equal, though our fury leſs.
With fewer troops we ſtorm'd the Theban wall,
And happier ſaw the ſevenfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;
The ſons ſubdu'd, for heaven was on their ſide.
Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
Our glories darken their diminiſh'd name.
To him Tydides thus: My friend, forbear,
Suppreſs thy paſſion, and the king revere:
His high concern may well excuſe this rage,
Whoſe cauſe we follow, and whoſe war we wage;
His the firſt praiſe, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief diſgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.
He ſpoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms reſound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides ruſhing to the war.
As when the winds, aſcending by degrees,
Firſt move the whitening ſurface of the ſeas,
The billows float in order to the ſhore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing ſtorm, the deeps ariſe,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the ſkies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on ſhields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and ſilent move the numerous bands;
No ſound, no whiſper, but the chief's commands,
Thoſe only heard; with awe the reſt obey,
As if ſome God had ſnatch'd their voice away.
Not ſo the Trojans; from their hoſt aſcends
A general ſhout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd ſtand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand;
The hollow vales inceſſant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills:
Such clamours roſe from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the ſound.
Each hoſt now joins, and each a God inſpires,
Theſe Mars incites, and thoſe Minerva fires.
Pale flight around, and dreadful Terrour reign;
And Diſcord raging bathes the purple plain;
Diſcord! dire ſiſter of the ſlaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but riſing every hour:
While ſcarce the ſkies her horrid head can bound,
She ſtalks on earth, and ſhakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where'er her ſteps ſhe turns,
The groan ſtill deepens, and the combat burns.
Now ſhield with ſhield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy ſquadrons drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
And ſhrilling ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Ruſh to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thouſand channels to the main;
The diſtant ſhepherd trembling hears the ſound:
So mix both hoſts, and ſo their cries rebound.
The bold Antilochus the ſlaughter led,
The firſt who ſtruck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolus the lance arrives;
Raz'd his high creſt, and through his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And ſhades eternal ſettle o'er his eyes.
So finks a tower, that long aſſaults had ſtood
Of force and fire; its walls beſmear'd with blood.
Him, the bold * leader of th' Abantian throng
Seiz'd to deſpoil, and dragg'd the corpſe along:

* Elphenor.

while he ſtrove to tug th' inſerted dart,
nor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.
flank unguarded by his ample ſhield,
nits the lance: he falls, and ſpurns the field;
nerves, unbrac'd, ſupport his limbs no more;
ſoul comes floating in a tide of gore.
jans and Greeks now gather round the ſlain;
war renews, the warriours bleed again;
'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
blooming youth fair Simoïſius fell,
by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell:
Simoïſius, whom his mother bore,
d the flocks on ſilver Simois' ſhore;
nymph deſcending from the hills of Ide,
ek her parents on his flowery ſide,
ght forth the babe, their common care and joy,
thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
t was his date! by dreadful Ajax ſlain
lls, and renders all their cares in vain!
ls a poplar, that in watery ground
high the head, with ſtately branches crown'd,
d by ſome artiſt with his ſhining ſteel,
ape the circle of the bending wheel)
own it lies, tall, ſmooth, and largely ſpread,
all its beauteous honours on its head;
, left a ſubject to the wind and rain,
corch'd by ſuns, it withers on the plain.
pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïſius lies
h'd on the ſhore, and thus neglected dies.
Ajax Antiphus his javelin threw;
ointed lance with erring fury flew,
ucus, lov'd by wife Ulyſſes, ſlew.
ops the corpſe of Simoïſius ſlain,
inks a breathleſs carcaſe on the plain.
aw Ulyſſes, and with grief enrag'd
: where the foremoſt of the foes engag'd;
l with his ſpear, he meditates the wound,
to throw; but, cautious, look'd around.
: at his ſight the Trojans backward drew,
rembling heard the javelin as it flew.
:f ſtood nigh, who from Abydos came,
riam's ſon, Democoön was his name;
weapon enter'd cloſe above his ear,
hrough his temples glides the whizzing ſpear;
piercing ſhrieks the youth reſigns his breath,
e-balls darken with the ſhades of death;
rous he falls; his clanging arms reſound;
is broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
:'d with affright the boldeſt foes appear;
god-like Hector ſeems himſelf to fear;
he gave way, the reſt tumultuous fled;
Greeks with ſhouts preſs on, and ſpoil the dead:

But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppoſe;
Your foaming ſteeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with ſteel;
Your weapons enter, and your ſtrokes they feel.
Have ye forgot what ſeem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.
Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrors, rouz'd the Trojan powers:
While War's fierce Goddeſs fires the Grecian foe,
And ſhouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illuſtrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew);
Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous ſtone,
Burſt the ſtrong nerves, and craſh'd the ſolid bone.
Supine he tumbles on the crimſon ſands,
Before his helpleſs friends and native bands,
And ſpreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe ruſh'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death:
His guſhing entrails ſmok'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came iſſuing from the wound.
His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror ſent,
Deep in his breaſt above the pap it went.
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving boſom ſtood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warriour tugg'd his weighty ſpear:
Then ſudden wav'd his flaming fauchion round,
And gaſh'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
The corpſe now breathleſs on the bloody plain,
To ſpoil his arms the victor ſtrove in vain;
The Thracian bands againſt the victor preſt;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breaſt.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In ſullen fury ſlowly quits the prize.
Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of th' Epeian race:
Death's ſable ſhade at once o'ercaſt their eyes,
In duſt the vanquiſh'd, and the victor lies.
With copious ſlaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
Had ſome brave chief this martial ſcene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And ſwords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art with wonder had he ſeen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each hoſt with thirſt of glory fir'd,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Acts of Diomed.

DIOMED, aſſiſted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddeſs cures him, enables him to diſcern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppoſe him: Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the aſſiſtance of Venus; who, as ſhe is removing her ſon from the fight, is wounded in the hand by Diomed. Apollo ſeconds her in his reſcue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and aſſiſts Hector to make a ſtand. In the mean time Æneas is reſtored to the field, and they overthrow ſeveral of the Greeks; among the reſt Tlepolemus is ſlain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva deſcend to reſiſt Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go againſt that God; he wounds him, and ſends him groaning to heaven.

The firſt battle continues through this book. The ſcene is the ſame as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' ſoul inſpires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathleſs fame to raiſe,
And crown her hero with diſtinguiſh'd praiſe.
High on his helm celeſtial lightnings play,
His beamy ſhield emits a living ray;
Th' unweary'd blaze inceſſant ſtreams ſupplies,
Like the red ſtar that fires th' autumnal ſkies,
When freſh he rears his radiant orb to fight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, ſhoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief beſtow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward ſhe drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickeſt rage.
The ſons of Dares firſt the combat ſought,
A wealthy prieſt, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The ſons to toils of glorious battle bred;
Theſe ſingled from their troops the fight maintain,
Theſe from their ſteeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And firſt bold Phegeus caſts his ſounding ſpear,
Which o'er the warriour's ſhoulder took its courſe,
And ſpent in empty air its erring force.
Not ſo, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breaſt, and ſtretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unuſual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
And, had not Vulcan lent celeſtial aid,
He too had ſunk to death's eternal ſhade;
But in a ſmoky cloud the God of fire
Preſerv'd the ſon, in pity to the ſire.
The ſteeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Encreas'd the ſpoils of gallant Diomed.
Struck with amaze and ſhame, the Trojan crew,
Or ſlain, or fled, the ſons of Dares view;
When by the blood-ſtain'd hand Minerva preſt
The God of battles, and this ſpeech addreſt:
Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and ſhake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whoſe the conqueſt mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.
Her words allay'd th' impetuous warriour's heat,
The God of arms and Martial Maid retreat;

Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They ſat, and liſtened to the dying ſounds.
Meantime the Greeks the Trojan race purſue,
And ſome bold chieftain every leader ſlew:
Firſt Odius falls, and bites the bloody ſand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car addreſt,
The ſpeedy javelin drove from back to breaſt.
In duſt the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms reſound, the ſpirit wings its way.
Thy fate was next, O Phæſtus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' portended ſteel;
Whom Borus ſent (his ſon, and only joy)
From fruitful Tarne to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his ſhoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlaſting ſhades his eyes ſurround.
Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chace,
In woods and wilds to wound the ſavage race;
Diana taught him all her ſylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arreſts him as he flies;
From Menelaüs arm the weapon ſent,
Through his broad back and heaving boſom went:
Down ſinks the warriour with a thundering ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion ſent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's ſkill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabrick and the fair deſign;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the ſhipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris roſe,
The fatal cauſe of all his country's woes;
But he, the myſtick will of Heaven unknown,
Nor ſaw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapleſs artiſt, while confus'd he fled,
The ſpear of Merion mingled with the dead,
Through his right hip with forceful fury caſt,
Between the bladder and the bone it paſt:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitleſs cries,
And death in laſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
From Meges' force the ſwift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whoſe generous ſpouſe, Theano, heavenly fair,
Nurs'd the young ſtranger with a mother's care.
How vain thoſe cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal ſpear!
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.
Then dy'd Hypſenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Prieſt of the ſtream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidſt the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad ſhoulders fell the forceful brand,
Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which ſtain'd with ſacred blood the bluſhing ſand.
Down ſunk the prieſt; the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate ſuppreſs'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,
In every quarter fierce Tydides rag'd.
Amid the Greeks, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks, he thunders o'er the plain;
Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents ſwift and ſtrong
Deluge whole fields, and ſweep the trees along,
Through ruin'd moles the ruſhing wave reſounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and burſts the lofty bounds.
The yellow harveſts of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one ſad waſte appear!
While Jove deſcends in fluicy ſheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.
So rag'd Tydides, boundleſs in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the * leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waſte of his deſtructive hand:
His bended bow againſt the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirſty arrow flew,
Whoſe forky point the hollow breaſt-plate tore,
Deep in his ſhoulder pierc'd, and drank his gore:
The ruſhing ſtream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd:
Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your ſteeds!
Lo! by our hand the braveſt Grecian bleeds.
Not long the dreadful dart he can ſuſtain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to theſe fields in vain.
So ſpoke he, boaſtful; but the winged dart
Stopt ſhort of life, and mock'd the ſhooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his ſeat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the guſhing wound;
When thus the king his guardian power addreſt,
The purple current wandering o'er his veſt:
O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my god-like Sire deſerv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field,
Now, Goddeſs, now thy ſacred ſuccour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whoſe arrow wounds the chief thou guard'ſt in fight;
And lay the boaſter groveling on the ſhore,
That vaunts theſe eyes ſhall view the light no more.
Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid ſpirits chear'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating boſom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (ſhe cry'd), in every combat ſhine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Ruſh to the fight, and every foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy ſoul:
Strength ſwells thy boiling breaſt, infus'd by me,
And all thy god-like father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal miſts I purge thy eyes,
And ſet to view the warring Deities.
Theſe ſee thou ſhun, through all th' embattled plain,
Nor raſhly ſtrive where human force is vain.

* Pandarus.

If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her ſhalt thou wound: ſo Pallas gives command.
With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero ruſh'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidſt the field a brindled lion falls;
If chance ſome ſhepherd with a diſtant dart
The ſavage wound, he rouzes at the ſmart,
He foams, he roars; the ſhepherd dares not ſtay,
But trembling leaves the ſcattering flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with leſs fury ſtern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an inſtant ſlew:
Aſtynoüs breathleſs fell, and by his ſide
His people's paſtor, good Hypenor, dy'd;
Aſtynoüs' breaſt the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's ſhoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
Thoſe ſlain he left; and ſprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyïdus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamas, who, wiſe and old,
Could fates foreſee, and myſtic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the ſad father try'd his arts in vain;
No myſtic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides' ſpear.
Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage;
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vaſt was his wealth, and theſe the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To ſtrangers now deſcends his wealthy ſtore,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two ſons of Priam in one chariot ride
Glittering in arms, and combat ſide by ſide.
As when the lordly lion ſeeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidſt them with a furious bound,
Bends their ſtrong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their ſeats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their ſteeds and chariot to the navy borne.
With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends purſued,
Through the thick ſtorm of ſinging ſpears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes,
At length he found Lycaon's mighty ſon;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun:
Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchleſs ſkill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
And boaſted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal: if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or God incens'd, who quits the diſtant ſkies
To puniſh Troy for ſlighted ſacrifice;
(Which, oh, avert from our unhappy ſtate!
For what ſo dreadful as celeſtial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man deſtroy; if God, intreat to ſpare.
To him the Lycian: Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold!
Such courſers whirl him o'er the duſty field,
So towers his helmet, and ſo flames his ſhield.
If 'tis a God, he wears that chief's diſguiſe;
Or if that chief, ſome guardian of the ſkies
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unſeen the fruſtrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The ſtroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell:
And, but ſome God, ſome angry God withſtands,
His fate was due to theſe unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I ſought the war,
Nor join'd ſwift horſes to the rapid car.
Ten poliſh'd chariots I poſſeſs'd at home,
And ſtill they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in ſpacious coverlets they ſtand;
And twice ten courſers wait their lord's command.
The good old warriour bid me truſt to theſe,
When firſt for Troy I ſail'd the ſacred ſeas;
In fields aloft the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride:
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his councils with unheedful mind,
And thought the ſteeds (your large ſupplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the ſtraiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
Too late, O friend! my raſhneſs I deplore;
Theſe ſhafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' ſons their points have found,
And undiſſembled gore purſued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to ſlaughter, but provoke the foe:
In evil hour theſe bended horns I ſtrung,
And ſeiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that ſent me to the field
Without a warriour's arms, the ſpear and ſhield;
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I ſee my ſpouſe and fire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, ſhall feed the blazing flames.
To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift diſgrace.
The diſtant dart be prais'd, though here we need
The ruſhing chariot, and the bounding ſteed.
Againſt yon hero let us bend our courſe,
And hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my ſeat, and from the chariot's height
Obſerve my father's ſteeds, renown'd in fight,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the ſhock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with theſe, through fighting fields we go;
Or ſafe to Troy, if Jove aſſiſt the foe.
Haſte, ſeize the whip, and ſnatch the guiding rein:
The warriour's fury let this arm ſuſtain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the ſpear, the chariot's care be mine.
O prince! (Lycaon's valiant ſon reply'd)
As thine the ſteeds, be thine the taſk to guide.

horſes, practis'd to their lord's command,
ll bear the rein, and anſwer to thy hand,
if, unhappy, we deſert the fight,
voice alone can animate their flight:
ſhall our fates be number'd with the dead,
theſe, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
ne be the guidance then: with ſpear and ſhield
elf will charge this terrour of the field.
nd now both heroes mount the glittering car;
bounding courſers ruſh amidſt the war.
ir fierce approach bold Sthenelus eſpy'd,
thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cri'd:
friend! two chiefs of force immenſe I ſee,
dful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
e brave heir of bold Lycaon's line,
great Æneas, ſprung from race divine!
gh is given to fame. Aſcend thy car;
ſave a life, the bulwark of our war.
this the hero caſt a gloomy look,
on the chief with ſcorn; and thus he ſpoke:
doſt thou bid to ſhun the coming fight?
ould'ſt thou move to baſe, inglorious flight?
, 'tis not honeſt in my ſoul to fear,
vas Tydides born to tremble here.
the cumbrous chariot's ſlow advance,
he long diſtance of the flying lance;
hile my nerves are ſtrong, my force entire,
front the foe, and emulate my ſire.
nall yon ſteeds that fierce to fight convey
threatening heroes, bear them both away;
hief at leaſt beneath this arm ſhall die;
las tells me, and forbids to fly.
ſhe dooms, and if no God withſtand,
oth ſhall fall by one victorious hand;
heed my words: my horſes here detain,
to the chariot by the ſtraiten'd rein;
to Æneas' empty ſeat proceed,
eize the courſers of ætherial breed:
ace of thoſe, which once the thundering ſod
viſh'd Ganymede on Tros beſtow'd,
eſt that e'er on earth's broad ſurface run,
th the riſing or the ſetting ſun.
great Anchiſes ſtole a breed, unknown
rtal mares, from fierce Laomedon;
f this race his ample ſtalls contain,
wo tranſport Æneas o'er the plain.
, were the rich immortal prize our own,
gh the wide world ſhould make our glory nown.
s while they ſpoke the foe came furious on,
tern Lycaon's warlike race begun:
nce, thou art met. Though late in vain aſſail'd,
pear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He ſaid, then ſhook the ponderous lance, and flung;
On his broad ſhield ſhield the ſounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuiraſs hung
He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaſter cries)
Our triumph now the mighty warriour lies!
Miſtaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my ſpear be try'd:
Ye 'ſcape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hoſtile blood ſhall glut the God of war.
He ſpoke, and riſing hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The noſe and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
Craſh'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms reſound;
The ſtarting courſers tremble with affright;
The ſoul indignant ſeeks the realms of night.
To guard his ſlaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His ſpear extending where the carcaſe lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion ſtalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample ſhield diſplay'd,
He hides the hero with the mighty ſhade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at diſtance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides ſtoops; and from the fields,
Heav'd with vaſt force, a rocky fragment wields,
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degenerate days.
He ſwung it round; and gathering ſtrength to throw,
Diſcharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inſerted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged ſtone,
And ſtripp'd the ſkin, and crack'd the ſolid bone,
Sunk on his knees, and ſtaggering with the pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm ſuſtains;
Loſt in a dizzy miſt the warriour lies;
A ſudden cloud comes ſwimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief who mighty numbers ſway'd,
Oppreſs'd had ſunk to death's eternal ſhade;
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchiſes in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguiſh and deſpair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd ſon her arms ſhe throws,
Her arms whoſe whiteneſs match the falling ſnows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her ſhining veil,
The ſwords wave harmleſs, and the javelins fail:
Safe through the ruſhing horſe, and feather'd flight
Of ſounding ſhafts, ſhe bears him from the fight.
Nor Sthenelus, with unaſſiſting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting ſteeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with ſtraiten'd traces to the car,

Next ruſhing to the Dardan ſpoil, detains
The heavenly courſers with the flowing manes:
Theſe, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,
(Whom moſt he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, reſum'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides ſwept the plain.
Meanwhile (his conqueſt raviſh'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of Venus flies:
No Goddeſs ſhe commiſſion'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her ſable ſhield,
Or fierce Belloña thundering at the wall,
While flames aſcend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew ſoft combats ſuit the tender dame,
New to the field, and ſtill a foe to fame.
Through breaking ranks his furious courſe he bends,
And at the Goddeſs his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambroſial veil, which all the Graces wove;
Her ſnowy hand the razing ſteel profan'd,
And the tranſparent ſkin with crimſon ſtain'd,
From the clear vein a ſtream immortal flow'd,
Such ſtream as iſſues from a wounded God:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our groſs, diſeas'd, terreſtrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life ſuſtains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice ſupplies their veins.)
With tender ſhrieks the Goddeſs fill'd the place,
And dropp'd her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he caſt a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.
Then with a voice that ſhook the vaulted ſkies,
The king inſults the Goddeſs as ſhe flies.
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no ſcene for thee:
Go, let thy own ſoft ſex employ thy care,
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this ſtroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms,
Tydides thus: The Goddeſs ſeiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, diſtracted, from the conflict fled,
To aid her, ſwift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a miſt above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms ſhe found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who ſat remote, they bent their way,
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beſide him ſtood his lance, diſtain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming ſteeds before.
Low at his knee, ſhe begg'd, with ſtreaming eyes,
Her brother's car, to mount the diſtant ſkies,
And ſhew'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,
A mortal man who dares encounter Heaven.
Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the ſeat, oppreſs'd with ſilent woe
Driven by the Goddeſs of the painted bow.
The laſh reſounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment ſcales the lofty ſkies:
There ſtopp'd the car, and there the courſers ſtood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambroſial food.
Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh, and diſſolv'd in tears
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And aſk'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?
Then ſhe: This inſult from no God I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the ſon's defence the mother bled.
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.
Dione then: Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And ſhare thoſe gifts inferior powers muſt ſhare:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us ſuſtain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons impriſon'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had periſh'd; had not Hermes' care
Reſtor'd the groaning God to upper air.
Great Juno's ſelf has borne her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heavenly reign;
Amphitryon's ſon infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguiſh her immortal heart.
Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' power confeſs'd
The ſhaft found entrance in his iron breaſt;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, ſprinkling heavenly balm around
Aſſuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound
Raſh, impious man! to ſtain the bleſt abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!
But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
Whoſe ſpear ill-fated makes a Goddeſs bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,
Short is his date, and ſoon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he ſhall retire,
No infant on his knees ſhall call him Sire.
Strong as thou art, ſome God may yet be found,
To ſtretch thee pale and gaſping on the ground;
Thy diſtant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from ſleep with a diſtracted air,
Shall rouze thy ſlaves, and her loſt lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!
This ſaid, ſhe wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
The ſacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a ſmile ſurvey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd Maid;
Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this miſchance the Cyprian Queen befell.

As late ſhe try'd with paſſion to inflame
The tender boſom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for ſome youth of Troy;
The claſping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her ſoft hand with this lamented wound.
The Sire of Gods and men ſuperior ſmil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus addreſt his child:
Not theſe, O daughter, are thy proper cares!
Thee milder arts befit, and ſofter wars;

Sweet ſmiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.
Thus they in heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Fluſh'd with celeſtial blood purſu'd his way,
And fearleſs dar'd the threatening God of day;
Already in his hopes he ſaw him kill'd,
Through ſcreen'd behind Apollo's mighty ſhield.
Thrice ruſhing furious, at the chief he ſtrook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo ſhook:
He tri'd the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
O ſon of Tydeus, ceaſe! be wiſe and ſee
How vaſt the difference of the Gods and thee;
Diſtance immenſe! between the powers that ſhine
Above, eternal, deathleſs, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A ſhort-liv'd reptile in the duſt of earth.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
He dreads his fury, and ſome ſteps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the ſilver bow
A phantom rais'd, the ſame in ſhape and ſhow
With great Æneas; ſuch the form he bore,
And ſuch in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the ſpectre bloody wars are wag'd,
And Greece and Troy with claſhing ſhields engag'd.
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo ſtood,
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.
Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'ſt in blood, and ſhak'ſt th' embattled wall,
Riſe in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes
Diſpatch yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.
Firſt roſy Venus felt his brutal rage;
Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:
The wretch would brave high heaven's immortal Sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.
The God of battle iſſues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:
How long, ye ſons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd ſee Priam's people die?
Still unreſiſted ſhall the foe deſtroy,
And ſtretch the ſlaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo brave Æneas ſinks beneath his wound,
Not god-like Hector more in arms renown'd;
Haſte all, and take the generous warrior's part,
He ſaid; new courage ſwell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon firſt his ardent ſoul expreſs'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, theſe bold words addreſs'd:
Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour loſt?
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boaſt,
That propt alone by Priam's race ſhould ſtand
Troy's ſacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in juſt deriſion ends.
Remote they ſtand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far diſtant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wiſh of mortals) bleſt,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breaſt;
With thoſe I left whatever dear could be:
Greece, if ſhe conquers, nothing wins from me:
Yet firſt in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle ſtands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars ſave.
Haſte, warriour, haſte! preſerve thy threaten'd ſtate;
Or one vaſt burſt of all-involving fate
Full o'er your towers ſhall fall, and ſweep away
Sons, ſires, and wives, an undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
Rouſe all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
Theſe claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
With force inceſſant the brave Greeks oppoſe;
Such cares thy friends deſerve, and ſuch thy foes.
Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,
But juſt reproof with decent ſilence bears,
From his proud car the prince impetuous ſprings,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two ſhining ſpears are brandiſh'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they ſtand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condenſe their powers, and wait the growing war.
As when, on Ceres' ſacred floor, the ſwain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Aſcends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The grey duſt, riſing with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with duſt the Grecian hoſt appears,
From trampling ſteeds, and thundering charioteers;
The duſky clouds from labour'd earth ariſe,
And roll in ſmoking volumes to the ſkies.

Mars hovers o'er them with his ſable ſhield,
And adds new horrours to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd Maid retires,
Each Trojan boſom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his ſacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the ſhouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he ſtood, and vigorous from his wound:
Enquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pauſe of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce diſcord forms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames,
Stern Diomed with either Ajax ſtood,
And great Ulyſſes, bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Embodied cloſe, the labouring Grecian train
The fierceſt ſhock of charging hoſts ſuſtain.
Unmov'd and ſilent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the ſkies their gloomy lines diſplay;
When now the north his boiſterous rage has ſpent,
And peaceful ſleeps the liquid element:
The low-hung vapours motionleſs and ſtill,
Reſt on the ſummits of the ſhaded hill;
Till the maſs ſcatters as the winds ariſe,
Diſpers'd and broken through the ruffled ſkies.
Nor was the general wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave aſſociates and yourſelves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire!
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and, worſe than death, eternal ſhame.
Theſe words he ſeconds with his flying lance,
To meet whoſe point was ſtrong Deicoon's chance,
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremoſt in the field,
But now the monarch's lance tranſpierc'd his ſhield:
His ſhield too weak the furious dart to ſtay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:
The grizly wound diſmiſs'd his ſoul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell,
The fierce Æneas, brandiſhing his blade,
In duſt Orſilochus and Chærethon laid,
Whoſe ſire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty ſeat:
Sprung from Alpheüs plenteous ſtream! that yields
Increaſe of harveſt to the Pylian fields.
He got Orſilochus, Diöcleus he,
And theſe deſcended in the third degree,
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In ſable ſhips they left their native ſoil,
T' avenge Atrides: now untimely ſlain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood,
In deep receſſes of the gloomy wood,
Ruſh fearleſs to the plains, and uncontroul'd
Depopulate the ſtalls, and waſte the fold;
Till pierc'd at diſtance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Proſtrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs, as tall and ſtraight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthleſs in his hate,
The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Neſtor's valiant ſon
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, ſhould Helen's lord be ſlain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met the threatening heroes ſtand;
The ſpears already tremble in their hand:
In ruſh'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king,
Theſe ſeen, the Dardan backward turn'd his courſe,
Brave as he was, and ſhun'd enequal force,
The breathleſs bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.
Firſt Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled,
Who ſheath'd in braſs the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where ſublime he ſtood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying courſers, ſunk to endleſs night:
A broken rock by Neſtor's ſon was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling ſtone.
From his numb'd hands the ivory-ſtudded reins,
Dropt in the duſt, are trail'd along the plains:
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound:
He groans in death, and ponderous ſinks to ground;
Deep drove his helmet in the ſands, and there
The head ſtood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the courſer's feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty ſeat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.
Great Hector ſaw, then raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops purſue;
He fires his hoſt with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the ſkies.
Mars, ſtern deſtroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This ſwells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That ſhakes a ſpear that caſts a dreadful light,
Where Hector march'd, the God of battles ſhin'd,
Now ſtorm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
Tydides paus'd amidſt his full career;
Then firſt the hero's manly breaſt knew fear.
As when ſome ſimple ſwain his cot forſakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a ſwelling brook his paſſage ſtay,
And foam impervious croſs the wanderer's way,
Confus'd he ſtops, a length of country paſt,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at laſt.
Amaz'd no leſs the great Tydides ſtands:
He ſtay'd, and, turning, thus addreſs'd his bands:
No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
Secure of favouring Gods, he takes the field:

His ſtrokes they ſecond, and avert our ſpears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
Retire then, warriours, but ſedate and ſlow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Truſt not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the Gods ye fight.
Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
And firſt two leaders valiant Hector ſlew:
His force Anchialus and Mneſthes found,
In every art of glorious war renown'd;
In the ſame car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united died.
Struck at the ſight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirſt of vengeance, and aſſaults the foes.
His maſſy ſpear with matchleſs fury ſent,
Through Amphius' belt and heavy belly went:
Amphius Apæſus' happy ſoil poſſeſs'd,
With herds abounding, and with treaſure bleſs'd;
But fate reſiſtleſs from his country led
The chief, to periſh at his people's head.
Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to ſeize it, conquering Ajax ſprung;
Around his head an iron tempeſt rain'd;
A wood of ſpears his ample ſhield ſuſtain'd;
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpſe he preſt,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breaſt:
He could no more; the ſhowering darts deny'd
To ſpoil his glittering arms and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the field,
With briſtling lances, and compacted ſhields;
Till, in the ſteely circle ſtraiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and ſternly quits the ground.
While thus they ſtrive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urg'd by the force of unreſiſted fate,
Burns with deſire Sarpedon's ſtrength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the ſon of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverſe chief came on,
Jove's great deſcendant, and his greater ſon.
Prepar'd for combat ere the lance he toſs'd,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boaſt:
What brings this Lycian counſellor ſo far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain ſelf; nor let their flattery move,
Who ſtyle thee ſon of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike thoſe chiefs of race divine,
How vaſt the difference of their deeds and thine!
Jove got ſuch heroes as my ſire, whoſe ſoul
No fear could daunt, nor earth nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts ſtand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With ſix ſmall ſhips, and but a ſlender train,
He left the town a wide-deſerted plain.
But what art thou? who deedleſs look'ſt around,
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
But, wert thou greater, thou muſt yield to me.
Pierc'd by my ſpear, to endleſs darkneſs go!
I make this preſent to the ſhades below,
The ſon of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty ſpoke. The Lycian king reply'd:
Thy ſire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan ſtate,
Whoſe perjur'd monarch well deſerv'd his fate;
Thoſe heavenly ſteeds the hero fought ſo far,
Falſe he detain'd, the juſt reward of war.
Nor ſo content, the generous chief defy'd,
With baſe reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boaſt,
Shall raiſe my glory when thy own is loſt:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon ſlain,
Add one more ghoſt to Pluto's gloomy reign.
He ſaid: both javelins at an inſtant flew;
Both ſtruck, both wounded; but Sarpedon's flew:
Full in the boaſter's neck the weapon ſtood.
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The ſoul diſdainful ſeeks the caves of night,
And his ſeal'd eyes for ever loſe the light.
Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was preſent, and forbade the death.
Born from the conflict by the Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each buſied in his ſeveral part,
Through haſte, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
The Greeks with ſlain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whoſe fall Ulyſſes view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great ſon he ſhould purſue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But Heaven and Fate the firſt deſign withſtand,
Nor this great death muſt grace Ulyſſes' hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alaſtor, Cromius, Helius, ſtrow'd the plain,
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his ſword had ſent to hell,
But Hector ſaw; and, furious at the ſight,
Ruſh'd terrible amidſt the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wiſh'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief:
Oh ſuffer not the foe to bear away
My helpleſs corpſe, an unaſſiſted prey;
If I, unbleſt, muſt ſee my ſon no more,
My much-lov'd conſort, and my native ſhore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's ſacred wall;
Troy, in whoſe cauſe I fell, ſhall mourn my fall.
He ſaid, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But ſhakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the ſcattering foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's conſecrated ſhade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his ſinewy thigh.
The fainting ſoul ſtood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls ſwam the ſhades of night;
But Boreas riſing freſh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his ſpirit from the gates of death.

Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Againſt th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus firſt his fury found,
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquiſh'd I fled: ev'n I, the God of fight,
From mortal madneſs ſcarce was ſav'd by flight.
Elſe hadſt thou ſeen me ſink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of ſlain!
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.
Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of Thunders view'd, and ſtern beſpoke:
To me, perfidious! this lamenting ſtrain?
Of lawleſs force ſhall lawleſs Mars complain?
Of all the Gods who tread the ſpangled ſkies,
Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious in our eyes!
Inhuman diſcord is thy dire delight,
The waſte of ſlaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy ſoul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we uſe;
She gives th' example, and her ſon purſues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou ſhalt not mour
Sprung ſince thou art from Jove, and heaven
born.
Elſe, ſing'd with lightning had'ſt thou hence be
thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans gro
Thus he who ſhakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd aroun
And heal'd th' immortal fleſh, and clos'd t
wound.
As when the fig's preſt juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid ſtream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and ſo ſoon, th' ætherial texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the duſt and gore, fair Hebe dre
His mighty limbs in an immortal veſt.
Glorious he ſate, in majeſty reſtor'd,
Faſt by the throne of Heaven's ſuperiour Lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the bleſt abodes,
Their taſk perform'd, and mix among the Gods

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Epiſodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

THE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the ch augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint ſolemn proceſſion of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of M nerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxi during the abſence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview t tween the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendſhip a hoſpitality paſt between their anceſtors, they make exchange of their arn

ctor, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return the battle; and, taking tender leave of his wife Andromache, haſtens again the field.

The ſcene is firſt in the field of battle, between the river Simtoïs and Scamander, d then changes to Troy.

O W Heaven forſakes th' fight: the im-
mortals yield,
man force and human ſkill, the field:
howers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
ere, now there, the tide of combat flows;
Troy's fam'd * ſtreams, that bound the
athful plain,
er ſide ran purple to the main.
it Ajax firſt to conqueſt led the way,
the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful
ay.
hracian Acamas his faulchion found,
ew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
andering arm a deadly ſtroke impreſt
the black horſe-hair nodded o'er his creſt:
in his front the brazen weapon lies,
eals in endleſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Teuthras' ſon diſtain'd the ſands with blood,
s, hoſpitable, rich, and good:
Ariſbe's walls (his native place)
ld his ſeat; a friend to human race.
y the road, his ever-open door
d the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
rn Tydides now he falls a prey,
end to guard him in the dreadful day!
leſs the good man fell, and by his ſide
ithful ſervant, old Caleſius, dy'd.
great Euryalus was Dreſus ſlain,
ext he laid Opheltius on the plain.
wins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
a fair Naiad and Bucolion ſprung:
edon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
onarch's firſt-born by a foreign bed;
et woods he won the Naiad's grace,
vo fair infants crown'd his ſtrong embrace.)
ead they lay in all their youthful charms;
thleſs victor ſtripp'd their ſhining arms.
alus by Polypœtes fell;
ſpear Pydites ſent to hell;
icer's ſhaft brave Aretaön bled,
eſtor's ſon laid ſtern Ablerus dead;
Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
ortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
ld in Pedaſus his proud abode,
l'd the banks where ſilver Satnio flow'd.
hius by Eurypylus was ſlain;
nylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
eſt Adraſtus next at mercy lies
h the Spartan ſpear, a living prize.
with the din and tumult of the fight,
idlong ſteeds precipitate in flight,
on a tamariſk's ſtrong trunk, and broke
atter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;

Wide o'er the field, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind,
Prone on his face he ſinks beſide the wheel:
Atrides o'er him ſhakes his vengeful ſteel;
The fallen chief in ſuppliant poſture preſs'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer addreſs'd:
Oh, ſpare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
When fame ſhall tell, that not in battle ſlain,
Thy hollow ſhips his captive ſon detain;
Rich heaps of braſs ſhall in thy tent be told,
And ſteel well temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
He ſaid: compaſſion touch'd the hero's heart;
He ſtood, ſuſpended, with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquiſh'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon ſwift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall theſe, ſhall theſe Atrides' mercy find?
Well haſt thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor ſex, nor age,
Shall ſave a Trojan from our boundleſs rage:
Ilion ſhall periſh whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breaſt, ſhall fall.
A dreadful leſſon of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch ſpoke; the words with warmth addreſt,
To rigid juſtice ſteel'd his brother's breaſt.
Fierce from his knees the hapleſs chief he thruſt;
The monarch's javelin ſtretch'd him in the duſt,
Then preſſing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the ſlain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Neſtor ſaw, and rouz'd the warriours' rage!
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No ſon of Mars deſcend, for ſervile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering hoſt, your future ſpoil!
Firſt gain the conqueſt, then reward the toil.
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not ſage Helenus her ſtate redreſt,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his ſacred breaſt.
Where Hector ſtood, with great Æneas join'd,
The ſeer reveal'd the counſels of his mind:
Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wiſe to conſult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' ſoft arms the cowards gain,
The ſport and inſult of the hoſtile train.

* Scamander and Simoïs.

When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourſelves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous ſtand;
Preſt as we are, and ſore of former fight,
Theſe ſtraits demand our laſt remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the Gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' aſſembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the ſacred gates, and ſeek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmoſt tower.
The largeſt mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread;
And twelve young heifers to her altar led:
If ſo the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides' waſteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hoſts to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus reſiſtleſs rul'd the ſtream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle riſe.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he ſhakes two dazzling ſpears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midſt her triumphs fears;
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vaults of ſtars.
Then thus, aloud: Ye dauntleſs Dardans, hear!
And you whom diſtant nations ſend to war!
Be mindful of the ſtrength your fathers bore;
Be ſtill yourſelves, and Hector aſks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor ſhall, I truſt, the matrons holy train
And reverend elders, ſeek the Gods in vain.
This ſaid, with ample ſtrides the hero paſt;
The ſhield's large orb behind his ſhoulder caſt,
His neck o'erſhading, to his ancle hung;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the battle (god-like Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' ſon
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Obſerv'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:
What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aſpect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'ſt appear,
And meet a lance the fierceſt heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckleſs ſires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heaven, celeſtial, thou deſcend;
Know, with Immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandiſh'd ſteel from Nyſſa's ſacred grove:
Their conſecrated ſpears lay ſcatter'd round,
With curling vines and twiſted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong fought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arm receiv'd the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to mov
(Th' immortals bleſt with endleſs eaſe above)
Depriv'd of ſight by their avenging doom,
Chearleſs he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloon
Then ſunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurſt, and hated by the Gods!
I brave not heaven: but if the fruits of earth
Suſtain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.
What, or from whence I am, or who my fire
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' ſon enquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on t
ground;
Another race the following ſpring ſupplies;
They fall ſucceſſive, and ſucceſſive riſe:
So generations in their courſe decay;
So flouriſh theſe, when thoſe are paſt away.
But if thou ſtill perſiſt to ſearch my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the ſpacious earth.
A city ſtands on Argos' utmoſt bound,
(Argos the fair, for warlike ſteeds renown'd)
Æolian Siſyphus, with wiſdom bleſt,
In ancient time the happy walls poſſeſt,
Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his ſon;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the ſons of men in beauty ſhin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preſerves mankind.
Then mighty Prætus Argos' ſceptres ſway'd,
Whoſe hard command Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealouſy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag
For him Antæa burn'd with lawleſs flame,
And ſtrove to tempt him from the paths of fam
In vain ſhe tempted the relentleſs youth,
Endued with wiſdom, ſacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his ſcorn the queen to Prætus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her inſulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, reſolving on his fate;
But hoſpitable laws reſtrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he ſent,
With tablets ſeal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, bleſt by every power who guards the goo
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' ſilver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feaſted, and nine bulls he ſlew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate ſhew
The fatal tablets, till that inſtant ſeal'd,
The deathful ſecret to the king reveal'd,
Firſt, dire Chimæra's conqueſt was enjoin'd;
A mingled monſter, of no mortal kind;
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This peſt he ſlaughter'd (for he read the ſkie
And truſted Heaven's informing prodigies)

met in arms the Solymæan crew,
eſt of men) and thoſe the warriour ſlew.
the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
onquer'd ſtill, for Heaven was on his ſide.
ended here his toils; his Lycian foes
return, a treacherous ambuſh roſe,
levell'd ſpears along the winding ſhore;
fell they breathleſs, and return'd no more.
engths the monarch with repentant grief
ſ'd the Gods, and God-deſcended chief;
ughter gave, the ſtranger to detain,
alf the honours of his ample reign:
ycians grant a choſen ſpace of ground,
voods, with vineyards, and with harveſts
own'd,
long the chief his happy lot poſſeſs'd.
wo brave ſons and one fair daughter bleſs'd;
ven in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love
'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of
ve)
ien at laſt, diſtracted in his mind,
k by heaven, forſaking human kind,
'er th' Alcian field he choſe to ſtray,
, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
eap'd on woes conſum'd his waſted heart;
uteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
eſt-born by raging Mars was ſlain,
bat on the Solymæan plain.
ochus ſurviv'd; from him I came,
nour'd author of my birth and name;
decree I fought the Trojan town,
inſtructions learn to win renown,
d the firſt in worth as in command,
new honour to my native land,
my eyes my mighty ſires to place,
mulate the glories of our race.
poke, and tranſport fill'd Tydides heart;
h the generous warriour fix'd his dart,
friendly, thus, the Lycian prince addreſt:
me, my brave hereditary gueſt!
ver let us meet, with kind embrace,
ain the ſacred friendſhip of our race.
chief, our grandſires have been gueſts of
d;
the ſtrong, Bellerophon the bold:
cient ſeat his honour'd preſence grac'd;
twenty days in genial rites he paſs'd.
rting heroes mutual preſents left;
n goblet was thy grandſire's gift;
a belt of matchleſs work beſtow'd,
ch with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
from his pledge I learn'd, which ſafely
ſtor'd
my treaſures, ſti'l adorns my board:
deus left me young, when Thebè's wall
he ſons of Greece untimely fall.
of this, in friendſhip let us join;
n our ſteps to foreign land incline,
l in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
of Trojans to this lance ſhall yield,
ll harveſt of yon ample field,
of Greeks ſhall dye thy ſpear with gore;
and Diomed be foes no more.

Now change we arms, and prove to either hoſt,
We guard the friendſhip of the line we boaſt.
Thus having ſaid, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought reſign'd,
(Jove warm'd his boſom and enlarg'd his mind:)
For Diomed's braſs arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price;)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the ſhining purchaſe bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Great Hector, entered at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's conſecrated ſhades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all preſs'd with pious care
For huſbands, brothers, ſons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long proceſſion go,
And ſeek the Gods t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's ſtately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of ſtupendous fame;
O'er theſe a range of marble ſtructures runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty ſons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of ſtate
Oppos'd to thoſe, where Priam's daughters ſate
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd ſpouſes ſhone,
Of equal beauty, and of poliſh'd ſtone.
Hither great Hector paſs'd, nor paſs'd unſeen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
(With her Laodicè, whoſe beauteous face
Surpaſs'd the nymphs of Troy's illuſtrious race:)
Long in a ſtrict embrace ſhe held her ſon,
And preſs'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
O Hector! ſay, what great occaſion calls
My ſon from fight, when Greece ſurrounds our walls?
Com'ſt thou to ſupplicate th' Almighty Power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to ſprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refreſh thy ſoul,
And draw new ſpirits from the generous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.
Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd:)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abſtain, and ſpare the ſacred juice
To ſprinkle to the Gods, its better uſe.
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore diſtain'd,
To the pure ſkies theſe horrid hands to raiſe,
Or offer Heaven's great Sire polluted praiſe.
You, with your matrons, go! a ſpotleſs train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largeſt mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Moſt priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,

Before the Goddeſs' honour'd knees be ſpread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the Power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city ſpare,
And far avert Tydides' waſteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouze ſoft Paris to the war;
If yet, not loſt to all the ſenſe of ſhame,
The recreant warriour hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That peſt of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyſs might he deſcend,
Troy yet ſhould flouriſh, and my ſorrows end.
This heard, ſhe gave command; and ſumm'on'd came
Each noble matron and illuſtrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treaſur'd odours breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
There lay the veſtures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from ſoft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian ſhore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes:
She choſe a veil that ſhone ſuperiour far,
And glow'd reſulgent as the morning ſtar.
Herſelf with this the long proceſſion leads;
The train majeſtically ſlow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmoſt tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's conſort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' prieſteſs, and unbars the gates,
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with ſupplicating cries.
The prieſteſs then the ſhining veil diſplays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus ſhe prays:
Oh awful Goddeſs! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's ſtrong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' ſpear, and let him fall
Prone on the duſt before the Trojan wall,
So twelve young heifers, guiltleſs of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful ſmoke.
But thou, aton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourſelves, our infants, and our city ſpare!
So pray'd the prieſteſs in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While theſe appear before the Power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himſelf the manſion rais'd, from every part
Aſſembling architects of matchleſs art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace ſtands
The pompous ſtructure, and the town commands.
A ſpear the hero bore of wondrous ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,
The ſteely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandiſh'd, at each motion ſhin'd.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whoſe uſeleſs arms lay round.
His eyes delighting with the ſplendid ſhow,
Brightening the ſhield, and poliſhing the bow.
Beſide him Helen with her virgins ſtands,
Guides their rich labours, and inſtructs their hands.
Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high reſenting ſpoke.
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to ſhow?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece againſt us, both conſpire;
Thy cloſe reſentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the ſoldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And waſteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deſerves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to ſhare?
Riſe, or behold the conquering flames aſcend
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.
Brother, 'tis juſt (reply'd the generous youth)
Thy free remonſtrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my abſence leſs, oh generous chief
On hate to Troy, than conſcious ſhame and grief
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother ſate,
And mourn'd in ſecret, his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory ſpreads her charms
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conqueſt to-day my happier ſword may bleſs,
'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give ſucceſs
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris ſhall not lag behind.
He ſaid, nor anſwer'd Priam's warlike ſon;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
Oh generous brother! if the guilty dame,
That caus'd theſe woes, deſerves a ſiſter's name!
Would Heaven, ere all theſe dreadful deeds were done,
The day that ſhow'd me to the golden ſun,
Had ſeen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why ſunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midſt the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurſt
Bore all, and Paris of thoſe ills the worſt.
Helen at leaſt a braver ſpouſe might claim,
Warm'd with ſome virtue, ſome regard of fame:
Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline
With toils, ſuſtain'd for Paris' ſake and mine:
The Gods have link'd our miſerable doom,
Our preſent woe and infamy to come:
Wide ſhall it ſpread, and laſt through ages long.
Example ſad! and theme of future ſong.
The chief reply'd: this time forbids to reſt
The Trojan bands, by hoſtile fury preſt,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my ſoul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's ſtay;
This day (perhaps the laſt that ſees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, ſome God who hates our Trojan land
May vanquiſh Hector by a Grecian hand.
He ſaid, and paſs'd with ſad preſaging heart
To ſeek his ſpouſe, his ſoul's far dearer part;

me he fought her, but he fought in vain:
vith one maid of all her menial train,
hence retir'd; and with her fecond joy,
oung Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy,
e ſhe ſtood on Ilion's towery height,
d the war, and ſicken'd at the fight;
her ſad eyes in vain her lord explore,
ep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
he who found not whom his ſoul deſir'd,
: virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
in the gates, and aſk'd what way ſhe bent
arting ſtep? If to the fane ſhe went,
e late the mourning matrons made reſort;
ght her ſiſters in the Trojan court?
) the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)
ix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
on's ſteepy tower ſhe bent her way,
irk the fortunes of the doubtful day.
ſled, ſhe heard, before the Grecian ſword;
ard, and trembled for her abſent lord:
cted with ſurprize, ſhe ſeem'd to fly,
n her cheek, and ſorrow in her eye.
urſe attended with her infant boy,
oung Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy.
tor, this heard, return'd without delay;
through the town he trod his former way,
gh ſtreets of palaces, and walks of ſtate;
et the mourner at the Scæan gate.
aſte to meet him ſprung the joyful fair,
melefs wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir;
n Thebè great Aëtion ſway'd,
ippoplacus' wide-extended ſhade)
irſe ſtood near, in whoſe embraces preſt
ly hope hung ſmiling at her breaſt,
each ſoft charm and early grace adorn,
the new-born ſtar that gilds the morn.
; lov'd infant Hector gave the name
drius, from Scamander's honour'd ſtream;
ax the Trojans call'd the boy,
is great father, the defence of Troy.
he warriour ſmil'd, and, pleas'd, reſign'd
der paſſions all his mighty mind:
uteous princeſs caſt a mournful look,
n his hand, and then dejected ſpoke;
ſom labour'd with a boding ſigh,
e big tear ſtood trembling in her eye.
daring prince! ah, whither doſt thou run?
o forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
ink'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
ow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
re ſuch courage length of life denies;
ou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.
: in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
oſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
nt me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
an aſk of Heaven, an early tomb!
ll my days in one ſad tenour run,
nd with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
rent now remains my griefs to ſhare,
her's aid, no mother's tender care.
erce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire!
'hebè waſte, and ſlew my warlike ſire!
e compaſſion in the victor bred;
as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;
His radiant arms preſerv'd from hoſtile ſpoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's ſylvan daughters bade their elms beſtow
A barren ſhade, and in his honour grow.
By the ſame arm my ſeven brave brothers fell;
In one ſad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and ſnowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapleſs heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's ſylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, ſhe ſcarce beheld again
Her pleaſing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppreſt by life-conſuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet, while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare:
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!
That quarter moſt the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou from this tower defend th' important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt,
That paſs Tydides, Ajax, ſtrive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.
The chief reply'd: That poſt be all my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriours fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to deſign,
And woes, of which ſo large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's ſpring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to ſee,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.

The thoughts of glory paſt, and preſent ſhame,
A thouſand griefs ſhall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.
Thus having ſpoke, th' illuſtrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to claſp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurſe's breaſt,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding creſt.
With ſecret pleaſure each fond parent ſmil'd,
And Hector haſted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrours from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiſs'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
O thou! whoſe glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathleſs powers! protect my ſon!
Grant him, like me, to purchaſe juſt renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Againſt his country's foes the war to wage,
And riſe the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from ſucceſsful toils
Of heroes ſlain, he bears the reeking ſpoils,
Whole hoſts may hail him with deſerv'd acclaim,
And ſay, this chief tranſcends his father's fame:
While, pleas'd, amidſt the general ſhouts of Troy,
His mother's conſcious heart o'erflows with joy.
He ſpoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Reſtor'd the pleaſing burthen to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breaſt the babe ſhe laid,
Huſh'd to repoſe, and with a ſmile ſurvey'd.
The troubled pleaſure ſoon chaſtis'd by fear,
She mingled with a ſmile a tender tear.
The ſoften'd chief with kind compaſſion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus purſued:
Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And ſuch the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then reſiſt, no flight can ſave;
All ſink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremoſt place I claim,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in fame.
Thus having ſaid, the glorious chief reſumes
His towery helmet, black with ſhading plumes.
His princeſs parts with a prophetic ſigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That ſtream'd at every look: then, moving flow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
Through all her train the ſoft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled ſorrows ſhed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth iſſues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that caſt a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warriour bends his way.
The wanton courſer thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevell'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, ſprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of day,
The ſon of Priam, glorying in his might,
Ruſh'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now, the warriours paſſing on the way,
The graceful Paris firſt excus'd his ſtay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy power in war with juſtice none conteſt;
Known is thy courage, and thy ſtrength confeſt.
What pity ſloth ſhould ſeize a ſoul ſo brave,
Or god-like Paris live a woman's ſlave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans ſay,
And hopes, thy deeds ſhall wipe the ſtain away.
Haſte then, in all their glorious labours ſhare;
For much they ſuffer, for thy ſake, in war.
Theſe ills ſhall ceaſe, whene'r by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
While the proud foe his fruſtrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her ſeas returns.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſingle combat of Hector and Ajax.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehenſions for the Greeks. Apollo, ſeeing her deſcend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a ſingle combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is caſt, and falls upon Ajax. Theſe heroes, after ſeveral attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor propoſes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not conſent, but offers to reſtore them her riches. Priam ſends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the laſt of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, purſuant to the advice of Neſtor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and paliſades. Neptune teſtifies his jealouſy at this work, but is pacified by a promiſe from Jupiter. Both armies paſs the night in feaſting, but Jupiter diſheartens the Trojans with thunder and other ſigns of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the ſlain; and one more in building the fortification before the ſhips. So that ſomewhat above three days is employed in this book. The ſcene lies wholly in the field.

SO ſpoke the guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
Then ruſh'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing ſlaughter, both reſolv'd in arms.
As when to ſailors labouring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales ariſe,
The gales blow grateful, and the veſſel flies:
So welcome theſe to Troy's deſiring train;
The bands are chear'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris firſt the work of death begun
On great Meneſtheus, Areïthous' ſon:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleaſing Arnè was his native place.
Then ſunk Eioneus to the ſhades below,
Beneath his ſteely caſque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' ſpear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his ſlack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold uſeleſs members on the ground.
When now Minerva ſaw her Argives ſlain,
From vaſt Olympus to the gleaming plain.
Fierce ſhe deſcends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor ſhot leſs ſwift from Ilion's towery height;
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen ſhade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd Maid:
What cauſe, O Daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progreſs from the realms above?
Once more impetuous doſt thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and huſh the ſtern debate:
This day, the buſineſs of the field ſuſpend;
War ſoon ſhall kindle, and great Ilion bend:

Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more:
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host,
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.
O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me as a boy or woman would'st thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;
To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.
He said; and, rising high above the field,
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs theirs javelins drew,
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends:
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down,
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen bos the stone descends;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:
The huge stone thundering through his buckler broke:
His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.
And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;

But then by heralds' voice the word was given,
The sacred ministers of earth and heaven:
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy.
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard:
Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the night extends her awful shade;
The Goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.
To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd:
"O Sage! to Hector be these words address'd;
"Let him who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the night;
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way."
Oh first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,
With strength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
Some future day shall lengthen out our strife,
And let the Gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And Heaven enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies Heaven with vows for Hector's life.
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
"Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
"And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."
With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestick grace they quit the plain;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state:
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the god-like man they bear,
Their present triumph, as their late despair.
But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, and repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.

The king himſelf (an honorary ſign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Neſtor, in each perſuaſive art approv'd,
The ſage whoſe counſels long had ſway'd the reſt,
In words like theſe his prudent thought expreſt:
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has coſt!
What Greeks are periſh'd! what a people loſt!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's ſhore!
What crowds of heroes ſunk, to riſe no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy ſquadrons to new toils of fight:
Some ſpace at leaſt permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our ſlaughter'd friends bequeath.
From the red field their ſcatter'd bodies bear;
And nigh the fleet a funeral ſtructure rear;
So decent urns their ſnowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their aſhes weep.
Here, where on one promiſcuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd;
Next, to ſecure our camp, and naval powers,
Raiſe an embattled wall, with lofty towers;
From ſpace to ſpace be ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
So Greece to combat ſhall in ſafety go,
Nor fear the fierce incurſions of the foe.
'Twas thus the ſage his wholeſome counſel mov'd;
The ſceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.
Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council ſate;
A ſenate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor riſing, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis Heaven the counſel of my breaſt inſpires,
And I but move what every God requires:
Let Sparta's treaſure be this hour reſtor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the ſworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the juſt Gods provoke.
As this advice ye practice, or reject,
So hope ſucceſs, or dread the dire effect.
The ſenior ſpoke, and ſate. To whom replyd
The graceful huſband of the Spartan bride;
Cold counſels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But ſound ungrateful in a warriour's ears:
Old man, if, void of fallacy or art,
Thy words expreſs the purpoſe of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more ſound advice haſt given,
But wiſdom has its date, aſſign'd by Heaven.
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treaſures I'll reſtore, but not the dame;
My treaſures too, for peace, I will reſign;
But be this bright poſſeſſion ever mine.
'Twas then, the groaning diſcord to compoſe,
Now from his ſeat the reverend Priam roſe;

His god-like aſpect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and theſe pacific words enſue:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreſhment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new ſun reſtore the chearful light:
Then ſhall our herald to th' Atrides ſent,
Before their ſhips proclaim my ſon's intent.
Next let a truce be aſk'd, that Troy may burn
Her ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!
The monarch ſpoke! the warriours ſnatch'd with haſte
(Each at his poſt in arms) a ſhort repaſt.
Soon as the roſy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ſhips Idæus bent his way;
There, to the ſons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice; the hoſt ſtood liſtening round:
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy and Troy's great monarch hear,
Pleas'd may ye hear (ſo Heaven ſucceed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The ſpoils and treaſures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh, had he periſh'd ere they touch'd our ſhore!)
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increaſe
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.
But to reſtore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requeſts in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we aſk a truce, to burn
Our ſlaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whoſe the conqueſt, mighty Jove decide!
The Greeks gave ear, but none the ſilence broke:
At length Tydides roſe, and riſing ſpoke:
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.
Let conqueſt make them ours: fate ſhakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.
Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general ſhouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'ſt the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes corpſe; I war not with the dead:
Go ſearch your ſlaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the ſlain:
Be witneſs, Jove, whoſe thunder rolls on high!
He ſaid, and rear'd his ſceptre to the ſky.
To ſacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and ſtanding in the midſt, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their ſeveral cares the Trojans move:
Some ſearch the plains, ſome fell the ſounding grove:

Nor leſs the Greeks, deſcending on the ſhore,
Hew'd the green foreſts, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To ſhed his ſacred light on earth again,
Aroſe the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage ſearch the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his ſlaughter'd friend explore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they waſh'd, their pious tears they ſhed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead;
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with ſilent haſte
The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And ſadly flow to ſacred Troy return'd.
Nor leſs the Greeks their pious ſorrows ſhed,
And decent on the pile diſpoſe the dead;
The cold remains conſume with equal care;
And, ſlowly, ſadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had ſtreak'd with reddening light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd,
Then, to ſecure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
From ſpace to ſpace were ample gates around,
For paſſing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd ſtood adverſe to the foe.
So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the Gods above
In ſhining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd beheld the wonderous works of man:
Then he, whoſe trident ſhakes the earth, began:
What mortals henceforth ſhall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus ſucceſsful boaſt
Their riſing bulwarks on the ſea-beat coaſt?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No God conſulted, and no victim ſlain!
Their fame ſhall fill the world's remoteſt ends;
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends,
While old Laömedon's divine abodes,
Thoſe radiant ſtructures rais'd by labouring Gods,
Shall, raz'd and loſt, in long oblivion ſleep.
Thus ſpoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
Th' Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the ſkies:
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whoſe rage can make
The ſolid Earth's eternal baſis ſhake:
What cauſe of fear from mortal works could move
The meaneſt ſubject of our realms above?
Where'er the ſun's refulgent rays are caſt,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame ſhall laſt.
But yon proud work no future age ſhall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew,
The ſapp'd foundations by thy force ſhall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vaſt drifts of ſand ſhall change the former ſhore;—
The ruin vaniſh'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling ſun deſcending to the main
Beheld the finiſh'd work. Their bulls they ſlew:
Black from the tents the ſavoury vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' ſtands,
With Bacchus' bleſſings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wine the rich Eunæus ſent
A thouſand meaſures to the royal tent.
(Eunæus, whom Hypſipyle of yore
To Jaſon, ſhepherd of his people, bore)
The reſt they purchas'd at their proper coſt,
And well the plenteous freight ſupply'd the hoſt:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treaſures gave:
Some braſs, or iron; ſome an ox, or ſlave.
All night they feaſt, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Thoſe on the fields, and thoſe within their towers.
But Jove averſe the ſigns of wrath diſplay'd,
And ſhot red lightnings through the gloomy ſhade:
Humbled they ſtood; pale horrour ſeiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder ſhook th' aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd:
And large libations drench'd the thirſty ground:
Then late, refreſh'd with ſleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy bleſſings of the night.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

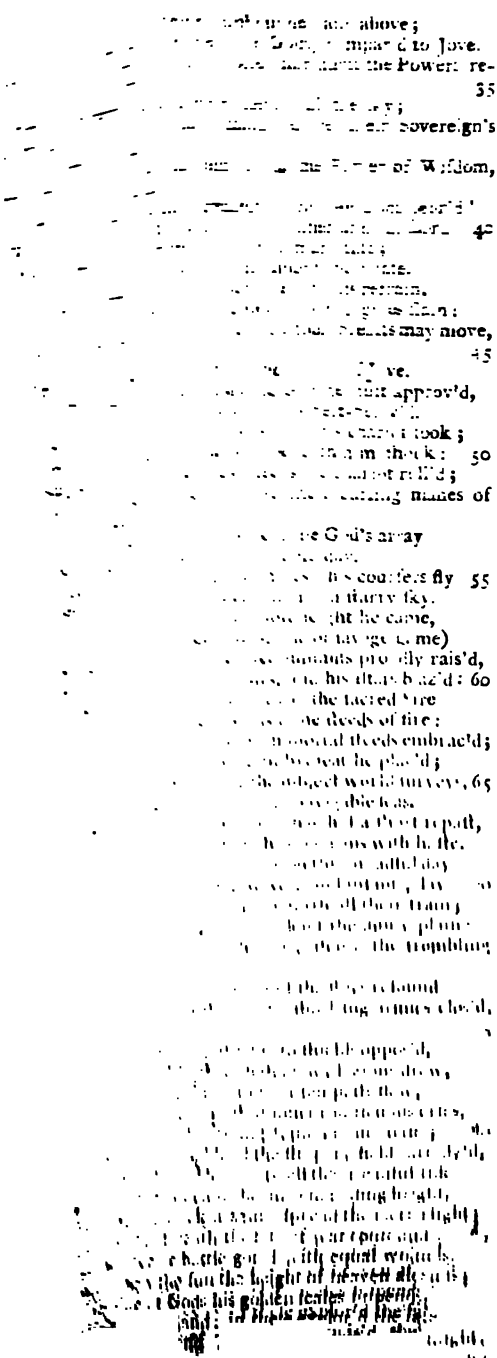
THE ARGUMENT.

The ſecond Battle, and the Diſtreſs of the Greeks.

JUPITER aſſembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they aſſiſt either ſide: Minerva only obtains of him that ſhe may direct the Greeks by her counſels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Neſtor alone continues in the field, in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whoſe exploits, and thoſe of Hector, are excellently deſcribed. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians; but are reſtrained by Iris, ſent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ſhips) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reimbarking and eſcaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and paſs the night under arms.

The time of ſeven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The ſcene here (except of the celeſtial machines) lies in the field toward the ſea-ſhore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops ariſe.
The Sire of Gods his awful ſilence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he ſpoke:
Celeſtial ſtates, immortal Gods, give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree, which not all Heaven can move;
Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye Powers, approve!
What God but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the ſkies with ſhame he ſhall he driven,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of heaven:
Or far, oh far from ſteep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf ſhall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread thoſe dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye Powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove;
Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thunderer down to earth:
Ye ſtrive in vain! If I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight!



Preſs'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low ſunk on earth, the Trojan ſtrikes the ſkies,
Then Jove from Ida's top his horrours ſpreads;
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flaſh; the muttering thunder rolls;
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls,
Before his wrath the trembling hoſts retire,
The God in terrors, and the ſkies on fire.
Nor great Idomeneus that fight could bear,
Nor each ſtern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm ſuſtain'd;
Neſtor alone amidſt the ſtorm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courſer in a mortal part:
Fix'd in the forehead where the ſpringing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it ſtung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguiſh, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and laſh the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed,
When dreadful Hector, thundering through the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had ſtretch'd beneath his matchleſs hand
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band:
But Diomed beheld: from forth the croud
He ruſh'd, and on Ulyſſes call'd aloud.
Whither, oh whither goes Ulyſſes run?
Oh flight unworthy great Laertes' ſon!
Mix'd with the vulgar ſhall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, diſhoneſt wound?
Oh turn and ſave from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian ſage.
His fruitleſs words are loſt unheard in air,
Ulyſſes ſeeks the ſhips, and ſhelters there.
But bold Tydides to the reſcue goes,
A ſingle warriour 'midſt a hoſt of foes;
Before the courſers with a ſudden ſpring
He leap'd, and anxious thus beſpoke the king;
Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
Theſe younger champions will oppreſs thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow;
Weak is thy ſervant, and thy courſers ſlow.
Then haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the car
Obſerve the ſteeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
Theſe late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein:
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;
With theſe againſt yon Trojans will we go,
Nor ſhall great Hector want an equal foe;
Unconquer'd he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.
Thus ſaid the chief; and Neſtor, ſkill'd in war,
Approves his counſel, and aſcends the car.
The ſteeds he left, their truſty ſervants hold;
Sthenelus, and Sthene us the bold:
The ſage betook to Diomed the chief,
And Sthenelus the charioteer directs the courſe,
And ſtooping his aged arm to laſh the horſe.
Unlike the two race; unknowing how to fear,
Driven by Jove on; Tydides whirl'd his ſpear.

The ſpear with erring haſte miſtook its way,
But plung'd in Enicpeus' boſom lay.
His opening hand in death forſakes the rein;
The ſteeds fly back: he falls, and ſpurns the p'ain.
Great Hector ſorrows for his ſervant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to preſs the field;
Till to ſupply his place and rule the car,
Roſe Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful ſound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vaſt profound:
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with ſulphur blue;
The quivering ſteeds fell proſtrate at the ſight;
And Neſtor's trembling hand confeſs'd his fright;
He dropt the reins; and, ſhook with ſacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire adviſ'd, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averſe, the Sovereign of the ſkies
Aſſiſts great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other ſun may ſee the happier hour,
When Greece ſhall conquer by his heavenly power.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to ſubmit to Jove.
O reverend prince! (Tydides thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But ah, what grief, ſhould haughty Hector boaſt,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coaſt!
Before that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warriour's ſhame.
To whom Gerenian Neſtor thus reply'd;
Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who ſhall heed the boaſt?
Not thoſe who felt thy arm, the Dardan hoſt,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes loſt;
Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the ſword
That laid in duſt her lov'd lamented lord.
He ſaid, and haſty o'er the gaſping throng
Drives the ſwift ſteeds; the chariot ſmokes along.
The ſhouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The ſtorm of hiſſing javelins pours behind.
Then, with a voice that ſhakes the ſolid ſkies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warriour as he flies.
So, mighty hero, grac'd above the reſt
In ſeats of council and the ſumptuous feaſt;
Now hope no more thoſe honours from thy train;
So, leſs than woman, in the form of man!
To ſcale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, preſumptuous prince! are fled,
This arm ſhall reach thy heart, and ſtretch thee dead.
Now fears diſſuade him, and now hopes invite,
To ſtop his courſers, and to ſtand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's ſummits thunder'd from above:
Great Hector heard; he ſaw the flaſhing light,
(The ſign of conqueſt) and thus urg'd the fight:
Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Succeſs and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal ſhame.
In vain they ſkulk behind their boaſted wall,
Weak bulwarks! deſtin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their ſlighted trench our ſteeds ſhall bound;
And paſs victorious o'er the level'd mound.
Soon as before yon hollow ſhips we ſtand,
Fight each with flames, and toſs the blazing brand;
Till, their proud navy wrapt in ſmoke and fires,
All Greece, encompaſs'd, in one blaze expires.
Furious he ſaid; then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud ſteeds, while thus he ſpoke:
Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chace,
And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearleſs, this important day,
And all! our maſter's well-ſpent care repay.
For this, high-fed in plenteous ſtalls ye ſtand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princeſs' hand;
For this my ſpouſe, of great Action's line,
So oft has ſteep'd the ſtrengthening grain in wine.
Now ſwift purſue, now thunder uncontroul'd;
Give me to ſeize rich Neſtor's ſhield of gold;
From Tydeus' ſhoulders ſtrip the coſtly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
Theſe if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.
That heard, deep anguiſh ſtung Saturnia's ſoul;
She ſhook her throne that ſhook the ſtarry pole;
And thus to Neptune; Thou, whoſe force can make
The ſtedfaſt earth from her foundations ſhake,
See'ſt thou the Greeks by fates unjuſt oppreſt,
Nor ſwells that heart in thy immortal breaſt?
Yet Ægæ, Helicè, thy power obey,
And gifts unceaſing on thine altars lay.
Would all the Deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thunderer might repine:
Sole ſhould he ſit, with ſcarce a God to friend,
And ſee his Trojans to the ſhades deſcend:
Such be the ſcene from his Idæan bower;
Ungrateful proſpect to the ſullen Power!
Neptune with wrath rejects the raſh deſign:
What rage, what madneſs, furious Queen, is thine!
I war not with the higheſt. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now god-like Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.
The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.
High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;
There, from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard:
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
Oh Argives! shame of human race; he cri'd,
(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd)
Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?
Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?
O mighty Jove! oh sire of the distress'd?
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?
With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!
To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;
What altar smok'd not with our victims' gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand!
Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand,
And save the relicks of the Grecian land!
Thus pray'd the king; and Heaven's great Father heard
His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd:
The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.
His eagle, sacred bird of Heaven! he sent,
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)
High o'er the wondering hosts he soar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall,
The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:
Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.
Tydides first of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)
With flying courses shun'd his dreadful ire:
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell oppress;
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast;
Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;
Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
And god-like Idomen, now pass'd the mound:
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian shield
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
With every shaft some hostile victim slew,
Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:
The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead:
The god-like Lycophon next press'd the plain,
With Chromius, Dætor, Opheleştes slain:
Bold Hamopäon breathless sunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Menalippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,
A Trojan ghost attended every dart.
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace,
The vigorous offspring of a stol'n embrace,
Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If Heaven's high Powers
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers;
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompence the warriour's toils with love.
To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.
What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But sure some God denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.
He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies
At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:
He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line.
As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the dead, and drooping kiss the plain:

So ſinks the youth: his beauteous head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breaſt.
Another ſhaft the raging archer drew:
That other ſhaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltleſs to the ground:
Thy breaſt, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipt its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his ſudden fall alarms
The ſteeds, that ſtartle at his ſounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathleſs on the ſanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and iſſues on the plain.
Dreadful he ſhouts: from earth a ſtone he took,
And ruſh'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already ſtrain'd the forceful yew:
The ſhaft already to his ſhoulder drew:
The feather in his hand, juſt wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow cheſt unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief diſcharg'd the craggy ſtone;
The bow-ſtring burſt beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand diſmiſs'd the uſeleſs bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd his brother with a mighty ſhade;
Till great Alaſtor, and Meciſtheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the ſhore.
Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian Sire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breaſts with fire.
The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confuſ'dly fall.
Firſt of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terrour cloath'd, and more than mortal ſtrong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
With beating boſom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or faſtens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but ſtill they flew;
Thus following Hector ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew.
When flying they had paſs'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground;
Before the ſhips a deſperate ſtand they made,
And fired the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon ſhot a ſanguine flame
That wither'd all their hoſt: like Mars he ſtood;
Dire as the monſter, dreadful as the God!
Their ſtrong diſtreſs the wife of Jove ſurvey'd;
Then penſive thus, to War's triumphant Maid:
Oh daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the fable ſhield!
Now, in this moment of her laſt deſpair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confeſs our care,
Condemn'd to ſuffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of Heaven's relentleſs hate?
Gods! ſhall one raging hand thus level all?
What numbers fell! what numbers yet ſhall fall!
What power divine ſhall Hector's wrath aſſuage?
Still ſwells the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage!

So ſpake th' imperial Regent of the ſkies.
To whom the Goddeſs with the azure eyes:
Long ſince had Hector ſtain'd theſe fields with gore,
Stretch'd by ſome Argive on his native ſhore;
But He above, the Sire of Heaven, withſtands,
Mocks our attempts, and ſlights our juſt demands.
The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my ſervice and deſerv'd reward:
Sav'd I, for this, his favourite * ſon diſtreſs'd.
By ſtern Euriſtheus with long labours preſs'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep diſmay;
I ſhot from heaven, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wiſdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been croſs'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
Averſe to me of all his heaven of Gods,
At Thetis' ſuit the partial Thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, reſenting ſon,
My hopes are fruſtrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd Maid his beſt belov'd,
Haſte, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;
Myſelf will arm, and thunder at thy ſide.
Then, Goddeſs! ſay, ſhall Hector glory then,
(That terrour of the Greeks, that Man of men)
When Juno's ſelf, and Pallas ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of war!
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder ſhore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feaſt the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?
She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the ſteeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empreſs, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her ſacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and ſpreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
His cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt.
The vigorous power the trembling car aſcends;
Shook by her arm, the maſſy javelin bends;
Huge, ponderous, ſtrong! that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the laſh; the courſers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid ſky.
Heaven's gates ſpontaneous open to the Powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The ſun's bright portals and the ſkies command;
Cloſe, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar heaven with clouds, or roll thoſe clouds away.
The ſounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the ſteep of heaven their courſe they guide.
But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top ſurvey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd Maid:

* Hercules.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and ſtop their car;
Againſt the Higheſt who ſhall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I ſpoke, and what I ſpeak is Fate.
Their courſers cruſh'd beneath the wheel ſhall lie,
Their car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky;
My lightning theſe rebellious ſhall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground.
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs our will.
Swift as the wind, the various colour'd Maid
From Ida's top her golden wings diſplay'd;
To great Olympus' ſhining gates ſhe flies,
There meets the chariot ruſhing down the ſkies,
Reſtrains their progreſs from the bright abodes,
And ſpeaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.
What frenzy, Goddeſſes! what rage can move
Celeſtial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Deſiſt, obedient to his high command;
This is his word: and know, his word ſhall ſtand.
His lightning your rebellion ſhall confound,
And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horſes cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Your car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky:
Yourſelves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For Juno, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs his will.
But thee what deſperate inſolence has driven,
To lift thy lance againſt the King of heaven?
Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage reſign'd:
O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
No more let beings of ſuperior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miſerably ſlain,
They breathe or periſh as the Fates ordain.
But Jove's high counſels full effect ſhall find;
And, ever conſtant, ever rule mankind.
She ſpoke, and backward turn'd her ſteeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.
The hours unloos'd them, panting as they ſtood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambroſial food.
There ty'd, they reſt in high celeſtial ſtalls;
The chariot propt againſt the chryſtal walls.
The penſive Goddeſſes, abaſh'd, control'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their ſeats of gold.
And now the Thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's ſummits to th' Olympian height,
Swifter than thought the wheels inſtinctive fly,
Flame through the vaſt of air, and reach the ſky.
'Tw s Neptune's charge his courſers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal baſe;
There ſtood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a ſnowy veil he ſcreen'd the blaze.
He, whoſe all-conſcious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal Thunderer ſat thron'd in gold;
High heaven the footſtool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all O'ympus ſhakes.
Trembling afar th' offending Powers appear'd,
Confus'd and ſilent, for his frown they fear'd.
He ſaw their ſoul, and thus his word imparts:
Pallas and Juno! ſay, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er almighty power withſtand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who ſhall the Sovereign of the ſkies controul?
Not all the Gods that crown the ſtarry pole.
Your hearts ſhall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror ſhake.
For thus I ſpoke, and what I ſpeak ſhall ſtand;
What power ſoe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more ſhall hold his place;
Cut off, and exil'd, from th' æthereal race.
Juno and Pallas, grieving, hear the doom,
But feaſt their ſouls on Ilion's woes to come.
Though ſecret anger ſwell'd Minerva's breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath repreſt:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:
What haſt thou ſaid, Oh tyrant of the ſkies!
Strength and omnipotence inveſt thy throne;
'Tis thine to puniſh; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeaſur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding ſee our Argives ſlain;
Yet grant our counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Leſt all ſhould periſh in the rage of Jove.
The Goddeſs thus. And thus the God replies
Who ſwells the clouds, and blackens all the ſkies:
The morning ſun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall ſee th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then ſhall load the plain,
Thoſe radiant eyes ſhall view, and view in vain.
Nor ſhall great Hector ceaſe the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain
That ſtern Achilles (his Patroclus ſlain)
Shall riſe in vengeance, and lay waſte the plain.
For ſuch is fate, nor canſt thou turn its courſe
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remoteſt bound,
Where on the utmoſt verge the ſeas reſound;
Where curs'd Iäpetus and Saturn dwell,
Faſt by the brink, within the ſteams of hell;
No ſun e'er gilds the gloomy horrours there;
No chearful gales refreſh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will ſhall ſtand.
Now deep in ocean ſunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks, rejoicing, bleſs the friendly ſhade.

victors keep the field; and Hector calls
tial council near the navy walls:
to Scamander's banks apart he led,
, thinly scatter'd, lay the heaps of dead,
embled chiefs, descending on the ground,
l his order, and their prince surround.
ly spear he bore of mighty strength,
ten cubits was the lance's length;
oint was brass, refulgent to behold,
o the wood with circling rings of gold:
oble Hector on this lance reclin'd,
bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind:

raliant Trojans, with attention hear!
rdan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
ay, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering
ame
with her ships, and crown our toils with
me.
rkness now, to save the cowards, falls,
uards them trembling in their wooden walls.
the Night, and use her peaceful hours
eeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
t from the town he sheep and oxen fought,
trengthening bread, and generous wine be
rought.
o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
merous fires the absent sun supply,
ming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
e bright morn her purple beam displays;
in the silence and the shades of night,
on her sable ships attempt her flight.
molested let the wretches gain
lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
hostile wound let every dart bestow,
asting token of the Phrygian foe;
ls, that long hence may ask their spouses'
ure,
arn their children from a Trojan war.
rough the circuit of our Ilion wall,
red heralds sound the solemn call;
the fires with hoary honours crown'd,
ardless youths, our battlements surround.
e the guard, while distant lie our powers,
the matrons hang with lights the towers:
nder cover of the midnight shade,
idious foe the naked town invade.
, to-night, these orders to obey;
r charge shall rouze the dawning day.
ds, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
ese detested foes to free the land,
low'd, with fates averse, the watery way;

jan vultures a predestin'd prey.
nmon safety must be now the care;
n as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage,
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove:
To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne;
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gor'd,
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death secure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!
As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.
The leader spoke. From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
The winds to heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light:
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrours gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn;
And ardent warriours wait the rising morn.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the Greeks to quit the ſiege, and return to their country. Diomed oppoſes this; and Neſtor ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution: he orders the guard to be ſtrengthened, and a council ſummoned to deliberate what meaſures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon purſues this advice: and Neſtor farther prevails upon him to ſend Ambaſſadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulyſſes and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches; but are rejected, with roughneſs, by Achilles, who, notwithſtanding, retains Phœnix in his tent. The Ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp; and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, which is the twenty-ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the Grecian ſhips.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horrour, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and ſadden'd every heart.
As from his cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from Thracia's frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urge the troubled hoſt.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the reſt;
Superiour ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers;
But bid in whiſpers: theſe ſurround the chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtic grief.
The king amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So ſilent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft-trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt,
Words, mix'd with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt;

Ye ſons of Greece! partake your leader's care;
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too juſtly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils:
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And towers and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ;
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
He ſaid; deep ſilence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! till Tydeus' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:
When kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſhame,

If I oppoſe thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.
The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a king.
They gave thee ſceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land;
The nobleſt power that might the world controul.
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a general's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to every Grecian breaſt?
Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main;
A nobler care the Grecians ſhall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece ſhall ſtay; or, if all Greece retire,
Myſelf will ſtay, till Troy or I expire;
Myſelf and Sthenelus will fight for fame;
And bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds Tydides praiſe.
Then Neſtor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke; the hoſt in ſtill attention heard:
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still firſt to act what you adviſe ſo well.
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy wiſdom moves,
Applauding Greece, with common voice, approves.
Kings thou canſt blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praiſe, becauſe with truth.
And yet thoſe years that ſince thy birth have run,
Would hardly ſtyle thee Neſtor's youngeſt ſon.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfiniſh'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring
Diſtate the people, or offend the king:
Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war:
Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!
This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy counſels flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty counſels, aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can cloſe to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy muſt flame, or Greece muſt fall.
Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey;
Swift through the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The generous Thraſymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Aſcalaphus, Ialmen, ſtood,
The double offspring of the Warriour-God.
Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion, join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands;
And each bold chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall;
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men on public counſels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;
Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtaid his hand when thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
Then Neſtor ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And, ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd:
Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperiour ſway
Aſſembled ſtates and lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.
O king! the counſels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholeſome motion be withſtood,
And ratify the beſt for public good.
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt:
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful durſt diſſuade;
But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the king: With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man, whom Jove ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt.
Bleſt in his love, this wond'rous hero ſtands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd through frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry Gods aſſuage.
If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witneſs what I vow:

Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Seven ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe;
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed).
Seven lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skili'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The fame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath the hero's arms:
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And, join'd with theſe, the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeis I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine:
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltleſs of my loves.
Theſe, inſtant, ſhall be his; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile towers,
Then ſhall he ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs his loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love ſhall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himſelf will chooſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhall he live my ſon, our honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chryſothemis with golden hair;
Her let him chooſe, whom moſt his eyes approve;
I aſk no preſents, no reward for love:
Myſelf will give the dower; ſo vaſt a ſtore
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities ſhall confeſs his ſway,
Him Enopé, and Phære him obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields;
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the ſoil;
There ſhall he reign with power and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And ſure all this may move his mighty ſoul.
Pluto, the griſly God, who never ſpares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worſt of Gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my ſway.
The monarch thus. The reverend Neſtor then:
Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And ſuch as fits a generous king to make.
Let choſen delegates this hour be ſent,
(Myſelf will name them) to Pelides' tent:
Let Phœnix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the ſage.
Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirſt allay
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wiſe Neſtor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, inſtructs them to apply,
Much he adviſ'd them all, Ulyſſes moſt,
To deprecate the chief, and ſave the hoſt.
Through the ſtill night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To Neptune, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,
They pour forth vows, their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern Æacides.
And now, arriv'd where on the ſandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and veſſels lay,
Amus'd at eaſe, the god-like man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebe came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame):
With this he ſooths his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſate, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the Grecian embaſſy proceeds,
To his high tent; the great Ulyſſes leads.
Achilles, ſtarting, as the chiefs he eſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurprize aroſe Menœtius' ſon:
Pelides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun:
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you hither
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led;
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every ſoul.
Of all the warriours yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.
He ſaid; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:
The brazen vaſe Automedon ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of porket, ſheep, and goat, contains:

Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts tranſfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brighten'd with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length ſubſide.
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the ſmoking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering caniſters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' ſon beſtow'd;
Himſelf, oppoſed t' Ulyſſes full in ſight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The firſt fat offerings, to th' Immortals due,
Amidſt the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
His thirſt and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the ſign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulyſſes crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and inſtant thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the god-like man:
Health to Achilles! happy are thy gueſts!
Not thoſe more honour'd whom Atrides feaſts:
Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
Our greater cares fit heavy on our ſouls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy, and her aids, for ready vengeance call;
Their threatening tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſt they proclaim,
And point at every ſhip their vengeful flame!
For them the Father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector riſe!
See, heaven and earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breaſt, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame
The ſhips, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heavens! how my country's woes diſtract my mind,
Left fate accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
And muſt we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan duſt, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh return, though late,
To ſave thy Greeks, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, riſe!
The day may come, when, all our warriours ſlain,
That heart ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting ſon, theſe accents were his laſt:
My child! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bleſs!
Truſt that to Heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe;
That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine———
This, now deſpis'd, advice thy father gave;
Ah, check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore:
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mould;
Seven ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe;
(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed).
Seven lovely captives of the Leſbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The fame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When Leſbos ſunk beneath thy conquering arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And, join'd with theſe, the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, Briſeis he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe, inſtant, ſhall be thine; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hoſtile towers,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when Greece the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyſelf ſhall chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther; when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on Argos' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours ſhare,
And with Oreſtes' ſelf divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicé and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Cryſothemis with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes approve,
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dower; ſo vaſt a ſtore
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee Enopé, and Pheræ thee obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred Pedaſus, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the paſtures Hira yields,
And rich Anthéia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the ſoil.
There ſhalt thou reign with power and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.

Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant king.
But if all this, relentleſs, thou diſdain,
If honour, and if intereſt, plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian Gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy ſuffering country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For know that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.

Then thus the Goddeſs-born: Ulyſſes, hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpoſe I retain;
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.

Then thus, in ſhort, my fixt reſolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend;
Long toils, long perils, in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or fight not, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends:
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care:
For thankleſs Greece ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours ſav'd;
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.
I ſack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay ſmoaking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my ſoldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund of all his train;
See what preheminence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights:
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?

What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cauſe?
Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face,
Belov'd by none but thoſe of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
Sure every wife and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I diſdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I truſt not kings again.

Ye have my anſwer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulyſſes, may conſult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought:
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by fate.
But now thoſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the favouring Gods implore;
Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Helleſpont reſound.
The third day hence, ſhall Phthia greet our ſails,
If mighty Neptune ſend propitious gales;
Phthia to her Achilles ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convoy,
And all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd, the fair Lyrneſſian ſlave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
Though ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battle join;
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice were mine.
No—let the ſtupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himſelf poſſeſt,
And all his rapine could from others wreſt;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain
The world's great empreſs on th' Ægyptian plain
(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Though bribes were heap'd on bribes, in numbers more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call;
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus though ſhe charm'd the hear
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.

some greater Greek let thoſe high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If Heaven reſtore me to my realms with life,
The reverend Peleus ſhall elect my wife.
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
Bleſt in kind love my years ſhall glide away,
Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
There, deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treaſures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by Thetis were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd;
Here, if I ſtay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown;
If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond miſtake,
And warn the Greeks the wiſer choice to make;
To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd deſign;
Tell all your counſels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye ſhall, Achilles is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then—digeſt my meſſage as ye may—
But here this night let reverend Phœnix ſtay:
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain, or ſail with me.
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.
The ſon of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,
Attend the ſtern reply. Then Phœnix roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
And while the fate of ſuffering Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak theſe tender words return'd:
Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy Phœnix, ſtay behind?
The royal Peleus, when from Phthia's coaſt
He ſent thee early to th' Achaian hoſt;
Thy youth, as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To ſhine in councils and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.
Not though the God, that breath'd my life, reſtore
The bloom I boaſted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames!)
My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her deſire)
To win the damſel, and prevent my ſire.
My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthleſs Proſerpine, confirm'd his vow.
Deſpair and grief diſtract my labouring mind!
Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd!
I thought (but ſome kind God that thought ſuppreſt)
To plunge the poniard in my father's breaſt:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates unſeen of all;
And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence through ſpacious Greece extend;
In Phthia's court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleaſing load),
Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joy in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and ſacrifice;
Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily prayers atone for daily ſins.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
Conſtant they follow, where injuſtice flies:
Injuſtice, ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move ſlow behind.
Who hears theſe daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The ſire revenges for the daughter's ſake;

From Jove commiſſion'd, fierce injuſtice then
Deſcends to puniſh unrelenting men.
Oh, let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling Goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of Jove belong;
Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty king:
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.
But ſince what honours aſk, the general ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the Grecian train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!
Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſe,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where Calydon on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it thoſe, to conquer theſe advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The ſilver Cynthia bade Contention riſe,
In vengeance of neglected ſacrifice;
On Oeneus' field ſhe ſent a monſtrous boar,
That levell'd harveſts, and whole foreſts tore:
This beaſt (when many a chief his tuſks had ſlain)
Great Meleager ſtretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his ſpoils, a new debate aroſe,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breaſt
(For rage invades the wiſeſt and the beſt).
Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
"She from Marpeſſa ſprung, divinely fair,
"And matchleſs Idas, more than man in war;
"The God of day ador'd the mother's charms:
"Againſt the God the father bent his arms:
"Th' afflicted pair, their ſorrows to proclaim,
"From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
"And call'd Alcyone; a name to ſhow
"The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")
To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warriour drew,
Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round,
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent ambaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the Gods, and elders of the land;
Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffer great:
(Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.)
His ſuppliant father, aged Oeneus, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame
Althæa ſues; his friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects them all.
Meanwhile the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſcal'd; the rolling flames ariſe
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrours of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd.
The warriour heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd:
Th' Ætolians, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents; draw thy conquering ſword
And be amongſt our guardian Gods ador'd.
Thus he. The ſtern Achilles thus reply'd:
My ſecond father, and my reverend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gift demands
And aſks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay (if ſuch his high beheſt)
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more moleſt me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?
A generous friendſhip no cold medium knows
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows
One ſhould our intereſts and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a generous part;
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart
Let theſe return: our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd till the dawning day.
He ceas'd: then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets ſpread.
With that, ſtern Ajax his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Hence let us go—why waſte we time in vain
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement, we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murderer lives

The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer every ſoul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms:
Lo, ſeven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;
And know the men, of all the Grecian hoſt,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.
Oh ſoul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the firſt of Greeks reply'd)
Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame:
Its juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return then, heroes! and our anſwer bear,
No glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till, amidſt yon ſinking navy ſlain,
The blood of Greeks ſhall dye the ſable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Conſume your veſſels, and approach my own;
Till there, th' impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
There ceaſe his battle, and there feel our hand.
This ſaid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And caſt a large libation on the ground;
Then to their veſſels, through the gloomy ſhades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulyſſes leads.
Meantime Achilles' ſlaves prepar'd a bed;
With fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread:
There, till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
Slumber ſweet the rererend Phœnix lay,
But in his inner tent, an ampler ſpace,
Achilles ſlept; and in his warm embrace
By Diomede of the Leſbian race.
Laſt, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whoſe nightly joys the beauteous Iphis ſhar'd;
Achilles to his friend conſign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.
And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had ſent,
Paſs'd through the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands,
Wait their return. Atrides firſt begun:
Say what ſucceſs? divine Laertes' ſon!
Achilles' high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride:
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns:
To ſave our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care: but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;
For Jove o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to tranſport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is ſacred, and his choice is free.
Ulyſſes ceas'd: the great Achaian hoſt,
With ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
Attend the ſtern reply. Tydides broke
The general ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke:
Why ſhould we gifts to proud Achilles ſend?
Or ſtrive with prayers his haughty ſoul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burſt that ſwelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulſe of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or deſert or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madneſs, or to Heaven commit:
What for ourſelves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repaſt refreſh our powers
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
And thoſe are ow'd to generous wine and food);
But when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſtening heroes raiſe,
Then each to Heaven the due libations pays;
Till ſleep, deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night Adventure of Diomed and Ulyſſes.

UPON the refuſal of Achilles to return to the army, the diſtreſs of Agamemnon described in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but pa through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for public ſafety. Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and Diomed, are employed in rai the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſc into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture, and diſcover their intentio Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulyſſes his companion. In their paſſage they ſurprize Dolon, whom Hector had ſent a like deſign to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of ſituation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rheſus, and Thracians who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill Rhe with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with wh they return in triumph to the camp.

The ſame night continues; the ſcene lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the king: with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.
As when, by lightnings, Jove's ætherial power
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty ſhower,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.
So burſting frequent from Atrides' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.
Now o'er the field, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſick blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs in ſacrifice to Jove,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thouſand cares his labouring breaſt revolves;
To ſeek ſage Neſtor now the chief reſolves,
With him, in wholeſome counſels to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.
He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;
A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.
Meanwhile his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for Greece; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk;
Guideleſs, alone, through night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe!

To whom the king: In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art:
For Jove averſe our humble prayer denies,
And bows his head to Hector's ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born,
Yet ſuch his acts, as Greeks unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.
Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourſelf to hoary Neſtor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For Neſtor's influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon with Merion o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the Spartan: Theſe thy orders borne,
Say ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay (the king of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet, without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge, by their father's fame, their future praiſe.
Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
This ſaid, each parted to his ſeveral cares;
The king to Neſtor's ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapon of the warriour's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes and ſaid:
What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep thus range the camp alone?
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell.
O ſon of Neleus (thus the king rejoin'd)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon ſtands,
Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.
No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If aught of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At every gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.
To him thus Neſtor: Truſt the powers above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' Eternal Mind!
Audacious Hector! if the Gods ordain
That great Achilles riſe and rage again.
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
Lo faithful Neſtor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raiſe:
Ulyſſes, Diomed, we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, Oïleus fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouſe the Spartan I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in this martial care:
Him it behov'd to every chief to ſue,
Preventing every part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.
To whom the king: With reverence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now.
My generous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;
Through too much deference to our ſovereign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long ere the reſt, he roſe, and ſought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our choſen council waits.
Then none (ſaid Neſtor) ſhall his rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.
With that the venerable warriour roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then, ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd through the ſleeping croud,
Stopp'd at Ulyſſes' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright,
Thus leads you wandering in the ſilent night?
O prudent chief! (the Pylian ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd;
Whatever means of ſafety can be ſought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the field.

Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All ſheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.
A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quivering light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Neſtor gently ſhakes
The ſlumbering chief, and in theſe words awakes:
Riſe, ſon of Tydeus! to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below?
At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eye-lids fled;
The warriour ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid,
Wondrous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Though years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.
Let younger Greeks our ſleeping warriours wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.
My friend (he anſwer'd) generous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſovereign, and relieve a ſire.
But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle Greek, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age:
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouze the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.
This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his ponderous lance, and ſtrode along.
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for ſpeed,
The warriour rouz'd, and to th' entrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſtening leaders keep,
And, couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train,
When the gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Through breaking woods her ruſtling courſe they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around,
Watch every ſide, and turn to every ſound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of ſurprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hoſtile Troy was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accosted through the gloomy ſhade:
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly cares employ;
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
His ſon, and god-like Merion march'd behind
(For theſe the princes to their council join'd);
The trenches paſt, th' aſſembled kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where Hector ſtopp'd his rage before;
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corpſe was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There ſat the mournful kings: when Neleus' ſon
The council opening, in theſe words begun:
Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?
Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or, favour'd by the night, approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns, to hear?
If to beſiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more muſt be the ſeat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his through all ſucceeding days;
While Phœbus ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe?
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not Greece to her deliverer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;
At every rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides ſpoke—The man you ſeek, is here.
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous way
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warriour join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcoveries made;
The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.
Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each generous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a taſk each Ajax ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold Merion ſtrove, and Neſtor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great Ulyſſes wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the conteſt ends:
Thou firſt of warriours, and thou beſt of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Juſt be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.
Then thus (the god-like Diomed rejoin'd):
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind.

How can I doubt, while great Ulyſſes ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
Bleſt in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wiſdom like his might paſs through flames of fire.
It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the ſage) to praiſe me, or to blame:
Praiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
Are loſt on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haſte—Night rolls the hours away,
The reddening Orient ſhows the coming day,
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' æthereal plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.
Thus having ſpoke, with generous ardour preſt,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.
A two-edg'd faulchion Thraſymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he caſ'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn;
No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)
Next him Ulyſſes took a ſhining ſword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
A well-prov'd caſque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' ſon,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him his prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;
The helmet next by Merion was poſſeſs'd,
And now Ulyſſes' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
And dark through paths oblique their progreſs take.
Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva ſent:
This, though ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang, and whiſtling wings, they knew.
As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, Ulyſſes pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the Maid:
O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils, ſurvey!
Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.
Then god-like Diomed preferr'd his prayer:
Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great Queen of arms, whoſe favour Tydeus won;
As thou defend'ſt the fire, defend the ſon.
When on Æſopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and ſought the Theban towers,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be preſent, Oh celeſtial Maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
Whoſe taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The heroes pray'd; and Pallas from the ſkies
Accords their vow, ſucceeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrours of th' enſanguin'd plain,
Through duſt, through blood, o'er arms, and hills of ſlain.
Nor leſs bold Hector, and the ſons of Troy,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;
Th' aſſembled peers their lofty chief incloſe'd;
Who thus the counſels of his breaſt propos'd:
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture, for a rich reward,
Of yonder fleet a bold diſcovery make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take?
If now ſubdued they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;
His the fair ſteeds that all the reſt excel,
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.
A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy
(Five girls beſide the reverend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.
Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſceptre to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' immortal courſers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war,
Encourag'd thus, no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſceptre high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky:
Be witneſs thou! immortal lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aërial hall:
By none but Dolon ſhall this prize be borne,
And him alone the immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus Hector ſwore: the Gods were call'd in vain,
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain,
Acroſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he fought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and Trojan throng
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along),

When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to Diomed:
O friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſtening to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace:
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.
With that they ſtepp'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head
(As Dolon paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew:
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green
(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon liſtening heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
Till ſcarce at diſtance of a javelin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilful hounds the leveret wind;
Or chace through woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears, the Trojan flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold Greeks purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides ſtopp'd; a generous thought
(Inſpir'd by Pallas) in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward Greek advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art remain;
This javelin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;
Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood propp'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood;
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriours ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.
To whom Ulyſſes made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the fight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led
Through heaps of carnage to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he ſpoke, his limbs with horrour ſhook)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take
If, now ſubdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And, tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night
Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize
(Ulyſſes, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies)
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles ſcarce their rage can tame
Achilles, ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep
Say, ſince their conqueſt, what their counſels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's wall transfer the war.
Ulyſſes thus, and thus Eumedes' ſon:
What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where'er yon fires aſcend, the Trojans wake:
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fears of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the Trojan train
(Enquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their powers they thus diſpoſe:
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelaſgian hoſt,
And Leleges, encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land
The Lycian, Myſian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horſe, by Thymbras' ancient wall
The Thracians utmoſt, and apart from all.
Theſe Troy but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by Rheſus, great Eioneus' ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial Panoply, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains: till your return reveal,
The truth or falſehood of the news I tell.
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, though all the truth be ſhown

Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore;
No—once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhments to ſtroke his beard,
Like lightning ſwift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great Ulyſſes lifting to the ſkies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize:
Great Queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the Thracian ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heavenly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Through the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields,
Arriving where the Thracian ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day.
Rang'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warriour ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Through the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd:
Amidſt lay Rheſus, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome ſight Ulyſſes firſt deſcries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot and the ſteeds untie;
Or if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.
Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;
Where'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſued
His thirſty faulchion, fat with hoſtile blood;
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the ſhore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.
Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathleſs of the Thracian band.
Ulyſſes following, as his partner flew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warriour drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Juſt then a deathful dream Minerva ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on Rheſus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where Rheſus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of Tydeus ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands:
Enough, my ſon; from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile Gods of Troy.
The voice divine confeſs'd the martial Maid,
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before Ulyſſes' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.
Not unobſerved they paſs'd: the God of Light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' ſon with heavenly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the Trojan camp deſcends the Power,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning hour
(On Rheſus' ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend).
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his Rheſus moſt:
Now while on Rheſus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans ruſh, with wild affright,
And wondering view the ſlaughters of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of Hector's ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd: to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old Neſtor firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the Grecian peers around:
Methinks the noiſe of trampling ſteeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;
Perhaps ſome horſes of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great Tydides and Ulyſſes bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (oh may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, ev'n now purſued, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or, oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the Greeks diſmiſs their fear:
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the kings: and Neſtor firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say, whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd?
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a God?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and favourites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo (ſage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of Heaven are of a nobler kind,
Of Thracian lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile king the brave Tydides ſlew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.
Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,
By Hector ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim purſue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavillion borne,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And their full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.
But Dolon's armour to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern Ulyſſes laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd Maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighbouring main;
Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil,
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to Pallas the libation pour:
They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

* Minerva.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The third Battle, and the Acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON, having armed himſelf, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the ſignals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who ſends Iris for that purpoſe) to decline the engagement, till the king ſhall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great ſlaughter of the enemy; Ulyſſes and Diomed put a ſtop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to deſert his companion, who is encompaſſed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmoſt danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax

rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit Him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black fury through the Grecian throng
With horrour sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warriour starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires;

Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dress't.
And first he cas'd his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,
The same which once king Cinyras possest:
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;
'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold:
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales, against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud
Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies).
A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the warriour cast a dreadful shade;
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrours fill'd th' expressive shield:
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along;
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two steely javelins wields,
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the fields.
That instant Juno and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery coursers to their chariots bound
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with whose who wield
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these in close array combin'd,
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
As with the light the warriours' toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground:
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,
The brother warriours of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' etherial race;
Great Hector cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shades his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;

Thus through the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as lightning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heapy harveſt at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on every ſide,
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrours of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, ſuperior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſate;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate,
On earth he turn'd his all-conſidering eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where Ilion's towers ariſe;
The ſea with ſhips, the field with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.
Thus while the morning-beams increaſing bright
O'er heaven's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,
When his tir'd arms refuſe the axe to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;
But not till half the proſtrate foreſt lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulſive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the ſlaughter led,
And ſlew Bienor at his people's head:
Whoſe ſquire Oïleus, with a ſudden ſpring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and ſtretch'd him on the ground
Atrides ſpoil'd, and left him on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glittering armour vain:
Now ſoil'd with duſt, and naked to the ſky,
Their ſnowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two ſons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love!
In the ſame car the brother warriours ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other taſk, than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy ſheep!
Theſe on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by Atrides' ſword;
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe-born Iſus bleeds:
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.
Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recalls.
The Trojans ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift through ruſtling thickets burſts her way:
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.

Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe Antimachus were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted Helen's ſtay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for their father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:
Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears that, not in battle ſlain,
The Grecian ſhips his captive ſons detain,
Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply—
If from Antimachus ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed Ulyſſes' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
This ſaid, Piſander from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth: but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away
His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew:
The king's example all his Greeks purſue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.

From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.
The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still ſlaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The diſtanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the foreſts roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all;
Before Atrides' rage ſo ſinks the foe,
Whole ſquadrons vaniſh, and proud heads lie low:
The ſteeds fly trembling from his waving ſword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideleſs fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and cruſhing out their ſouls;
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriours' lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate
But Jove and Deſtiny prolong'd his date,
Safe from the darts, the care of Heaven he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.
Now paſt the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way;
Where the wild figs th' adjoining ſummit crown,
That path they take, and ſpeed to reach the town.
As ſwift Atrides with loud ſhouts purſued,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hoſtile blood,
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his aſſociates waits.
Meanwhile on every ſide, around the plain,
Diſpers'd, diſorder'd, fly the Trojan train:
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear diſmay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight ſhade;
On heaps they tumble with ſucceſsleſs haſte:
The ſavage ſeizes, draws, and rends the laſt:
Not with leſs fury ſtern Atrides flew,
Still preſs'd the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;
Hurl'd from their cars, the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now ſtorms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove deſcending, ſhook th' Idæan hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd Maid beſpoke:
Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To god-like Hector this our word convey—
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands:
But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſs'd,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
He ſpoke, and Iris at his word obey'd!
On wings of winds deſcends the various Maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war;
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The Goddeſs then: O ſon of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear—
While Agamemnon waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying Greece be preſt,
Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.
She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: Hector, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms; he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They ſtand to arms: the Greeks their onſet dare,
Condenſe their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit, to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer, or to die.
Ye ſacred Nine, celeſtial Muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From ſage Antenor and Theano ſprung;
Whom from his youth his grandſire Ciſſeus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace where ſnowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his generous breaſt,
When the kind ſire conſign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's ſiſter) to his youthful arms.
But, call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untaſted the firſt fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd Percope's ſtrand,
Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he ſprings,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.

Atrides firſt diſcharg'd the miſſive ſpear;
The Trojan ſtoop'd, the javelin paſs'd in air.
Then near the corſelet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides ſtands,
Till, graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
At once his weighty ſword diſcharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the duſt th' unhappy warriour lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain!
No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features, now deform'd with blood,
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow ſtruck.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And through his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corpſe the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Tranſfix'd the warriour with a brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or ponderous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce Ilythiæ ſend
(The powers that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:
O friends! O Greeks! aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.
He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.
No ſooner Hector ſaw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold the general flies! deſerts his powers!
Lo, Jove himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.
With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and every boſom warms.
As the bold hunter chears his hounds, to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear;
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremaſt with his lifted dart:
So god-like Hector prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhowers,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say, Muſe! when Jove the Trojans' glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Aſſæus, Dolops, and Antonous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, ſunk to endleſs night:
Æſymnus, Agelaus; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;
The guſt continued, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares:
Thus raging Hector, with reſiſtleſs hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wiſe Ulyſſes call'd Tydides forth,
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warriour thus: and thus the friend reply'd:
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.

ve with conqueſt crowns the Trojan train;
Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
ſigh'd; but, ſighing, rais'd his vengeful
ſteel,
om his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
, the charioteer, purſued his lord,
ith ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſword.
ſlain, they left them in eternal night,
lung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight:
wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
wift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
lector's conqueſts in the middle plain,
heck'd awhile, and Greece reſpir'd again,
ſons of Merops ſhone amidſt the war;
ing they rode in one refulgent car:
prophetic arts their father ſkill'd,
arn'd his children from the Trojan field;
g'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
uſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
breaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
ern Tydides ſtrips their ſhining arms.
chus by great Ulyſſes dies,
ch Hippodamus becomes his prize;
Jove from Ide with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
vel hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
deus' lance Agaſtrophus was ſlain,
r-ſam'd hero of Pæonian ſtroin;
d with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
eds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
gh broken orders, ſwifter than the wind
d, but flying left his life behind.
lector ſees, as his experienc'd eyes
rſt the files, and to the reſcue flies;
, as he paſt, the cryſtal regions rend,
noving armies on his march attend.
Diomed himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear,
ius beſpoke his brother of the war:
k how this way yon bending ſquadrons
yield!
orm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
land his utmoſt force—The warriour ſaid;
it the word his ponderous javelin fled;
ſs'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
the ſmooth cone, and thence obliquely
anc'd.
his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
it a wound the Trojan hero ſtands:
ſo ſtunn'd, that, ſtaggering on the plain,
n and knee his ſinking bulk ſuſtain;
s dim ſight the miſty vapours riſe,
ſhort darkneſs ſhade his ſwimming eyes.
; follow'd to regain his lance;
Hector roſe, recover'd from the trance:
ts his car, and herds amidſt the crowd:
eek purſues him, and exults aloud.
more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
k that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
that partial power has lent his aid.
Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand
If any God aſſiſt Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far
(The ſpouſe of Helen, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument:
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Juſt as he ſtoop'd, Agaſtrophus's creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt,
The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But piere'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful ſpring,
Leaps from his ambuſh, and inſults the king.
He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Should breathe from ſlaughter, and in combat ſtand;
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lions fear.
He dauntleſs thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings it flight, and death is on the ſteel.
Where this but lights, ſo noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects as diſtract the fair.
Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.
Now on the field Ulyſſes ſtands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul:
What farther ſubterfuge, what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;
Theſe, in the warriour, their own fate incloſe:
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows.
So fares a boar, whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen, and of clamorous hounds;

He grinds his ivory tuſks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By theſe, by thoſe, on every part is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on every ſide.
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder, firſt Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoön ſunk to hell;
Cherſidamus, beneath the navel thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt,
Charops, the ſon of Hippaſus, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wiſe:
Near as he drew, the warriour thus began:
O great Ulyſſes, much-enduring man!
Not deeper ſkill'd in every martial ſleight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great Hippaſian race,
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field—
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield:
Through the ſtrong braſs the ringing javelin thrown,
Plough'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the ſpear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wiſe Ulyſſes knew,
Then furious thus (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew):
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But, pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!
He ſpoke; while Socus, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;
Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the grizly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus Ulyſſes, gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of Hippaſus! there preſs the plain;
There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by Fate,
Heaven owes Ulyſſes yet a longer date.
Ah, wretch! no father ſhall thy corpſe compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe;
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hovering vultures ſcream around their prey.
Me Greece ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn funerals and a laſting tomb.
Then, raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſued,
And gladden'd Troy with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide:
O friend! Ulyſſes' ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſts deſpair,
And fall a loſs, not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great Ajax, like the God of War, attends.
The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
Till, life's warm vapour iſſuing through the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes through the woodland ſhade,
The wolves, though hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warriour, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as Ajax heaves his tower-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And, ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And firſt Doryclus, Priam's ſon, he ſlew.
On ſtrong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lyſander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wintery rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the deſug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But Hector, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs through the plain,
And deep Scamander ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There Neſtor and Idomeneus oppoſe
The warriour's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The ſpouſe of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a diſtant wound:
In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her phyſician fear'd.
To Neſtor then Idomeneus begun:
Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great Machaon to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.
Old Neſtor mounts the ſeat: beſide him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war,

ere (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are
;
n Trojans yonder load the plain.
eat Ajax see the mingled throng
nd chariots driven in heaps along !
im well, distinguish'd o'er the field
oad glittering of the seven-fold shield.
O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,
nger calls, and there the combat bleeds;
rse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
ns of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.
aving spoke, the driver's lash resounds;
ough the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
ps of carcases, and hills of shields.
es' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,
hing, purple all the car before;
ning axle sable drops distils,
gled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
ctor, plunging through the thickest
t,
e dark phalanx, and let in the light:
long lance, the sword, or ponderous
e,
ks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'er-
own)
shuns through all the dire debate,
rs that arm whose force he felt so late.
tial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
aven-bred horrour through the Grecian's
rt;
d, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,
he stood, with terrours not his own.
broad back his moony shield he threw,
laring round, with tardy steps withdrew.
e grim lion his retreat maintains,
vith watchful dogs and shouting swains,
'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
rage impels him, and though hunger
lls,
stands the showering darts, and missile
es;
ourly flow th' indignant beast retires.
i'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,
his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.
he slow beast with heavy strength endued,
e wide field by troops of boys pursued,
h round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
on his hide the hollow blows resound,
tient animal maintains his ground,
from the field with all their efforts chac'd,
irs but slowly when he stirs at last.
x thus a weight of Trojans hung,
okes redoubled on his buckler rung;
ng now in bulky strength he stands,
urns, and backwards bears the yielding
nds;
iff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
reats his followers with retorted eye.

Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
While hissing darts descend in iron showers:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;
And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,
Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his slack knees desert their dying load.
The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd:
What God, O Grecians! has your heart dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warriour rescue, and your country save.
Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears,
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.
Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His coursers, steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,
The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore,
That hour Achilles, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain,
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.
Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.
Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er they will, Patroclus shall obey.
O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warriour late his chariot brought
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,
The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace.

The hero ſaid. His friend obey'd with haſte,
Through intermingled ſhips and tents he paſs'd;
The chiefs deſcending from their car he found;
The panting ſteeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriours ſtanding on the breezy ſhore,
To dry their ſweat, and waſh away the gore,
He paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freſhneſs the cool ſeas exhale;
Then to conſult on farther methods went,
And took their ſeats beneath the ſhady tent.
The draught preſcrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
Arſinoüs' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal ſlave,
Greece, as the prize of Neſtor's wiſdom, gave)
A table firſt with azure feet ſhe plac'd;
Whoſe ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new preſs'd, the ſacred flower of wheat,
And wholeſome garlick, crowned the ſavoury treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the Pylian kings
From eldeſt times: the maſſy ſculptur'd vaſe,
Glittering with golden ſtuds, four handles grace;
And curling vines around each handle roll'd
Support two turtle-doves emboſs'd in gold.
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the briſk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's-milk cheeſe a flavourous taſte beſtows,
And laſt with flour the ſmiling ſurface ſtrows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Neſtor ſhares:
Salubrious draughts the warriours' thirſt allay,
And pleaſing conference beguiles the day.
Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles ſent,
Unheard approach'd, and ſtood before the tent.
Old Neſtor riſing then, the hero led
To his high ſeat; the chief refus'd, and ſaid:
'Tis now no ſeaſon for theſe kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience ſtays.
To great Achilles this reſpect I owe;
Who aſks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by the foaming ſteeds.
With grief I ſee the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou know'ſt the fiery temper of my friend.
Can then the ſons of Greece (the ſage rejoin'd)
Excite compaſſion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And ſtern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames conſume our fleet he ſtays,
And waits the riſing of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe deſtroys;
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the ſlow courſe of all-impairing time
Unſtrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime.
Oh! had I ſtill that ſtrength my youth poſſeſs'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppreſs'd
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And ſtretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling ſwain.
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrivall'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering ſon.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The ſtate of Pyle was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud Elians firſt commenc'd the war:
For Neleus' ſons Alcides' rage had ſlain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now this conqueſt gain'd,
My ſire three hundred choſen ſheep obtain'd
(That large repriſal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public courſe
Detain'd his chariot and victorious horſe.)
The reſt the people ſhar'd; myſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were paſt, when Elis roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadrons led.
High on a rock fair Thryoëſſa ſtands,
Our utmoſt frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
Myſelf the foremoſt; but my ſire deni'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My ſire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the Goddeſs led.
Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And, ſheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light
Thence, ere the ſun advanc'd his noon-day flame
To great Alphæus' ſacred ſource we came.
There firſt to Jove our ſolemn rites were paid
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid.
A bull Alphæus; and a bull was ſlain
To the blue monarch of the watery main.

In arms we ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians ſtood.
Soon as the ſun, with all revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day;
Bright ſcenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
The firſt who fell, beneath my javelin bled;
King Augias' ſon, and ſpouſe of Agamede:
(She that all ſimples' healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I ſeiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
Th' Epeians ſaw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe diſpers'd, their braveſt warriour kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each fell breathleſs to the plain.
Then Actor's ſons had dy'd, but Neptune ſhrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
Collecting ſpoils, and ſlaughtering all along,
Through wide Buprafian fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks aroſe;
Till Pallas ſtopp'd us where Alifium flows.
There there the himſmoſt of their rear I ſlay,
And the ſame arm that led, concludes the day,
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
Thanks to high Jove were public thanks aſſign'd,
As firſt of Gods; to Neſtor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
Improv'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to paſſion what to Greece he owes.
How ſhall he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
His hoſts ſhall ſink, nor his the power to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When, gathering aids along the Grecian ſea,
I, and Ulyſſes, touch'd at Phthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hoſpitable court.
A bull to Jove he ſlew in ſacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyſelf, Achilles, and thy reverend ſire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles ſees us, to the feaſt invites;
Social we ſit, and ſhare the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cauſe on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave;
Peleus ſaid only this—"My ſon! be brave:" 915
Menœtius thus: "Though great Achilles ſhine
"In ſtrength ſuperior, and of race divine,
"Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
"Let thy juſt counſels aid, and rule thy friend."
Thus ſpoke your father at Theſſalia's court; 920
Words now forgot, though now of vaſt import.
Ah! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey.
Some favouring God Achilles' heart may move;
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love. 925
If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
If aught from heaven with-hold his ſaving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall ſeek their walls, and Greece reſpire again.
This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went; 935
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded ſtrand,
The public mart and court of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulyſſes lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods ariſe;
There ſad he met the brave Evæmon's ſon, 940
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart; 945
Divine compaſſion touch'd Patroclus' breaſt,
Who, ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt:
Ah, hapleſs leaders of the Grecian hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barbarous coaſt?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore, 950
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore?
Say, great Eurypylus! ſhall Greece yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame? 955
Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious Troy purſues,
Her force encreaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet, 960
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay, 965
Such as ſage Chiron, ſire of Pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd ſurgeons, Podalirius ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent, 970
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft he lent.
To him the chief: What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the Pylian king's reply; 975
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd;
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay, 980
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptic juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle at the Grecian Wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch, Polydamas adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counſel, and, having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault. But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector oppoſes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the firſt breach in the wall: Hector alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriouſly purſue the Grecians even to their ſhips.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The care and ſafety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with claſhing ſhields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With Gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe:
Their powers neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.
Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While ſacred Troy the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo ſhook the ſhore,
Then Ida's ſummits pour'd their watery ſtore;
Rheſus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Careſus roaring down the ſtony hills,
Æſepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful ſource;
And gulphy Simoïs, rolling to the main
Helmets, and ſhields, and god-like heroes ſlain:
Theſe turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.
Inceſſant cataracts the Thunderer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in fluicy ſhowers.
The God of Ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and level'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the towers.
Smote by the arm of Jove, with dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midſt the dogs and hunters daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;

l foes around a dreadful circle form,
iffing javelins rain an iron ſtorm:
wers untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
here he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:
ns, he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
he falls, his courage makes him fall.
qual rage encompaſs'd Hector glows;
; his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
nting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
rt and tremble at the gulph beneath;
1 the brink they neigh, and paw the
ound,
e turf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
hey view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
s the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
ttom bare (a formidable ſhow!)
iſtled thick with ſharpened ſtakes below.
ɔt alone this ſtrong defence could force,
/ the paſs impervious to the horſe.
w Polydamas; who, wiſely brave,
n'd great Hector, and his counſel gave:
hou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
ɔu, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
ntrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
ikes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
ſs through thoſe, without a thouſand
ounds,
ce for combat in yon narrow bounds.
of the favours mighty Jove has ſhown,
tain dangers we too raſhly run:
his will our haughty foes to tame,
y this inſtant end the Grecian name!
far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
ne great day deſtroy and bury all!
ould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
d in the trench, by our own troops con-
s'd,
promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd;
oy muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
all a Trojan live to tell the tale.
hen, ye warriours! and obey with ſpeed;
rom the trenches let your ſteeds be led,
all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
d on foot, and Hector lead the way:
eece ſhall ſtoop before our conquering
ɔwer,
iis (if Jove conſent) her fatal hour.
; counſel pleas'd: the God-like Hector
ſprung
from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
ief's example follow'd by his train,
uits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
ers ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
d the courſers to their ranks behind.
rces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
l obey their ſeveral chiefs' commands.
eſt and braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
r the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Hector glorious in the van of theſe,
mas, and brave Cebriones,
the next the graceful Paris ſhines,
ɔld Alcathoüs, and Agenor joins,
ns of Priam with the third appear,
ɔus, and Helenus the ſeer;
In arms with theſe the mighty Aſius ſtood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Ariſba's yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on Selle's winding ſhore.
Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the laſt band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Aſteropæus aid;
Next him, the braveſt at their armv's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields, in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the Grecians gaſping at their feet.
While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
Th' advice of wiſe Polydamas obey'd;
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and adviſ'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus ſhall boaſt thy fall.
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift through the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies:
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain.
To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race deſcend;
This Pilypœtes' great Pirithoüs heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies:
Whoſe ſpreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hill appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging Aſius, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, Acamus, in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön cloſe the rear;
In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;
The fearleſs brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw Troy's ſable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.

So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling javelins ſung,
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:
To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.
As when ſharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below:
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky ſhower;
Heavy and thick reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.
With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,
The frantic Aſius thus accuſes Heaven:
In Powers immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when waſps from hollow crannies drive
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce theſe Greeks their laſt retreats defend.
Gods! ſhall two warriours only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates?
Theſe empty accents mingled with the wind;
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To god-like Hector, and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were tri'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;
Through the long walls the ſtony ſhowers were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms, appear'd.
The ſpirit of a God my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntleſs Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt Damaſus, by Polypœtes' ſteel
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warriour ſinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath,
Nor leſs Leonteus ſtrows the field with death:
Firſt through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword;
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The faulchion ſtruck, and fate purſued the ſtroke;
Iämenus, Oreſtes, Menon, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.
Meantime, the braveſt of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the ſkies;
A bleeding ſerpent, of enormous ſize,
His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circle wings, his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries;
Amidſt the hoſt the falling ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terrour, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt Polydamas the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to Hector ſpoke:
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and ſentiments ſincere!
True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that power which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ſhips to gain;
For ſure, to warn us Jove his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright;
Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize;
Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe;
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.

him then Hector with diſdain return'd:
e as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
heſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
vill is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:
f the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Heaven reſumes the litt e ſenſe it lent.
coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
ſt the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
ading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
appy thunders of the favouring God,
ſhall I ſlight? and guide my wavering mind
ndering birds, that flit with every wind?
grants of the ſky! yo r wings extend,
iere the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
ht, to left, unheeded take your way,
I the dictates of high Heaven obey.
ut a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
ſks no omen but his country's cauſe.
hy ſhouldſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
ſears it more, as none promotes it leſs:
h all our chiefs amid yon ſhips expire,
hy own cowardiſe t' eſcape their fire.
ind her ſons may find a general grave,
ou canſt live, for thou canſt be a ſlave.
ould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
l their cold poiſon through our ſoldiers'
reaſts,
relin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
ee the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.
ious he ſpoke, and, ruſhing to the wall,
n his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
ardour follow where their leader flies:
bling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
reathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
rifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
s the Greeks with terrour and diſmay,
ives great Hector the predeſtin'd day.
; in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
o the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
n the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
ve the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
eaps on heaps the ſmoky ruins fall.
: on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
ouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
ce hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
old Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
uze, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
nerous impulſe every Greek obeys:
s urge the fearful; and the valiant, praiſe.
ows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to fame,
ou whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
ot alike endued with force or art;
a day when each may act his part!
o fire the brave, and warm the cold,
new glories, or augment the old.
oſe who ſtand; and thoſe who faint, ex-
e;
Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
ſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
t your fleet, but ſally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhowers.
As when high Jove his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;
He ſtills the winds, and bids the ſkies to ſleep;
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt, thick and deep:
And firſt the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:
The circling ſeas alone, abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.
Thus god-like Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Ponderous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:
And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majeſtic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So, preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;
So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtiffs bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Reſolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then, caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke:
Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſick's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place:

That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſovereign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!
He ſaid; his words the liſtening chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouze the warriour's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where Teucer with th' Ajaces ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes through the fields;
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to Thoös;—Hence with ſpeed (he ſaid)
And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But, if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at leaſt, our towers defend.
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift as the word, the herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;
And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid Thoös) Peteus' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely here the foes contend.
At leaſt, let Telamon thoſe towers defend.
And Teucer haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war:
Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his ſeven-fold ſhield, he ſtrode away.
With equal ſteps bold Teucer preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like ſome black tempeſt gathering round the towers;
The Greeks, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies.
Fierce Ajax firſt th' advancing hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave Epicles to the ſhades,
Sarpedon's friend; acroſs the warriour's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then, toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The ponderous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As ſkilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt
Might ſtop the progreſs of his warlike hoſt,
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Diſabled Glaucus ſlowly quit the field;
His beating breaſt with generous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmäon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The ſpear, purſued by guſhing ſtreams of gore;
Down ſinks the warriour with a thundering ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the ponderous ſtones disjointed yield
The rolling ruins ſmoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax ſends his javelin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And through his buckler drove the tremblin wood;
But Jove was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;

ais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's
rms,
ing ſquadrons to new fury warms:
, ye Lycians! is the ſtrength you boaſt?
mer fame and ancient virtue loſt!
ch lies open, but your chief in vain
alone the guarded paſs to gain;
ıd ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
:of powerful union conquers all
ſt rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew:
th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
ſupport the weight of all the war;
the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
old Lycians force the Grecian towers.
: confines of adjoining grounds,
born ſwains with blows diſpute their
ls;
thy ſweat, but neither gain or yield,
one inch, of the contended field:
inate to death they fight, they fall;
can keep, nor thoſe can win, the wall.
nly breaſts are pierc'd with many a
d,
ces are heard, and rattling arms reſound,
us ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
high ramparts drop with human gore.
n two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful
ds,
to ſide the trembling balance nods
me laborious matron, juſt and poor,
exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
ıl weight, nor this, nor that, deſcends:
ne war, till Hector's matchleſs might
s prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.

Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries:
Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling-engines, and aſcend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A ponderous ſtone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could
raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degenerate days;
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance, and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way;
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping ſpace,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly:
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends
the ſky.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune aſſiſts the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loſs of the Grecians, upon ſeeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the ſtation of the Ajaxes) aſſumes the ſhape of Calchas, and inſpires thoſe heroes to oppoſe him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their veſſels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a cloſe phalanx, and put a ſtop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, loſing his ſpear in the encounter, repairs to ſeek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occaſions a converſation between thoſe two warriours, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus ſignalizes his courage above the reſt; he kills Othryoneus, Aſius, and Alcathous: Deïphobus and Æneas march againſt him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Piſander. The Trojans are repulſed in the left wing; Hector ſtill keeps his ground againſt the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian ſlingers and archers, Polydamas adviſes to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes firſt to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene is between the Grecian wall and the ſea-ſhore.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the ſea-beat coaſt
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering hoſt;
He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and ſtruggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Thoſe eyes that ſhed inſufferable light:
To where the Myſians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the ſavage horſe;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian ſtrays,
Renown'd for juſtice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, ſeek their ſimple food:
Jove ſees delighted; and avoids the ſcene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men;
No aid, he deems, to either hoſt is given,
While his high law ſuſpends the powers of Heaven.
Mean-time the * Monarch of the watery main
Obſerv'd the Thunderer, nor obſerv'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whoſe waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He ſate; and round him caſt his azure eyes,
Where Ida's miſty tops confus'dly riſe;

* Neptune.

Below, fair Ilion's glittering ſpires were ſeen,
The crowded ſhips, and ſable ſeas between.
There, from the cryſtal chambers of the main
Enrag'd, he ſate; and mourn'd his Argives ſlain.
All Jove incens'd, with grief and fury ſtung,
Prone down the rocky ſteep he ruſh'd along;
Fierce as he paſt, the lofty mountains nod,
The foreſt ſhakes! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footſteps of th' immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And, at the fourth, the diſtant Ægæ ſhook.
Far in the bay his ſhining palace ſtands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his braſs-hoof'd ſteeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden ſcourge applies,
Aſſumes ſuperior, and the chariot flies:
The whirling wheels the glaſſy ſurface ſweep;
Enormous monſters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in aukward meaſures play:
The ſea ſubſiding ſpreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his courſers fly:
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Known where Tenedos the ſurges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great Ruler of the azure round
Stay'd his ſwift chariot, and his ſteeds unbound,
Fed with ambroſial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they ſtay,
The Father of the floods purſues his way;
Fierce, like a tempeſt darkening heaven around,
Fiery deluge that devours the ground.
The impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd as Hector ruſh'd along:
Then the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The heavens re-echo, and the ſhores reply;
They vow deſtruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, riſing from the ſeas profound,
The God whoſe earthquakes rock the ſolid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas ſeen,
In voice his loud voice, and ſuch his manly mein;
His ſhouts inceſſant every Greek inſpire,
And moſt th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
'Tis yours, O warriours, all our hopes to raiſe;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praiſe:
'Tis yours, to ſave us, if you ceaſe to fear;
Flight, more than ſhameful, is deſtructive here.
Another works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has ſtrength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Their ſtrength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his ſire.

If yet ſome heavenly Power your breaſt excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and ſtring your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain;
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain:
Then with his ſceptre, that the deep controuls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and ſteel'd their manly ſouls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and ſwells their daring hearts.
Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry ſeen, impetuous at the ſight
Forth-ſpringing inſtant, darts herſelf from high,
Shoots on the wing, and ſkims along the ſky:
Such, and ſo ſwift, the power of Ocean flew;
The wide horizon ſhut him from their view.
Th' inſpiring God, Oileus' active ſon
Perceiv'd the firſt, and thus to Telamon:
Some God, my friend, ſome God in human form
Favouring deſcends, and wills to ſtand the ſtorm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable ſeer;
Short as he turn'd, I ſaw the Power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the ſteps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a God;
Ev'n now ſome energy divine I ſhare,
And ſeem to walk on wings, and tread in air!
With equal ardour (Telamon returns)
My ſoul is kindled, and my boſom burns:
New riſing ſpirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking ſhakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And ſtretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that urg'd their burning breaſt,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth expreſs'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inſpir'd,
Who, breathleſs, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ſhips; while Troy to conqueſt calls,
And ſwarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending ſtorm they lie,
While tears of rage ſtand burning in their eye.
Greece ſunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus firſt his words excite;
Then ſtern Peneleus riſes to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulſive fury found;
Laſt Neſtor's ſon the ſame bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:
Oh laſting infamy, oh dire diſgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I truſted in the Gods, and you, to ſee
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free.

Ah no—the glorious combat you diſclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy theſe eyes ſurvey,
Unſeen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by ſuch inglorious hands? 140
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train,
Not born to glories of the duſty plain;
Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill purſued,
A prey to every ſavage of the wood:
Shall theſe, ſo late who trembled at your name, 145
Invade your camps, involve your ſhips in flame?
A charge ſo ſhameful, ſay, what cauſe has wrought?
The ſoldier's baſeneſs, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye periſh for your leader's vice;
The purchaſe infamy, and life the price? 150
'Tis not your cauſe, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the ſhame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or luſt,
Muſt you be cowards if your king's unjuſt?
Prevent this evil, and your country ſave: 155
Small thought retrieves the ſpirits of the brave.
Think, and ſubdue! on daſtards dead to fame
I waſte no anger, for they feel no ſhame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our hoſt,
My heart weeps blood to ſee your glory loſt! 160
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you loſe;
A day more black, a fate more vile, enſues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endleſs infamy, on inſtant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed ſhore; 165
Hark! the gates burſt, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the ſpot, to conquer, or to fall.
Theſe words the Grecians' fainting hearts inſpire,
And liſtening armies catch the god-like fire. 170
Fix'd at his poſt was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd ſquadrons ſtrongly circled round:
So cloſe their order, ſo diſpos'd their fight,
As Pallas' ſelf might view with fix'd delight:
Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes, 175
The God of War had own'd a juſt ſurprize.
A choſen phalanx, firm, reſolv'd as Fate,
Deſcending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron ſcene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and ſhields in ſhields, 180
Spears lean on ſpears, on targets targets throng,
Helms ſtuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs the nodding grove;
And, level'd at the ſkies with pointing rays, 185
Their brandiſh'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death in terrible array,
The cloſe-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to deſtroy;
Troy charg'd the firſt, and Hector firſt of Troy. 190
As from ſome mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the ſtubborn ſtone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous maſs deſcends:
From ſteep to ſteep the rolling ruin bounds; 195
At every ſhock the crackling wood reſounds;
Still gathering force, it ſmokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There ſtops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Reſiſtleſs when he rag'd, and when he ſtopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are ſhed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he ſtands; nor from his ſtand retires;
But with repeated ſhouts his army fires.
Trojans! be firm; this arm ſhall make you way 205
Through yon ſquare body, and that black array;
Stand, and my ſpear ſhall rout their ſcattering power,
Strong as they ſeem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly boſom warms,
The firſt of Gods, this day inſpires our arms. 210
He ſaid, and rouz'd the ſoul in every breaſt;
Urg'd with deſire of fame, beyond the reſt,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary ſteps his ample ſhield.
Bold Merion aim'd a ſtroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke ſhort, and ſparkled in the ſand.
The Trojan warriour, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to diſtance bore the ſpear: 220
The Greek retreating mourn'd his fruſtrate blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that ſpar'd a foe.
Then to the ſhips with ſurly ſpeed he went,
To ſeek a ſurer javelin in his tent.
Meanwhile with riſing rage the battle glows, 225
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The ſon of Mentor, rich in generous ſteeds.
Ere yet to Troy the ſons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant paſtures bred, 230
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bleſs'd in bright Medeſicaſte's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's raviſh'd joy,
Ally'd the warriour to the houſe of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235
And match'd the braveſt of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's ſons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian ſpear. 240
As from ſome far-ſeen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by ſteel, a tall aſh tumbles down,
And ſoils its verdant treſſes on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall reſound.
Then Teucer ruſhing to deſpoil the dead, 245
From Hector's hand a ſhining javelin fled:
He ſaw, and ſhunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' ſon, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine! 250
Proſtrate he falls; his clanging arms reſound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.

To ſeize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And juſt had faſten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the ſhield's round boſs the weapon rung;
He felt the ſhock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and ſheath'd in ſhining ſteel.
Repuls'd, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The ſpoils conteſted, and bear off the ſlain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
(Stichius the brave, Meneſtheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimachus, ſad object! lies;
Ambrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear acroſs the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a ſlaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And ſprinkling all the ſhrubs with drops of blood;
So theſe the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toſs'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory viſage lay.
The God of Ocean, fir'd with ſtern diſdain,
And pierc'd with ſorrow for his * grandſon ſlain,
Inſpires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes deſtruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind ruſhing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
His penſive brow the generous care expreſt
With which a wounded ſoldier touch'd his breaſt.
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his ſad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the ſurgeons of the camp he ſent;
That office paid, he iſſued from his tent,
Fierce for the fight; to whom the God begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant ſon,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks ariſe,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the ſkies:
Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boaſt,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion loſt?
To whom the king: On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor ſhameful ſloth detains.
'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
That far, far diſtant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremoſt in the fight, ſtill prone to lend
Or arms or counſels, now perform thy beſt,
And what thou canſt not ſingly, urge the reſt.
Thus he; and thus the God, whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake:
Ah! never may he ſee his native land,
Nor feed the vultures on this hateful ſtrand,
Who ſeeks ignobly in his ſhips to ſtay,
Nor dares to combat on this ſignal day!

For this, behold! in horrid arms I ſhine,
And urge thy ſoul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worſt; nor ev'n this ſuccour vain:
Not vain the weakeſt, if their force unite;
But ours, the braveſt have confeſs'd in fight.
This ſaid, he ruſhes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the ſtrand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning burſting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In ſtreamy ſparkles, kindling all the ſkies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flaſh'd along.
Him near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he queſtions: Ever beſt of friends!
O ſay, in every art of battle ſkill'd,
What holds thy courage from ſo brave a field?
On ſome important meſſage art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by ſome unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my ſoul abhors to ſtay,
And glows with proſpects of th' approaching day.
O prince! (Meriones replies) whoſe care
Leads forth th' embattled ſons of Crete to war;
This ſpeaks my grief; this headleſs lance I wield;
The reſt lies rooted in a Trojan ſhield.
To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; thoſe my tent can give;
Spears I have ſtore (and Trojan lances all)
That ſhed a luſtre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, diſdainful of the diſtant war,
Nor truſt the dart, nor aim th' uncertain ſpear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and ſpoil the ſlain;
And thence theſe trophies and theſe arms I gain.
Enter, and ſee on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung ſpears, and ſhields that flame with gold.
Nor vain (ſaid Merion) are our martial toils;
We too can boaſt of no ignoble ſpoils.
But thoſe my ſhip contains; whence diſtant far,
I fight conſpicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? if any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.
To this, Idomeneus: The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were ſome ambuſh for the foes deſign'd,
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
In that ſharp ſervice, ſingled from the reſt,
The fear of each, or valour, ſtands confeſt,
No force, no firmneſs, the pale coward ſhows;
He ſhifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping ſweat creeps cold on every part,
Againſt his boſom beats his quivering heart;
Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls ſtare;
With chattering teeth he ſtands, and ſtiffening hair,
And looks a bloodleſs image of deſpair!

* Amphimachus.

Not ſo the brave—ſtill dauntleſs, ſtill the ſame,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his ſoul, to conquer or to die:
If aught diſturb the tenour of his breaſt,
'Tis but the wiſh to ſtrike before the reſt.
In ſuch aſſays thy blameleſs worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Thoſe wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas ſtill thy brave delight
T' oppoſe thy boſom where the foremoſt fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd ſpears the choiceſt take,
And to their owners ſend them nobly back.
Swift as the word bold Merion ſnatch'd a ſpear,
And breathing ſlaughter follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide deſtroyer of the race of man).
Terrour, his beſt lov'd ſon, attends his courſe,
Arm'd with ſtern boldneſs, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriours to confound,
And lay the ſtrength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentleſs, they diſpoſe
To theſe glad conqueſt, murderous rout to thoſe.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms ſhot horrour o'er the plain.
Then firſt ſpake Merion: Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted ſuccour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd):
Our ableſt chieftains the main battle guide;
Each god-like Ajax makes that poſt his care,
And gallant Teucer deals deſtruction there:
Skill'd, or with ſhafts to gall the diſtant field,
Or bear cloſe battle on the ſounding ſhield.
Theſe can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himſelf deſcends, his bolts to ſhed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great muſt he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can cruſh, nor ſteel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' enſanguin'd ground:
In ſtanding fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in ſwiftneſs in the courſe.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.
He ſaid; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the ſhining chiefs beheld
Ruſh like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The riſing combat ſounds along the ſhore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' ſultry reign,
From different quarters ſweep the ſandy plain;
On every ſide the duſty whirlwinds riſe,
And the dry fields are lifted to the ſkies:
Thus, by deſpair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hoſts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Briſtled with upright ſpears, that flaſh'd afar;
Dire was the gleam, of breaſt-plates, helms, and ſhields,
And poliſh'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous ſcene! that general horrour gave,
But touch'd with joy the boſoms of the brave.
Saturn's great ſons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like ſon,
Will'd not deſtruction to the Grecian power,
But ſpar'd a while the deſtin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, riſing from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heaven with ſtern diſdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one ſource, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; firſt-born of the ſkies,
And more than men, or Gods, ſupremely wiſe.
For this, of Jove's ſuperiour right afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
Theſe powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Diſcord's adamantine chain,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong; the fatal tye
Is ſtretch'd on both, and, cloſe-compell'd, they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
Firſt by his hand Othryoneus was ſlain,
Swell'd with falſe hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabeſus' diſtant walls he came;
Caſſandra's love he fought, with boaſts of power,
And promis'd conqueſt was the proffer'd dower.
The king conſented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king conſented, but the Fates refus'd.
Proud of himſelf, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he meaſur'd with a larger ſtride.
Him, as he ſtalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breaſt-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory loſt, he plung'd to hell:
His arms reſounded as the boaſter fell.
The great Idomeneus beſtrides the dead;
And thus (he cries) behold thy promiſe ſped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And ſuch the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illuſtrious prince! receive;
For ſuch an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' faireſt daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to adviſe,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to ſay.
He ſpoke, and dragg'd the gory corſe away.
This Aſius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;

valued courſers, to his ſquire committed,
ient panted on his neck behind)
engeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
p'd the conqueſt of the Cretan king.
ary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
n his throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear:
th the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
itter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
en the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
e, fit maſt for ſome great admiral,
s to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
preads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
k proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
retch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
nds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore.
'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
ns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
s transfix'd, an unreſiſting prey:
by Antilochus, he pants beneath
tely car, and labours out his breath.
Aſius' ſteeds (their mighty maſter gone)
the prize of Neſtor's youthful ſon.
r'd at the ſight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
ide, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
ctan ſaw; and, ſtooping, caus'd to glance
is ſlope ſhield, the diſappointed lance.
the ſpacious targe (a blazing round,
with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
rais'd arm by two ſtrong braces ſtay'd)
collected in defenſive ſhade;
ſafe head the javelin idly ſung,
the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
en, the ſpear the vigorous arm confeſt,
rc'd, obliquely, king Hypſenor's breaſt:
d in his liver; to the ground it bore
ief, his people's guardian now no more!
unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
venge'd, lamented Aſius lies:
though hell's black portals ſtand diſplay'd,
ate ſhall joy thy melancholy ſhade.
t-piercing anguiſh, at the haughty boaſt,
d every Greek, but Neſtor's ſon the moſt.
as he was, his pious arms attend,
is broad buckler ſhields his ſlaughter'd
end;
Meciſtheus and Alaſtor bore
our'd body to the tented ſhore.
et from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
l to periſh in his country's cauſe,
ſome foe, whom heaven and he ſhall doom
his fate in death's eternal gloom.
Alcathoüs in the front aſpire:
Æſyetes was the hero's ſire:
ſe Hippodamē, divinely fair,
s' eldeſt hope, and darling care;
rm'd her parent's and her huſband's heart,
unty, ſenſe, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliеſt boy,
The faireſt ſhe, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapleſs hero dies:
Who covers with a cloud thoſe beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
His fate, he ſtands; nor ſhuns the lance of Crete.
Fixt as ſome column, or deep rooted oak,
(While the winds ſleep) his breaſt receiv'd the ſtroke.
Before the ponderous ſtroke his corſlet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour ſends a jarring ſound:
His labouring heart heaves with ſo ſtrong a bound,
The long lance ſhakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Faſt-flowing from its ſource, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous guſh'd away.
Then Idomen, inſulting o'er the ſlain;
Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghoſts attend,
This, my third victim, to the ſhades I ſend,
Approaching now, thy boaſted might approve,
And try the proweſs of the ſeed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameleſs prince! was Minos' heir;
His firſt-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er ſpacious Crete and her bold ſons I reign,
And thence my ſhips tranſport me through the main:
Lord of a hoſt, o'er all my hoſt I ſhine,
A ſcourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or ſeek auxiliar force: at length decreed
To call ſome hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas riſes to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remoteſt lines, he ſought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, ſtands,
And ſees ſuperiour poſts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of ſo great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and ſaid:
Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy boſom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy bróther and thy friend!
Come, and the warriour's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haſte, and revenge it on th' inſulting foe.
Æneas heard, and for a ſpace reſign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, riſing in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on ſome rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrours, and to ſlaughter bred,
When the loud ruſticks riſe, and ſhout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the briſtly honours riſe,
Fires ſtream in lightning from his ſanguine eyes;
His foaming tuſks both dogs and men engage,
But moſt his hunters rouze his mighty rage:

So ſtood Idomeneus, his javelin ſhook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offſpring of the God of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To theſe the warriour ſent his voice around:
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas ruſhes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;
He freſh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Elſe ſhould this hand, this hour, decide the ſtrife,
The great diſpute, of glory, or of life.
He ſpoke; and all as with one ſoul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers caſt a dreadful ſhade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' aſſiſting forces of his native lands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the ſwain ſurveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads,
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and ſtretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle roſe;
On every ſide the ſteely circle grows;
Now batter'd breaſt-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins ſing.
Above the reſt two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of war, diſpenſing fate, they ſtood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan ſaw, and ſhunn'd the brazen ſpear:
Sent from an arm ſo ſtrong, the miſſive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it ſtood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's ſtroke,
The forceful ſpear his hollow corſelet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghaſtly wound,
And roll'd the ſmoaking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he ſobs away his breath,
And furious graſps the bloody duſt in death.
The victor from his breaſt the weapon tears;
(His ſpoils he could not, for the ſhower of ſpears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumberous arms, ſtiff with cold age,
His liſtleſs limbs unable for the courſe;
In ſtanding fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd ſlow ſteps he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he paſt,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin caſt:
The javelin err'd, but held its courſe along,
And pierc'd Aſcalaphus, the brave and young:
The ſon of Mars fell gaſping on the ground,
And gnaſh'd the duſt all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidſt the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal ſynod ſate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in duſt the breathleſs hero lay,
For ſlain Aſcalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus to ſeize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm diſcharg'd his ſpear:
He drops the weight, diſabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings againſt the plain.
Swift as the vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waiſt his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his ſwift courſers, on his ſplendid car,
Rapt from the leſſening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the ſhore,
And ſprinkling, as he paſs'd, the ſands with gore.
Meanwhile freſh ſlaughter bathes the ſanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth reſound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breaſt;
His ſhield revers'd o'er the fall'n warriour lies;
And everlaſting ſlumber ſeals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Tranſpierc'd his back with a diſhoneſt wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his ſocial train
Spreads his imploring arms, but ſpreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad ſhoulders tore the ſpoils away;
His time obſerv'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all ſides thick, the peals of arms reſound.
His ſhield, emboſs'd, the ringing ſtorm ſuſtains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preſerv'd from hoſtile rage
This youth, the joy of Neſtor's glorious age)
In arms intrepid, with the firſt he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger ſought;
His winged lance, reſiſtleſs as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the maſter's mind,
Reſtleſs it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the diſtant enemy.
The ſon of Aſius, Adamas, drew near,
And ſtruck his target with the brazen ſpear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon ſtood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Diſarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's ſpear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where ſharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's ſtrong pangs diſtend his labouring ſide,

k enormous on the field diſplays;
ving heart beats thick, as ebbing life de-
s.
ar, the conqueror from his body drew,
ith's dim ſhadows ſwam before his view.
ave Deipyrus in duſt was laid:
lenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
te his temples, with an arm ſo ſtrong,
n fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
or ſome luckier Greek it reſts a prize;
in death the god-like owner lies!
vith grief, great Menelaüs burns,
ught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
ok the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
ſtood adverſe with the bended bow:
iis breaſt the Trojan arrow fell,
lleſs bounded on the plated ſteel.
ne ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
ids collected at each open door)
broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
ps the golden grain, reſulting from the
nd:
he ſteel that guards Atrides' heart,
to diſtance flies the bounding dart.
watchful of th' unwary foe,
vith his lance the hand that graſp'd the
'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
he long lance that mark'd with blood the

Agenor gently from the wound
r ſolicits, and the bandage bound,
ſoft wool, ſnatch'd from a ſoldier's ſide,
the tent and ligature ſupply'd.
! Piſander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
hrough the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
enelaüs! to enhance thy fame;
vering in the front, the warriour came.
ſharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
e far diſtant by the winds was blown.
c'd Piſander through Atrides' ſhield;
's ſpear fell ſhiver'd on the field.
iſcourag'd, to the future blind,
ams of conqueſt ſwell his haughty mind;
ſs he ruſhes where the Spartan lord
htning brandiſh'd his far beaming-ſword.
eft arm high oppos'd the ſhining ſhield:
it, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
ve's cloudy grain the handle made,
with ſtuds; and brazen was the blade);
the helm diſcharg'd a noble blow;
ime dropt nodding to the plain below,
rom the creſt. Atrides wav'd his ſteel:
rough his front the weighty falchion fell:
ſhing bones before its force gave way;
and blood the groaning hero lay;
from their ghaſtly orbs, and ſpouting gore,
tted eye-balls tumble on the ſhore.
rce Atrides ſpurn'd him as he bled,
f his arms, and, loud exulting, ſaid:

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear:
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princeſs rapt tranſcends a navy ſtorm'd:
In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes ſhall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies,
Above the thought of man! ſupremely wiſe!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt?
The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight
This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſs heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold ſon of Pylæmenes ſlew,
Harpalion had through Aſia travel'd far,
Following his martial father to the war;
Through filial love he left his native ſhore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unſucceſsful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
Againſt the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance diſarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehenſive eyes.
Him, through the hip tranſpiercing as he fled,
The ſhaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point deſcends,
And, driving down, the ſwelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his ſad companions arms he lay,
And in ſhort pantings ſobb'd his ſoul away;
(Like ſome vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent guſh'd from out the wound.
Him on the car the Paphlagonian train
In ſlow proceſſion bore from off the plain.
The penſive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the ſhore;
And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving ſight beheld,
With pity ſoften'd, and with fury ſwell'd;
His honour'd hoſt, a youth of matchleſs grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race;
With his full ſtrength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his ſeat in Corinth's ſtately town;
Polydus' ſon, a ſeer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or ſlow diſeaſe at home:
He climb'd his veſſel, prodigal of breath,
And choſe the certain, glorious path to death.

Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
His ſoul came iſſuing at the narrow vent,
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop uſeleſs on the ground,
And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With ſuch a tide ſuperiour virtue ſway'd,
And he * that ſhakes the ſolid earth gave aid.
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where firſt the gates were forc'd and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ſtation where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horſe engag'd,
And all the thunder of the cattle rag'd)
There join'd, the whole Bœotian ſtrength remains,
The proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epean force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery courſe.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Meneſtheus at their head.
Meges the ſtrong the Epeian bands control'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
Iphiclus' ſon: and that (Oileus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a ſtol'n embrace;
He dwelt far diſtant from his native place,
By his fierce ſtepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother ſlain.)
Theſe rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the ſhores of Troy.
Now ſide by ſide, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright plowſhare through the fallow ſoil,
Join'd to one yoke, the ſtubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the ſhining ſhare;
O'er their huge limbs the foam deſcends in ſnow,
And ſtreams of ſweat down their four foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remiſſive of his might,
Tir'd with inceſſant ſlaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave aſſociate grace:
In cloſe engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian ſquadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony ſhield;
But ſkill'd from far the flying ſhaft to wing,
Or whirl the ſounding pebble from the ſling;
Dextrous with theſe they aim a certain wou
Or fell the diſtant warriour to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a preſſing fight mai
tain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whoſe ſtones and arrows intercept the ſky,
The mingled tempeſt on the foes they pour;
Troy's ſcattering orders open to the ſhower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But ſage Polydamas, diſcreetly brave,
Addreſs'd great Hector, and this counſel gave
Though great in all, thou ſeem'ſt averſe to le
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To Gods and men thy matchleſs worth is know
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of Heaven.
To ſome the powers of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſick, and the charm of ſon
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-conſidering mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confe
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt:
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon hoſtile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall?
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war mai
tain?
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain?
Here ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of thin
Whether (the Gods ſucceeding our deſires)
To yon tall ſhips to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and paſs unhurt away,
Contented with the conqueſt of the day.
I fear, I fear, leſt Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of laſt revolving ſun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!
The counſel pleas'd; and Hector, with a
bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling
ground;
Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms reſound.
To guard this poſt (he cried) thy art employ,
And here detain the ſcatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And haſten back to end the doubtful day.
This ſaid; the towering chief prepares to
go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes
flow,
And ſeems a moving mountain topt with ſnow.
Through all his hoſt, inſpiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder riſe.
To Panthus' ſon, at Hector's high command,
Haſte the bold leaders of the Trojan band:

* Neptune.

But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear.
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground:
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.
Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
Ill-fated Paris! slave to woman-kind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.
When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since you rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes two alone remain;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the Gods alone.
These words the hero's angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood.
Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood.
Palmus, with Polypœtes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps:
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore:
Thus rank on rank the thick battallions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light:
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield
Like the broad sun illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd:
Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands, and hearts.
Long e'er in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round,
The time shall come, when, chas'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side:
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster; doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host; the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

Neſtor, ſitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increaſing clamour of the war and haſtens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulyſſes, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon propoſes to make their eſcape by night, which Ulyſſes withſtands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they ſhould go forth and encourage the army with their preſence; which advice is purſued. Juno ſeeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a deſign to over-reach him; ſhe ſets off her charms with the utmoſt care, and (the more ſurely to enchant him) obtains the magic circle of Venus. She then applies herſelf to the God of Sleep, and, with ſome difficulty, perſuades him to ſeal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, ſhe goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at firſt ſight, is raviſhed with her beauty, ſinks in her embraces, and is laid aſleep. Neptune takes advantage of his ſlumber, and ſuccours the Greeks: Hector is ſtruck to the ground with a prodigious ſtone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions ſucceed; till the Trojans, much diſtreſſed, are obliged to give way: the leſſer Ajax ſignalizes himſelf in a particular manner.

BUT nor the genial feaſt, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Neſtor's watchful ſoul;
His ſtartled ears th' encreaſing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
What new alarm, divine Machaon, ſay,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the ſhouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught, diſpel thy care,
Let Hecamede the ſtrengthening bath prepare,
Refreſh thy wound, and cleanſe the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore.
He ſaid: and ſeizing Thraſymedes' ſhield,
(His valiant offspring) haſten'd to the field;
(That day, the ſon his father's buckler bore)
Then ſnatch'd a lance, and iſſued from the door.
Soon as the proſpect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the ſcene of ſorrow knew;
Dire diſarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface ſleeps,
The waves juſt heaving on the purple deeps;
While yet th' expected tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey;
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian ſage,
To join the hoſt, or to the general haſte;
Debating long, he fixes on the laſt;
Yet, as he moves, the fight his boſom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming faulchions flaſh, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy ſteps aſcending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulyſſes the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ſhips at diſtance from the battle ſtand,
In lines advanc'd along the ſhelving ſtrand:
Whoſe bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beſide the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ſhips they moor:
Who landed firſt lay higheſt on the ſhore.)
Supported on their ſpears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Neſtor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breaſt,
Whom thus the general of the hoſt addreſt:
O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Neſtor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector ſee his boaſt fulfill'd,
Our fleets in aſhes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too ſoon made good,
On many a Grecian boſom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Againſt your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to ſee with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles riſe?
Gerenian Neſtor then: So Fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aërial bower,
Not Jove himſelf, upon the paſt has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ſhips their conquering arms extend,
And groans of ſlaughter'd Greeks to heaven aſcend.
On ſpeedy meaſures then employ your thought,
In ſuch diſtreſs. If counſel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our ſouls excite:
Theſe gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.
To him the monarch: That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet aſcends,
And that the rampart, late our ſureſt truſt,
And beſt defence, lies ſmoking in the duſt:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Paſt are the days when happier Greece was bleſt,
And all his favour, all his aid confeſt;
Now Heaven, averſe, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the ſkies.
Ceaſe we at length to waſte our blood in vain,
And launch what ſhips lie neareſt to the main;
Leave theſe at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to ſea, and hoiſt each ſail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreſeen, to run,
Than periſh in the danger we may ſhun.
Thus he. The ſage Ulyſſes thus replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes:
What ſhameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart.

, were thy ſway the curſe of meaner powers,
d thou the ſhame of any hoſt but ours!
ioſt, by Jove endued with martial might,
d taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
centurous combats and bold wars to wage,
ploy'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
wilt thou thus deſert the Trojan plain?
have whole ſtreams of blood been ſpilt in vain?
ch baſe ſentence if thou couch thy fear,
k it in whiſpers, leſt a Greek ſhould hear.
there a man ſo dead to fame, who dares
ink ſuch meanneſs, or the thought declares?
comes it ev'n from him whoſe ſovereign ſway
handied legions of all Greece obey?
a general's voice that calls to flight,
e war hangs doubtful, while his ſoldiers fight?
more could Troy? What yet their fate denies,
giv'ſt the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
ore the troops (our hoiſted ſails in view,
ſelves abandon'd) ſhall the fight purſue;
y ſhips flying, with deſpair ſhall ſee;
we deſtruction to a prince like thee.
y juſt reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
rrows pierce me, (for thy words are wiſe.
ling as I am to loſe the hoſt,
not Greece to leave this hateful coaſt,
ſubmit, whoe'er, or young or old,
, more conducive to our weal unfold.
s cut him ſhort, and thus began:
ounſel if you ſeek, behold the man
oldly gives it; and what he ſhall ſay,
though he be, diſdain not to obey:
h, who from the mighty Tydeus ſprings,
eak to councils and aſſembled kings.
ien in me the great Oenides' ſon,
nonour'd duſt (his race of glory run)
elm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
a his life, and glorious in his fall;
ree bold ſons was generous Prothoüs bleſt,
curon's walls and Calydon poſſeſt;
nd Agrius, but (who far ſurpaſt
in courage) Oeneus was the laſt.
m, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
d to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
arch's daughter there (ſo Jove ordain'd)
, and flouriſh'd where Adraſtus reign'd;
ich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
is vines their liquid harveſt yield,
ereous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
deus was, the foremoſt once in fame!
in Greece a ſtranger to his name.
at for common good my thoughts inſpire,
and in the ſon, reſpect the ſire:
ſore of battle, though with wounds oppreſt,
go forth, and animate the reſt,
the glory which he cannot ſhare,
not partaker, witneſs of the war.
ew wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
he miſſile javelin's ſounding flight,
s ſtand; and from the tumult far,
e ranks, and rule the diſtant war.
led not: the liſtening kings obey,
ring on; Atrides leads the way.
of Ocean (to inflame *their rage*)
s *warrior furrow'd o'er with age*;

Preſt in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero ſpoke.
Atrides, lo! with what diſdainful eye
Achilles ſees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whoſe anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he periſh, ſo may Jove diſclaim
The wretch relentleſs, and o'erwhelm with ſhame!
But heaven forſakes not thee: o'er yonder ſands
Soon ſhalt thou view the ſcatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverſe; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling duſt, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.
He ſpoke, then ruſh'd amid the warrior crew;
And ſent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the ſhout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thouſand ſhake the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and ſuch the thundering ſound
Of him, whoſe trident rends the ſolid ground,
Each Argive boſom bears to meet the fight,
And griſly war appears a pleaſing ſight.
Mean time Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict ſhe ſurvey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians acid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's ſhady height
She ſees her Jove, and trembles at the ſight
Jove to deceive, what methods ſhall ſhe try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length ſhe truſts her power; reſolv'd to prove
The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, cheat of love;
Againſt his wiſdom to oppoſe her charms,
And lull the Lord of thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment ſhe repairs,
Sacred to dreſs, and beauty's pleaſing cares:
With ſkill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from acceſs of each intruding power
Touch'd with her ſecret key, the doors unfold:
Self-cloſ'd, behind her ſhut the valves of gold.
Here firſt ſhe bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambroſial ſhowers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' aërial way;
Spirit divine! whoſe exhalation greets
The ſenſe of Gods with more than mortal ſweets.
Thus while ſhe breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant treſſes ty'd;
Part on her head in ſhining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her ſhoulders wav'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large claſps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her ſwelling boſom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple ſtar.
Then o'er her head ſhe caſts a veil more white
Then new fall'n ſnow, and dazzling as the light.
Laſt her fair feet celeſtial ſandals grace.
Thus iſſuing radiant with majeſtic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddeſs moves
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.
How long (to Venus thus apart ſhe cried
Shall human ſtrife celeſtial minds divide?

Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And ſet aſide the cauſe of Greece and Troy?
Let Heaven's dread empreſs (Cytherea ſaid)
Speak her requeſt, and deem her will obey'd.
Then grant me (ſaid the Queen) thoſe conquering charms,
That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce deſires,
And burns the ſons of Heaven with ſacred fires!
For lo, I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents (ſacred ſource of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the laſt limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were paſt;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus caſt,
Of upper heaven to Jove reſign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge maſs of earth and main.
For ſtrife, I hear, has made the union ceaſe,
Which held ſo long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, ſhall I obtain,
If I compoſe thoſe fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?
She ſaid. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the ſiſter and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breaſt the zone unbrac'd,
With various ſkill, and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill reviving fire,
Perſuaſive ſpeech, and more perſuaſive ſighs,
Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand, the Cyprian Goddeſs laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wiſh, ſhe ſaid.
With ſmile ſhe took the charm; and ſmiling preſt
The powerful ceſtus to her ſnowy breaſt.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew:
Whilſt from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her courſe ſhe bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
O'er Hemus' hills with ſnows eternal crown'd.
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground;
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty ſteep,
She ſpeeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And ſeeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
Sweet pleaſing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
Who ſpread'ſt thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obſequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour ſtill:
Shed thy ſoft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While ſunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A ſplendid footſtool, and a throne, that ſhine
With gold unfading, Somnus, ſhall be thine;
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy eaſe,
When wine and feaſts thy golden humours pleaſe.
Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
Great Saturn's heir, and empreſs of the ſkies!
O'er other Gods I ſpread my eaſy chain:
The ſire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his huſh'd waves lie ſilent on the main.
But how, unbidden, ſhall I dare to ſteep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of ſleep?
Long ſince, too venturous at thy bold command,
On thoſe eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deſerting Ilion's waſted plain,
His conquering ſon, Alcides, plough'd the main.
When lo! the deeps ariſe, the tempeſts roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan ſhore;
Great Jove awaking, ſhook the bleſt abodes
With riſing wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he ſought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether ſky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid
(The friend of earth and heaven) her wings diſplay'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.
Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies
And, ſpeaking, rolls her large majeſtic eyes)
Think'ſt thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering ſon?
Hear, and obey the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one ſhall be ever thine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine.
Swear then (he ſaid) by thoſe tremendous floods
That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great parent Earth one hand ſuſtain,
And ſtretch'd the other o'er the ſacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witneſs from the depths of hell;
That ſhe, my lov'd one, ſhall be ever mine,
The youngeſt Grace, Paſithaë the divine,
The queen aſſents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the ſable ſubtartarean Powers,
And thoſe who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.
Then ſwift as wind, o'er Lemnos ſmoky iſle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' ſea-beat ſoil,
Through air unſeen, involv'd in darkneſs glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of ſavages, whoſe echoing hills
Are heard reſounding with a hundred rills;)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Huſh'd are her mountains, and her foreſts nod;
There on a fir, whoſe ſpiry branches riſe
To join its ſummit to the neighbouring ſkies;
Dark in embowering ſhade, conceal'd from ſight,
Sat Sleep, in likeneſs of the bird of Night.
(Chalcis his name by thoſe of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)
To Ida's top ſucceſsful Juno flies;
Great Jove ſurveys her with deſiring eyes:
The God, whoſe lightning ſets the heavens on fire,
Through all his boſom feels the fierce deſire;
Fierce as when firſt by ſtealth he ſeiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her ſoul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then preſs'd her hand, and thus with tranſport ſpoke:
Why comes my goddeſs from th' æthereal ſky,
And not her ſteeds and flaming chariots nigh?
Then ſhe—I haſte to thoſe remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathleſs gods,
The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
On the laſt limits of the land and main,

iſit theſe, to whoſe indulgent cares
we the nurſing of my tender years;
ſtriſe, I hear, has made that union ceaſe,
uich held ſo long this ancient pair in peace.
e ſteeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
r earth and ſeas, and through th' aërial way
it under Ide: of thy ſuperior power
aſk conſent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
c ſeek, unknown to thee, the ſacred cells
ep under ſeas, where hoary Ocean dwells.
For that (ſaid Jove) ſuffice another day;
it eager love denies the leaſt delay.
t ſofter cares the preſent hour employ,
id be theſe moments ſacred all to joy.
'er did my ſoul ſo ſtrong a paſſion prove,
for an earthly or a heavenly love:
as when I preſs'd Ixion's matchleſs dame
hence roſe Pirithoüs like the gods in fame.
ot when fair Danaë felt the ſhower of gold
ream into life, when Perſeus brave and bold.
ot thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
lacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
or Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
hence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos ſprung.
ot thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
or comelier Ceres' more majeſtic grace.
ot thus ev'n for thyſelf I felt deſire,
s now my veins receive the pleaſing fire.
He ſpoke: the Goddeſs with the charming eyes
lows with celeſtial red, and thus replies:
this a ſcene for love? On Ida's height
xpos'd to mortal and immortal ſight;
ur joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
he ſport of heaven, and fable of the ſky.
low ſhall I e'er review the bleſt abodes,
r mix among the ſenate of the Gods?
hall I not think, that, with diſorder'd charms,
ll heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
Vith ſkill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
acred to love and to the genial hour;
ſuch thy will, to that receſs retire,
nd ſecret there indulge thy ſoft deſire.
She ceas'd; and, ſmiling with ſuperior love,
hus anſwer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
or god nor mortal ſhall our joys behold,
haded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
ot ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
nd whoſe broad eye th' extended earth ſurveys.
Gazing he ſpoke, and kindling at the view,
is eager arms around the Goddeſs threw.
ilad earth perceives, and from her boſom pours
Inbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers:
hick new-born violets a ſoft carpet ſpread
nd cluſtering lotos ſwell'd the riſing bed,
nd ſudden hyacinths the turf beſtrow,
nd flamy crocos made the mountain glow.
here golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
teep'd in ſoft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
elestial dews, deſcending o'er the ground,
erfume the mount, and breathe ambroſia round.
t length, with Love and Sleep's ſoft power oppreſt,
he panting Thunderer nods, and ſinks to reſt.
Now to the navy borne on ſilent wings,
o Neptune's ear ſoft Sleep his meſſage brings;
Beſide him ſudden, unperceiv'd he ſtood,
And thus with gentle words addreſs'd the God:
Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet reſts, while yet my vapours ſhed
The golden viſion round his ſacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleaſing ties,
Have clos'd thoſe awful and eternal eyes.
Thus having ſaid, the Power of Slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremoſt ranks of war,
Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deſerve the name!
This half-recover'd day, ſhall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ſhips again?
Lo ſtill he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While ſtern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loſs too tamely you deplore,
Be ſtill yourſelves, and we ſhall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any boſom warms,
Brace on your firmeſt helms, and ſtand to arms:
His ſtrongeſt ſpear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian ſeize his broadeſt ſhield;
Let to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the ſtrong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector ſhall our preſence ſtay:
Myſelf, ye Greeks! myſelf will lead the way.
The troops aſſent; their martial arms they change,
The buſy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppreſt with pain,
With helpful hands themſelves aſſiſt the train.
The ſtrong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield.
The weaker warrior takes a lighter ſhield.
Thus ſheath'd in ſhining braſs, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandiſh'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flaſhing through the frighted ſkies.
Clad in his might, th' Earth-ſhaking Power appears;
Pale mortars tremble, and confeſs their fears.
Troy's great defender ſtands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud hoſt, and dares oppoſe a God:
And lo! the God and wondrous man appear:
The ſeas ſtern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great maſter's call,
Roſe in huge ranks, and form'd a watery wall
Around the ſhips; ſeas hanging o'er the ſhores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;
Leſs loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole foreſts fall;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its ſhades devour:
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driven:
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heaven.
The firſt bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' boſom wing'd its courſe;
But there no paſs the croſſing belts afford,
(One brac'd his ſhield, and one ſuſtain'd his ſword.)

Then back the diſappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'ſcap'd not Ajax, his tempeſtuous hand
A ponderous ſtone upheaving from the ſand,
(Where heaps, laid looſe beneath the warrior's feet,
Or ſerv'd to ballaſt, or to prop the fleet)
Toſs'd round and round, the miſſive marble flings;
On the raz'd ſhield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breaſt and throat with force deſcends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury ſpends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the duſt, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hiſſing from above,
Darts on the conſecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and ſmokes of ſulphur riſe;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholder's ſtand,
And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector proſtrate on the ſhore;
His ſlacken'd hand deſerts the lance it bore;
His following ſhield the fallen chief o'erſpread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour ſinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow ſound.
Loud ſhouts of triumph fill the crowded plain:
Greece ſees, in hope, Troy's great defender ſlain:
All ſpring to ſeize him; ſtorms of arrows fly,
And thicker javelins intercept the ſky.
In vain an iron tempeſt hiſſes round:
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchiſes' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
With covering ſhields (a friendly circle) ſtand.
His mournful followers, with aſſiſtant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear:
His foaming courſers, ſwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the meads enamell'd ſide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eaſy tide,
With watery drops the chief they ſprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground,
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-ſinking on the ſhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting ſkies,
And ſeals again, by fits, his ſwimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax firſt his javelin ſped,
Pierc'd by whoſe point the ſon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidſt her flocks, on Satnio's ſilver ſhore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and ſhades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle roſe around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans fled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor ſhook the trembling ſpear;
The driving javelin through his ſhoulder thruſt,
He ſinks to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that ſpear to which thou ow'ſt thy fall
Go, guide thy dark ſome ſteps to Pluto's dreary hall!
He ſaid, and ſorrow touch'd each Argive breaſt!
The ſoul of Ajax burn'd above the reſt,
As by his ſide the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing ſteel:
The foe reclining, ſhunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath:
Thy lofty birth no ſuccour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head firſt tumbled to the plain.
So juſt the ſtroke, that yet the body ſtood
Erect, then roll'd along the ſands in blood.
Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes
(The towering Ajax loud inſulting cries)
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor ſlain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor ſpeak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his ſon.
He ſpake and ſmil'd ſevere, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy ſadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cauſe,
As Promachus his ſlaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! deſtin'd by our arms to fall;
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece ſhall ſhare
The toils, the ſorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.
Heart-piercing anguiſh ſtruck the Grecian hoſt,
But touch'd the breaſt of bold Peneleus moſt:
At the proud boaſter he directs his courſe:
The boaſter flies, and ſhuns ſuperior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the ſpear,
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain:)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres ſcoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miſerable arms in vain!
Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus ſpread,
And from the ſpouting ſhoulders ſtruck his head:
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet ſtriking through the bleeding eye,
The victor ſeiz'd; and as aloft he ſhook
The gory viſage, thus inſulting ſpoke:
Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haſte, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs reſound with frantic woe,
Such as the houſe of Promachus muſt know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' ſad ſpouſe we bear;

a we victorious ſhall to Greece return,
the pale matron in our triumphs mourn. [595
eadful he ſpoke, then toſs'd the head on high;
Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
ift they gaze around the fleet and wall,
dread the ruin that impends on all.
ughters of Jove! that on Olympus ſhine,
d-beholding, all-recording Nine! 600
, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
t chief, what hero, firſt embrued the field?
l the Grecians what immortal name,
whoſe bleſt trophies will ye raiſe to fame?
ou firſt, great Ajax, on th'enſanguin'd plain 605
Hyrtius, leader of the Myſian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Neſtor's ſon o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion ſlew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead. 610
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' ſteel,
His people's paſtor, Hyperenor, fell;
Eternal darkneſs wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.
But ſtretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' ſon, 615
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the leſs, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in purſuit, and ſwifteſt in the chaſe.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fifth Battle, at the Ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

iter, awaking, ſees the Trojans repulſed from the trenches, Hector in a ſwoon, and Neptune at the head the Greeks. He is highly incenſed at the artifice of Juno, who appeaſes him by her ſubmiſſions: ſhe is ent ſent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the aſſembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary ldreſs, to incenſe them againſt Jupiter; in particular, touches Mars with a violent reſentment: he is ready take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter: Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and paſſion, he conſents. Apollo re-inſpires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of he fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans ruſh in, and attempt to fire the firſt ine of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious ſlaughter.

OW in ſwift flight they paſs the trench profound,
d many a chief lay gaſping on the ground:
en ſtopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie,
ir on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
an while, awaken'd from his dream of love, 5
Ida's ſummit ſat imperial Jove:
and the wide fields he caſt a careful view,
iere ſaw the Trojans fly, the Greeks purſue;
ieſe proud in arms, thoſe ſcatter'd o'er the plain;
id, mudſt the war, the Monarch of the Main, 10
t far, great Hector on the duſt he ſpies
lis ſad aſſociates round with weeping eyes)
ecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
is ſenſes wandering to the verge of death.
ie God beheld him with a pitying look, 15
id thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno ſpoke:
O thou, ſtill adverſe to th' Eternal will,
r ever ſtudious in promoting ill!
by arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
nd driv'n his conquering ſquadrons from the field. 20
aſt thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withſtand
ur power immenſe, and brave th' Almighty hand?
aſt thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
om the vault concave of the ſpangled ſky,
hung thee trembling in a golden chain; 25
nd all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain?
leadlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
ann'd in the whirl, and breathleſs with the fall.
For godlike Hercules theſe deeds were done,
Nor ſeem'd the vengeance worthy ſuch a ſon: 30
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas toſt
The ſhipwreck'd hero on the Coan coaſt,
Him through a thouſand forms of death I bore,
And ſent to Argos, and his native ſhore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread, 35
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Leſt arts and blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
Thy ſoft deceits, and well-diſſembled love.
The Thunderer ſpoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, theſe ſubmiſſive words return'd: 40
By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding ſkies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghoſts below;
By the dread honours of thy ſacred head, 45
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plains:
By his own ardour, his own pity, ſway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and diſobey'd: 50
Elſe had thy Juno better counſels given,
And taught ſubmiſſion to the Sire of Heaven.
Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the Skies!
(Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
Then ſoon the haughty Sea-god ſhall obey, 55
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.

If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the ſilver bow.
Let her deſcend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring boſom re-inſpires with breath,
And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet.
Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain.
What youths he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe;
And lo! that inſtant godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns:
Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly hoſt engage
In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a God
I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe:
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.
The trembling Queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan ſummit ſhot to heaven.
As ſome way-faring man, who wanders o'er
In thought a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and meaſures ſpace with ſpace;
So ſwift flew Juno to the bleſt abodes,
If thought of man can match the ſpeed of Gods,
There ſat the Powers in awful ſynod plac'd:
They bow'd, and made obeiſance as ſhe paſs'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen: the nectar ſtreams around.
Fair Themis firſt preſents the golden bowl,
And anxious aſks what cares diſturb her ſoul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddeſs thus replies:
Enough thou know'ſt the Tyrant of the Skies,
Severely bent his purpoſe to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unreſtrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feaſts of heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall:
But Jove ſhall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such ſtern decrees, ſuch threat'ned woes to come,
As ſoon ſhall freeze mankind with dire ſurpriſe,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the ſkies.
The Goddeſs ſaid, and ſullen took her place:
Black horror ſadden'd each celeſtial face.
To ſee the gathering grudge in every breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat ſtedfaſt care, and lowering diſcontent.
Thus ſhe proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 'tis madneſs to conteſt with Jove:
Supreme he ſits; and ſees, in pride of ſway,
Your raſſal Godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majeſty of power controls,
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiſs, Immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and ſhow the way.
Behold Aſcalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a ſigh;
Thy own lov'd boaſted offſpring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boaſted offſpring be thy own.
Stern Mars, with anguiſh for his ſlaughter'd ſon,
Smote his rebelling breaſt, and fierce begun:
Thus then, Immortals! thus ſhall Mars obey;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Deſcending firſt to yon forbidden plain,
The God of battles dares avenge the ſlain;
Dares, though the thunder burſting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on thoſe heaps of dead.
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courſers for the fight:
Then, grim in arms, with haſty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the ſkies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Diſcharg'd his wrath on half the hoſt of heaven;
But Pallas, ſpringing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars ſhe ſnatch'd the ſhield and ſpear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide ſhe ſaid:
By what wild paſſion, furious! art thou toſt?
Striv'ſt thou with Jove? thou art already loſt.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command reſtrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the ſkies would'ſt thou with ſhame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the hoſt of heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more ſhall Jove engage;
The ſkies would yield an ampler ſcene of rage,
Guilty and guiltleſs find an equal fate,
And one vaſt ruin whelm th' Olympian ſtate.
Ceaſe then thy offſpring's death unjuſt to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet ſhall fall,
Why ſhould Heaven's law with fooliſh man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne:
Sullen he ſat, and curb'd the riſing groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon tall ſummit of the fountful Ide:
There in the Father's awful preſence ſtand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.
She ſaid, and ſat: the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurſe of fountains and of ſavage game);
There ſat th' Eternal; he, whoſe nod controls
The trembling world, and ſhakes the ſteady poles.
Veil'd in a miſt of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round:

ell-pleas'd the Thunderer ſaw their earneſt care,
d prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
en (while a ſmile ſerenes his awful brow)
nmands the Goddeſs of the ſhowery bow:
ris! deſcend, and what we here ordain
ert to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
him from fight to his own deeps repair,
reathe from ſlaughter in the fields of air.
refuſe, then let him timely weigh
elder birthright, and ſuperior ſway.
ſhall his raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
aven's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
s he with me, by whom his power was given,
is there equal to the Lord of Heaven?
' Almighty ſpoke: the Goddeſs wing'd her flight
ered Ilion from th' Idæan height.
as the rattling hail, or fleecy ſnows,
through the ſkies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
m the clouds deſcending Iris falls,
o blue Neptune thus the Goddeſs calls:
end the mandate of the Sire above,
behold the meſſenger of Jove.
ds thee from forbidden wars repair
r own deeps, or to the fields of air.
f refuſ'd, he bids thee timely weigh
der birthright, and ſuperior ſway.
hall thy raſhneſs ſtand the dire alarms,
ven's omnipotence deſcend in arms?
t thou with him, by whom all power is given?
rt thou equal to the Lord of Heaven?
at means the haughty Sovereign of the Skies
King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
is he will his portion'd realms on high;
ſſal God, nor of his train, am I.
brother Deities from Saturn came,
ncient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:
'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
al Pluto ſways the ſhades below;
he wide clouds, and o'er the ſtarry plain,
al Jove extends his high domain;
urt beneath the hoary waves I keep,
uſh the roarings of the ſacred deep:
ous, and this earth, in common lie;
claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?
the diſtant clouds let him control,
we the younger brothers of the pole;
to his children his commands be given,
rembling, ſervile, ſecond race of Heaven.
d muſt I then (ſaid ſhe) O Sire of Floods!
his fierce anſwer to the King of Gods?
& it yet, and change thy raſh intent;
ble mind diſdains not to repent.
ler brothers guardian fiends are given,
urge the wretch inſulting them and Heaven.
at is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)
miniſters are bleſt with prudent mind:
'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
uit, though angry, the contended field.
ut his threats with juſtice I diſclaim,
ume our honours, and our birth the ſame.
forgetful of his promiſe given
rmes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unleſs the Grecian train
Lay yon proud ſtructures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be paſt,
The wrath of Neptune ſhall for ever laſt.
Thus ſpeaking, furious from the field he ſtrode,
And plung'd into the boſom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus beſpoke the Source of Light:
Behold! the God whoſe liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whoſe earthquakes rock the world;
Deſiſts at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own ſeas, and trembles at our rage;
Elſe had my wrath, heaven's thrones all ſhaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the ſeas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
Well was the crime and well the vengeance ſpar'd;
Ev'n power immenſe had found ſuch battle hard.
Go thou, my ſon! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his ſtrength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ſhips, and Helleſpont again:
Then Greece ſhall breathe from toils—The Godhead ſaid;
His will divine the ſon of Jove obey'd.
Not half ſo ſwift the ſailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid ſkies;
As Phœbus, ſhooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector ſeated by the ſtream he ſees,
His ſenſe returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulſes beat, his ſpirits riſe;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they paſt away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day:
Why ſits great Hector from the field ſo far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war?
The fainting hero, as the viſion bright
Stood ſhining o'er him, half unſeal'd his ſight:
What bleſt Immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the ſleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my truſty ſword
Bath'd Greece in ſlaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almoſt ſunk me to the ſhades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghoſts I ſpy,
And hell's black horrors ſwim before my eye.
To him Apollo: Be no more diſmay'd;
See, and be ſtrong! the Thunderer ſends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus ſhall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious ſtill to thee and Troy.
Inſpire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ſhips impel thy rapid horſe:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery courſers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the ſea.
Thus to bold Hector ſpoke the ſon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd ſteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and pours along the ground;

With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies:
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hoſts purſue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage ſecure they lie
Cloſe in the rock (not fated yet to die);
When lo! a lion ſhoots acroſs the way!
They fly: at once the chaſers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops purſued,
And mark'd their progreſs through the ranks in blood,
Soon as they ſee the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquiſh, and conſent to fear.
Thoas with grief obſerv'd his dreadful courſe,
Thoas, the braveſt of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's diſtant flight,
And bold to combat in the ſtanding fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) theſe eyes invades?
Lo! Hector riſes from the Stygian ſhades!
We ſaw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What God reſtores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece lie ſlain,
Pours new deſtruction on her ſons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! ſtill he lives, purſues and conquers ſtill!
Yet hear my counſel, and his worſt withſtand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few whom briſker ſpirits warm,
Stand the firſt onſet, and provoke the ſtorm.
Thus point your arms; and when ſuch foes appear
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.
The warrior ſpoke, the liſtening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: theſe the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the ſhores defend.
Full on the front the preſſing Trojans bear,
And Hector firſt came towering to the war.
Phœbus himſelf the ruſhing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him Jove's enormous ſhield
Portentous ſhone, and ſhaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift conſign'd,
To ſcatter hoſts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the ſhock, the clamours riſe
From different parts, and mingle in the ſkies.
Dire was the hiſs of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-ſtring ſung;
Theſe drink the life of generous warriors ſlain;
Thoſe guiltleſs fall, and thirſt for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the ſhield,
Sat doubtful Conqueſt hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he ſhakes it in the ſkies,
Shours in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror ſeizes every Grecian breaſt,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confeſt.
So flies a herd of oxen, ſcatter'd wide,
No ſwain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And ſpread the carnage through the ſhady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the ſlaughter Hector leads;
Firſt great Arceſilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Meneſtheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäſus, Æneas ſped;
This ſprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapleſs Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawleſs love: from home expell'd,
A baniſh'd man, in Phylacé he dwell'd,
Preſs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at laſt, his labours and his life.
Mecyſtes next Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor ſlew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall;
Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: For, by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compoſe.
Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour,
The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.
Furious he ſaid; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds;
The courſers fly; the ſmoking chariot bounds:
The hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore;
The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Puſh'd at the bank, down ſunk th' enormous mound;
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A ſudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread foſſe (a late impervious ſpace)
Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
The wondering crouds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.
Then with his hand he ſhook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Eaſy, as when aſhore the infant ſtands,
And draws imagin'd houſes in the ſands;
The ſportive wanton, pleas'd with ſome new play,
Sweeps the ſlight works and faſhion'd domes away.
Thus vaniſh'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thouſands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild deſpair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;

Exhort their men with praiſes, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Neſtor chief obteſts the ſkies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:
O Jove! if ever, on his native ſhore,
One Greek enrich'd thy ſhrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatteſt firſtlings of the fold;
If e'er thou ſign'ſt our wiſhes with thy nod;
Perform the promiſe of a gracious God!
This day, preſerve our navies from the flame,
And ſave the reliques of the Grecian name.
Thus pray'd the ſage; th' Eternal gave conſent,
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament:
Preſumptuous Troy miſtook th' accepting ſign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempeſts mix the ſeas and ſkies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains riſe,
Above the ſides of ſome tall ſhip aſcend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus, loudly roaring, and o'er-powering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each ſide ariſe:
Thick ſound the keels; the ſtorm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ſhips above, the cars below,
Theſe wield the mace, and thoſe the javelin throw
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus ſat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He ſprinkles healing balms to anguiſh kind,
And adds diſcourſe, the medicine of the mind.
But when he ſaw, aſcending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, ſtarting from his ſeat,
With bitter groans his ſorrows he expreſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breaſt.
Though yet thy ſtate requires redreſs (he cries)
Depart I muſt: what horrors ſtrike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of woe:
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome favouring God his ſoul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking, ſwifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack ſuſtain,
But ſtrive, though numerous, to repulſe, in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a ſhipwright with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole deſign,
By the juſt rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like ſkill and care,
Preſerv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
And every ſhip ſuſtain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchleſs chiefs contend;
Nor this the ſhips can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the ſhore, and one the veſſel trod;
That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
The ſon of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, ſhakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguiſh'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a ſad ſurvey,
As ſtretch'd in duſt before the ſtern he lay.
Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous ſpace:
Lo! where the ſon of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, ſave his arms, ſecure his obſequies!
This ſaid, his eager javelin ſought the foe:
But Ajax ſhunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It ſtretch'd in duſt unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, ſuſtain'd at Ajax board,
Faithful ſervant to a Foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his ſide,
Near his lov'd maſter, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the ſand,
And lies a lifeleſs load along the land.
With anguiſh Ajax views the piercing ſight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight;
Teucer, behold! extended on the ſhore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are thoſe darts on which the Fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend?
Impatient Teucer, haſtening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow diſplay'd;
The well-ſtor'd quiver on his ſhoulders hung:
Then hiſs'd his arrow, and the bow-ſtring ſung.
Clytius, Piſenor's ſon, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove thro' the thickeſt of th' embattled plains
The ſtartling ſteeds, and ſhook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arreſts him from behind.
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's firſt bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty ſeat, at diſtance far,
The headlong courſers ſpurn his empty car;
Till ſad Polydamas the ſteeds reſtrain'd,
And gave, Aſtynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, ruſh'd amidſt the foe;
Rage edg'd his ſword, and ſtrengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cauſe,
At Hector's breaſt a choſen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the deſtin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to periſh then:
Th' all-wiſe Diſpoſer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his preſent death withſtands;
Nor was ſuch glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full ſtretch as the tough ſtring he drew,
Struck by an arm unſeen, it burſt in two;

Down dropt the bow: the ſhaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the duſt lay dead.
Th' aſtoniſh'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our deſtin'd enterpriſe;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, ſtruck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.
Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Diſmiſs the bow, and lay thy arrows by,
(Thy arms no leſs ſuffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous ſhield;
In the firſt ranks indulge thy thirſt of fame,
Thy brave example ſhall the reſt inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long ſucceſſes vain,
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ſhip to gain,
Aſks toil, and ſweat, and blood: their utmoſt might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight.
Then Teucer laid his faithleſs bow aſide;
The four-fold buckler o'er his ſhoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a creſted helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whoſe point with braſs refulgent ſhines,
The warrior wields: and his great brother joins.
This Hector ſaw, and thus expreſs'd his joy:
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourſelves, your ancient fame,
And ſpread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I ſaw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer ſtrike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours ſhine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How eaſy then, to ſee the ſinking ſtate
Of realms accurſt, deſerted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and ſuch is ours.
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worſt; a fate which all muſt try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliſs to die.
The gallant man, though ſlain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation ſafe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful ſtate;
His own brave friends ſhall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race ſucceed;
And late poſterity enjoy the deed!
This rouz'd the ſoul in every Trojan breaſt.
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addreſt:
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race
(To generous Argos what a dire diſgrace!
How long, on theſe curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your veſſels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wiſdom or debates;
To your own hands are truſted all your fates;
And better far, in one deciſive ſtrife,
One day ſhould end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren ſands,
Still preſs'd, and preſs'd by ſuch inglorious hands.
The liſtening Grecians feel their leader's flame;
And every kindling boſom pants for fame.
Then mutual ſlaughters ſpread on either ſide;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, ſunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the ſand,
The fierce commander of th' Epean band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, ſtooping, from the death withdrew,
(That valued life, O Phœbus, was thy care);
But Crœſmus' boſom took the flying ſpear:
His corpſe fell bleeding on the ſlippery ſhore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the ſon of Lampus, ruſhes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for proweſs in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his ſounding ſhield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breaſt-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Scles' winding ſhore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed ſcale);
Which oft, in cities ſtorm'd, and battles won,
Had ſav'd the father, and now ſaves the ſon.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in duſt below,
Shorn from the creſt, the purple honours glow.
Mean time their fight the Spartan king ſurvey'd,
And ſtood by Meges' ſide, a ſudden aid,
Through Dolops' ſhoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its paſſage through the panting heart,
And iſſued at his breaſt. With thundering ſound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In ruſh the conquering Greeks to ſpoil the ſlain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero moſt, from Hicetaon ſprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians croſs'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppreſs'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no leſs than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector fingled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:
Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinſman dies;
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a diſtant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage,
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end,
Or Ilion from her towery height deſcend,
Heav'd from the loweſt ſtone; and bury all
In one ſad ſepulchre, one common fall.
Hector (this ſaid) ruſh'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! reſpect your fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inſpire,
And catch from breaſt to breaſt the noble fire.
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame

i generous ſenſe he not in vain imparts;
k, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
ſank the navy with a brazen wall;
ls touching ſhields, in order blaze above,
lop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
iery Spartan firſt, with loud applauſe,
as the bold ſon of Neſtor in his cauſe:
re (he ſaid) in arms a youth like you,
ong to fight, ſo active to purſue?
ſtand you diſtant, nor attempt a deed?
he bold lance, and make ſome Trojan bleed.
ſaid; and backward to the lines retir'd;
raſh'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
ad the foremoſt ranks; his lance he threw,
round the black battalions caſt his view.
roops of Troy recede with ſudden fear,
: the ſwift javelin hiſs'd along in air.
ncing Melanippus met the dart
his bold breaſt, and felt it in his heart:
dering he falls; his falling arms reſound,
his broad buckler rings againſt the ground.
victor leaps upon his proſtrate prize:
on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
rends his ſide, freſh-bleeding with the dart
diſtant hunter ſent into his heart.
rving Hector to the reſcue flew;
as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
hen a ſavage, ranging o'er the plain,
orn the ſhepherd's dog, or ſhepherd ſwain;
e, conſcious of the deed, he glares around,
hears the gathering multitude reſound,
dly he flies the yet-untaſted food,
gains the friendly ſhelter of the wood.
ars the youth; all Troy with ſhouts purſue,
e ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts flew;
enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
nanly breaſt, and with new fury burns.
ow on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
e to fulfil the ſtern decrees of Jove:
Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
Grecian ardour quench'd in deep deſpair;
ifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
ls all their hearts, and ſtrengthens all their hands.
da's top he waits with longing eyes,
iew the navy blazing to the ſkies;
, nor till then, the ſcale of war ſhall turn,
Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
e fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
aiſes Hector to the work deſign'd,
him with more than mortal fury glow,
drives him, like a lightening, on the foe.
lars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
es his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
with more rage a conflagration rolls,
ps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
oams with wroth; beneath his gloomy brow
: fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
radiant helmet on his temples burns,
es when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
Jove his ſplendour round the chief had thrown,
caſt the blaze of both the hoſts on one.

Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to ſtern Pallas, and Pelides' ſpear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now, all on fire for ſome his breaſt, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and ſingle every prize;
Still at the cloſeſt ranks, the thickeſt fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveleſs as a tower,
On all ſides batter'd, yet reſiſts his power:
So ſome tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds aſſail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempeſt blow,
And ſees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in ſurrounding flames, he ſeems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all:
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhip deſcends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing thro' every ſhroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the ſailors freeze with fears;
And inſtant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.
As when a lion ruſhing from his den,
Amidſt the plain of ſome wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at eaſe they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead)
Leaps on the herds before the herdſman's eyes:
The trembling herdſman far to diſtance flies:
Some lordly bull (the reſt diſpers'd and fled)
He ſingles out; arreſts, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he ſeiz'd, and ſlew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wiſdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The miniſter of ſtern Euryſtheus' ire,
Againſt Alcides, Corpreus was his ſire:
The ſon redeem'd the honours of the race,
A ſon as generous as the ſire was baſe;
O'er all his country's youth conſpicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's ſtronger force to yield!
Againſt the margin of his ample ſhield
He ſtruck his haſty foot: his heels up ſprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan preſt,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breaſt.
His circling friends, who ſtrove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or ſhar'd his fate.
Chac'd from the foremoſt line the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main;
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they ſtand,
Wall'd round with ſterns, a gloomy deſperate band.
Now manly ſhame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itſelf confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Neſtor moſt
(The ſage preſerver of the Grecian hoſt)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard theſe utmoſt ſhores;
And by their parents, by themſelves, implores.
O friends! be men: your generous breaſts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual ſhame!

Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, ſhare:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each anceſtor with glory dead;
Abſent, by me they ſpeak, by me they ſue;
They aſk their ſafety, and their fame, from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are loſt, if you deſert the day.
He ſpoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva ſeconds what the ſage inſpires.
The miſt of darkneſs Jove around them threw,
She clear'd, reſtoring all the war to view;
A ſudden ray ſhot beaming o'er the plain,
And ſhew'd the ſhores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they ſaw, and all who fly, or fight,
The ſcene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
Firſt of the field great Ajax ſtrikes their eyes,
His port majeſtic, and his ample ſize;
A ponderous mace with ſtuds of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he ſwings around;
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain ſtands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vaſt gigantic ſtride,
The godlike hero ſtalks from ſide to ſide.
So when a horſeman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding ſteed)
Drives four fair courſers, practis'd to obey,
To ſome great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as ſide by ſide they run,
He ſhifts his ſeat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies:
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ſhip to ſhip thus Ajax ſwiftly flew,
No leſs the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd, threats aloud,
And ruſh'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then ſwift invades the ſhips, whoſe beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending ſhores:
So the ſtrong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the ſwans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, ſtooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce ſpirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the ſounding prores.
Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain!
Like ſtrength is felt from hope and from deſpair
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
Firſt ſeiz'd a ſhip on that conteſted ſtrand;
The ſame which dead Proteſilaüs bore,
The firſt that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan ſhore:
For this in arms the warring nations ſtood,
And bath'd their generous breaſts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow; 860
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and ſeek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, ſwords, and ſhorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground; 865
With ſtreaming blood the ſlippery ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Graſps the high ſtern, and gives this loud command:
Haſte, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years 870
Is finiſh'd! and the day deſir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with deſtruction of yon hoſtile fleet.
The coward counſels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long: 875
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full deſires,
Wakes all our force, and ſeconds all our fires.
He ſpoke—the warriors, at his fierce command, 880
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (ſo thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he ſtands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate: 885
Ev'n to the laſt, his naval charge defends,
Now ſhakes his ſpear, now lifts, and now portends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing ſhouts inſpires,
Amidſt attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear, 890
Once ſons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmoſt ſtrait?
What bulwarks riſing between you and fate? 895
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend;
This ſpot is all you have, to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands 900
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.
Raging he ſpoke; nor farther waſtes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Againſt the ſable ſhips, with flaming brands, 905
So well the chief his naval weapon ſped,
The luckleſs warrior at his ſtern lay dead;
Full twelve, the boldeſt, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſixth Battle: the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in purſuance of the requeſt of Neſtor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to ſuffer him to go to the aſſiſtance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the ſame time charges him to content himſelf with reſcuing the fleet, without farther purſuit of the enemy. The armour, horſes, ſoldiers, and officers of Achilles are deſcribed. Achilles offers a libation for the ſucceſs of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the ſight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are caſt into the utmoſt conſternation: he beats them off from the veſſels. Hector himſelf flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averſe to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are deſcribed; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, purſues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulſes and diſarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

SO warr'd both armies on th' enſanguin'd ſhore,
While the black veſſels ſmok'd with human gore,
Mean time Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The ſtreaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faſter trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the ſable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus ſpoke, indulgent to his beſt-belov'd:
Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;
Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?
Griev'ſt thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come ſad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our firſt, moſt tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their childrens' praiſe.
Or may ſome meaner cauſe thy pity claim!
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ſhips to ſink by fire and ſword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cauſe, reveal thy ſecret care,
And ſpeak thoſe ſorrows which a friend would ſhare.
A ſigh, that inſtant from his boſom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus ſpoke:
Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek, and, once, of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' ſon
And wiſe Ulyſſes, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.
Their pain, ſoft arts of pharmacy can eaſe,
Thy breaſt alone no lenitives appeaſe,
May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
O man unpitying! if of man thy race:
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddeſs brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm,
A ſoul well-ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
If ſome dire oracle thy breaſt alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, ſtop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and deſert the war:
Without thy perſon Greece ſhall win the day,
And thy mere image chaſe her foes away.
Preſs'd by freſh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ſhips, and Greece reſpire again.
Thus, blind to fate! with ſupplicating breath,
Thou begg'ſt his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding ſigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply:
Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can ſuggeſt:
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breaſt.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
Thoſe, my ſole oracles, inſpire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me; I felt it; and ſhall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conqueſt of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are paſt;
'Tis time our fury ſhould relent at laſt:
I fix'd its date; the day I wiſh'd appears,
Now Hector to my ſhips his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the ſhouts invade my ears,
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:

Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the laſt age of yon deſerted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ſhips deſcends;
How the cloud blackens, how the ſtorm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my ſight amaz'd,
Troy ſaw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not the injurious king our friendſhip loſt,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her hoſt.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
Thoſe are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydides' ſon;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your ſlaughter, or proclaims your death
Yet now, Patroclus, iſſue to the plain:
Now ſave the ſhips, the riſing fires reſtrain,
And give the Greeks to viſit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who truſts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian hoſt
Shall render back the beauteous maid he loſt.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder ſhould command the war;
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear:
The fleet once ſav'd, deſiſt from farther chaſe,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverſe God thy raſhneſs may deſtroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this deſtructive ſtrait,
Do her own work; and leave the reſt to Fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race ſurvive;
Might only we the vaſt deſtruction ſhun,
And only we deſtroy th' accurſed town!
Such conference held the chiefs; while on the ſtrand
Great Jove with conqueſt crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the ſounding ſtorm ſuſtain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempeſt rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;
His breath, in quick, ſhort pantings, comes and goes;
And painful ſweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at moſt;
Yet ſcarce an army ſtirs him from his poſt:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe ſucceeds to woe.
Say, Muſes, thron'd above the ſtarry frame,
How firſt the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his ſword: and ſtanding near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his aſhen ſpear,
Full on the lance a ſtroke ſo juſtly ſped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointleſs ſpear the warrior ſhakes in vain;
The brazen head falls ſounding on the plain.
Great Ajax ſaw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confeſſing Jove, and trembling at the ſign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then ſwift from all ſides pour
The hiſſing brands; thick ſtreams the fiery ſhower
O'er the high ſtern the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.
Divine Achilles view'd the riſing flames,
And ſmote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aſpires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our veſſels catch the ſpreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haſte to bring the troops—the hero ſaid;
The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in braſs; and firſt around
His manly legs with ſilver buckles bound
The claſping greaves; then to his breaſt applies
The flamy cuiraſs, of a thouſand dyes;
Emblaz'd with ſtuds of gold his faulchion ſhone
In the rich belt, as in a ſtarry zone:
Achilles' ſhield his ample ſhoulders ſpread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head;
Adorn'd in all his terrible array;
He flaſh'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin ſtands;
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's ſhady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and ſhap'd it for his fire;
Whoſe ſon's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The ſecond to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged courſers harneſs'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in ſpeed
Whom the wing'd Harpy, ſwift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy ſhore:
Swift Pedaſus was added to their ſide
(Once great Action's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in ſtrength, in ſwiftneſs, and in grace,
A mortal courſer, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles ſpeeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they ſtand
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as ferocious wolves, that ſeek the ſprings
When ſcalding thirſt their burning bowels wrings;
When ſome tall ſtag, freſh-ſlaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide inſatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they ruſh, a hideous throng,
With paunch diſtended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with ſlaughter, ſtill they thirſt for more.
Like furious ruſh'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread ſtrength, and ſuch their deathful view.
High in the midſt the great Achilles ſtands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's ſhore
Full fifty veſſels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five choſen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himſelf ſupreme in valour, as in ſway.
Firſt march'd Meneſtheus, of celeſtial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whoſe waters waſh the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-deſcending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.

was Meneſtheus, but miſcall'd by fame
ſon of Borus that eſpous'd the dame.
dorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
ſly Cyllenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
ith ſwift ſtep ſhe form'd the running maze:
er high chamber, from Diana's quire,
God purſued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire
ſon confeſs'd his father's heavenly race,
heir'd his mother's ſwiftneſs in the chaſe.
g Echeclëus, bleſt in all thoſe charms
pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms;
onſcious of thoſe loves, long hid from fame,
gifts of price he ſought and won the dame;
ecret offſpring to her fire ſhe bare;
ire careſs'd him with a parent's care.
nder follow'd; matchleſs in his art
ing the ſpear, or aim the diſtant dart;
and ſo ſure of all th' Emathian line,
a ſurer, great Patroclus! thine
e fourth by Phœnix' grave command was
grac'd;
es' valiant offspring led the laſt.
n as Achilles with ſuperior care
call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
ſtern remembrance to his troops he gave:
r-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
k with what threats you dar'd the Trojan
throng,
k what reproach theſe ears endur'd ſo long,
rn ſon of Peleus! (thus ye us'd to ſay,
e, reſtleſs, raging, in your ſhips you lay)
, nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
oſe rage defrauds us of ſo fam'd a field;
hat dire fury muſt for ever burn,
at make we here? Return, ye chiefs, re-
turn!" [no more,
were your words—Now, warriors, grieve
ere the Trojans! bathe your ſwords in gore!
day ſhall give you all your ſoul demands;
all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
while he rous'd the fire in every breaſt,
, and more cloſe, the liſtening cohorts preſt;
s wedg'd in ranks; of arms a ſteely ring
grows, and ſpreads, and thickens round the
king.
hen a circling wall the builder forms,
rength defenſive againſt wind and ſtorms,
pacted ſtones the thickening work compoſe,
round him wide the riſing ſtructure grows.
lm to helm, and creſt to creſt they throng,
d urg'd on ſhield, and man drove man along;
k, und-ſtinguiſh'd plumes, together join'd,
t in one ſea, and wave before the wind
r o'er the reſt, in glittering pomp appear,
e bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
hers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
friends, two bodies with one ſoul inſpir'd.
ut, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
he rich coffer in his ſhady tent:
re lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
coſtly furs, and carpets ſtiff with gold
e preſents of the ſilver-footed dame).
n thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
ich never man had ſtain'd with ruddy wine,
rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
Peleus' ſon; and Peleus' ſon to none
raiſ'd *in offerings, but to Jove alone.*

This ting'd with ſulphur, ſacred firſt to flame,
He purg'd; and waſh'd it in the running ſtream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a ſpace
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of ſacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midſt; and thus the God implor'd:
O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelaſgic, Dodonean Jove!
Who 'midſt ſurrounding froſts, and vapours chill,
Preſid'ſt on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whoſe groves, the Selli, race auſtere! ſurround,
Their feet unwaſh'd, their ſlumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from ruſtling rocks, thy dark de-
crees;
And catch the fates, low-whiſper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'ſt, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks deſpair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends, I yield;
Though ſtill determin'd, to my ſhips confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I ſtay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee
His fame in arms not owing all to me
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again.
Great Jove conſents to half the chief's requeſt,
But heaven's eternal doom denies the reſt;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His ſafe return, the winds diſpers'd in air.
Back to his tent the ſtern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Mean while the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As waſps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their manſions by the broad high way,
In ſwarms the guiltleſs traveller engage,
Whet all their ſtings, and call forth all their rage:
All riſe in arms, and with a general cry
Aſſert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion ſwarms,
So loud their clamour, and ſo keen their arms;
Their riſing rage Patroclus' breath inſpires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:
Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praiſe!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike maſter let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles ſees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you ſave.
Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he ſpoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
From ſhore to ſhore the doubling ſhouts rebound,
The hollow ſhips return a deeper ſound.
The war ſtood ſtill, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' ſhining armour blaz'd,
Troy ſaw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they ſee, they tremble, and they fly.
Then firſt thy ſpear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult
grew.
Cloſe to the ſtern of that fam'd ſhip, which bore
Unbleſt Proteſilaus to Ilion's ſhore.
The great Pæonian, bold Pyrechmes ſtood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood:

His ſhoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that ſee their country's glory ſlain,
Fly diverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the fo o'er the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumul uous flies;
Triumphant Greece her reſcued decks aſcends,
And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends
So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread,
Sudden the Thunderer, with a flaſhing ray, [day:
Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the
The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpects riſe,
And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts, ſtrike the eyes;
The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
And all th' unmeaſur'd æther flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek ſome hoſtile hero ſlew,
But ſtill the foremoſt bold Patroclus flew;
As Arielycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen pointed ſpear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh tranſfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breaſt, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and tranſpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkneſs and in death the warrior lay.
In equal arms two ſons of Neſtor ſtand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathleſs carcaſe on the ground:
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage;
But godlike Thraſimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and ſhoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls ſpouting on the duſt below:
He ſinks, with endleſs darkneſs cover'd o'er;
And vents his ſoul, effus'd with guſhing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amiſodarus' ſeed;
Amiſodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his ſons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty ſire.
Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan ſtood;
The thirſty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the ſmoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, ſeal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirſt of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager ſwo ds they drew.
On the plum'd creſt of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The ſword broke ſhort; but his, Peneleus ſped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a ſtroke ſo juſt,
Hung by the ſkin: the body ſunk to duſt.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he mounts his ſteeds;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His ſwimming eyes eternal ſhades ſurround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan ſteel
Beneath the brain the point a paſſage tore,
Craſh'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
His mouth, his eyes, his noſtrils, pour a flood;
He ſobs his ſoul out in the guſh of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the ſwain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge ſurvey,
And rend the trembling, unreſiſting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But ſtill at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still pointed at his breaſt his javelin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad ſhoulders ſpread the maſſy ſhield,
Obſerv'd the ſtorm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing ſhower.
He ſees for Greece the ſcale of conqueſt riſe,
Yet ſtops, and turns, and ſaves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempeſt forms,
And rolls the clouds to blacken heaven with ſtorms,
Dark o'er the fields th' aſcending vapour flies,
And ſhades the ſun, and blots the golden ſkies:
So from the ſhips, along the duſky plain,
Dire flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of diſarray
The fiery courſers forc'd their lord away;
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vaſt carnage bruis'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the claſhing ſpokes
Shock; while the madding ſteeds break ſhort their yokes:
In vain they labour up the ſteepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with ſhouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and ſkies;
Thick drifts of duſt involve their rapid flight;
Clouds riſe on clouds, and heaven is ſnatch'd from ſight.
Th' affrighted ſteeds, their dying lords caſt down,
Scour o'er the fields, and ſtretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die,
Where horſe, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No ſtop, no check, the ſteeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal courſers flew,
High-bounding o'er the foſſe: the whirling car
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus ſhakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs impetuous force,
Thetide of Trojans urge their deſperate courſe,
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhowers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe);
From their deep beds he bids the river riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies:

Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk-up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly;
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war.
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grovelling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountains height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desart echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:
The hour draws on; the Destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?
Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes:
What words are these? O Sovereign of th' Skies!
Short is the date prescribed to mortal man.
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.
She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field:
The God, his eyes averting from the plain
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear:
From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.
His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
The towering chiefs to fiercer fights advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart;
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust disdain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.

So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim ſavage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief addreſs'd his laſt command:
Glaucus, be bold; thy taſk be firſt to dare
The glorious dangers of deſtructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and ſupply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my lateſt breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what ſhame, muſt Glaucus undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.
He ceas'd; the Fates ſuppreſs'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the ſhades of death.
Th' inſulting victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate prince, and on his boſom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound guſh'd out a ſtream of blood,
And the ſoul iſſued in the purple flood.
His flying ſteeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty maſter ſlain.
All-impotent of aid, tranſfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet uſeleſs with the ſmart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he ſtay'd;
To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd
All-ſeeing monarch! whether Lycia's coaſt,
Or ſacred Ilion, thy bright preſence boaſt,
Powerful alike to eaſe the wretch's ſmart!
O hear me! God of every healing art!
Lo! ſtiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and ſhoots thro' every vein,
I ſtand, unable to ſuſtain the ſpear,
And ſigh, at diſtance from the glorious war.
Low in the duſt is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchſaf'd his hapleſs offspring aid.
But thou, O God of Health! thy ſuccour lend,
To guard the reliques of my ſlaughtered friend.
For thou, though diſtant, canſt reſtore my might,
To head my Lycians, and ſupport the fight.
Apollo heard; and, ſuppliant as he ſtood,
His heavenly hand reſtrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a ſpirit in his riſing heart;
Renew'd by art divine, the hero ſtands,
And owns th' aſſiſtance of immortal hands.
Firſt to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:
With ample ſtrides he ſtalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector, he accoſts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hoſts:
What thoughts, regardleſs chief! thy breaſt employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Thoſe generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave ſouls out in another's war.
See! where in duſt the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wiſe,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians loſt, and loſt to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
O ſave from hoſtile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boaſt,
Nor on his coſt revenge her heroes loſt.
He ſpoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loſs, through all her legions ſhook.
Tranſfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A hoſt of heroes, and out-ſhin'd them all.
Fir'd they ruſh on; firſt Hector ſeeks the foes,
And with ſuperior vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus ſtands,
And, rouzing Ajax, rouz'd the liſtening bands:
Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occaſion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haſte, ſtrip his arms, the ſlaughter round him ſpread,
And ſend the living Lycians to the dead.
The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial ſquadrons cloſe on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms.
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to fwell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;
And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghoſts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who, chas'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus and the ſilver-footed dame;
Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinſman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hecforean force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty ſtone,
Which ſunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lifts, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the reſt inſpir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was ſtretch'd his large domains,
With ſtately ſeats, and riches, bleſt in vain;

Him, bold with youth, and eager to purſue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and ſlew;
Pierc'd through the boſom with a ſudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields reſound.
Th' Achaians ſorrow for their hero ſlain;
With conquering ſhouts the Trojans ſhake the plain,
And crowd to ſpoil the dead: the Greeks oppoſe;
An iron circle round the carcaſe grows.
Then brave Laogonus reſign'd his breath,
Diſpatch'd by Merion to the ſhades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The prieſt of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went:
The ſoul, exhaling, iſſued at the vent.
His ſpear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who ſtooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hiſs'd harmleſs o'er his covering ſhield,
And trembling ſtruck and rooted in the field;
There yet ſcarce ſpent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
And ſkill'd in dancing to diſpute the prize,
My ſpear, the deſtin'd paſſage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.
Oh valiant leader of the Dardan hoſt!
(Inſulted Merion thus retorts the boaſt)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you truſt,
An arm as ſtrong may ſtretch thee in the duſt.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; ſucceſs is ſtill from Heaven;
This inſtant ſends thee down to Pluto's coaſt;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghoſt.
O friend (Menœtius' ſon this anſwer gave)
With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boaſts the ſons of Troy repel,
Your ſwords muſt plunge them to the ſhades of hell.
To ſpeak, beſeems the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the taſk of war.
This ſaid, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new ſhouts ariſe:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors cloſe;
And thick and heavy ſound the ſtorm of blows.
As thro' the ſhrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe reſound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling foreſts fall on every ſide:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and ſo rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the ſandy ſhore,
His heavenly form defac'd with duſt and gore,
And ſtuck with darts by warring heroes ſhed,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-diſputed corſe the chiefs encloſe,
On every ſide the buſy combat grows;
Thick as beneath ſome ſhepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a perſevering train,
Inceſſant ſwarm, and chas'd return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a ſtern ſurvey,
And eyes that flaſh'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his ſight, his breaſt debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This inſtant ſee his ſhort-liv'd trophies won,
And ſtretch him breathleſs on his ſlaughter'd ſon;
Or yet, with many a ſoul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praiſe
At length he dooms; and, that his laſt of days
Shall ſet in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended ſee the ſhades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire diſmay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hoſts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he ſees decline
The ſcales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, or before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage riſes, as the heroes fall,
(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain
The prize conteſted, and deſpoil the ſlain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ſhips the glorious ſpoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove:
Deſcend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon ſlain;
Then bathe his body in the cryſtal flood;
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with blood;
O'er all his limbs celeſtial odours ſhed,
And with celeſtial robes adorn the dead.
Thoſe rites diſcharg'd, his ſacred corſe bequeath
To the ſoft arms of ſilent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge ſhall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid ſhall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Thoſe unavailing honours we may give!
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathleſs hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to ſilver Simoïs' ſhore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dreſt
His manly members in th' immortal veſt;
And with perfumes of ſweet ambroſial dews,
Reſtores his freſhneſs, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchleſs ſwiftneſs, but of ſilent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corſe amidſt his weeping friends they laid,
Where endleſs honours wait the ſacred ſhade.
Mean while Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courſers, and with looſen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Againſt what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the God, whoſe counſels uncontrol'd
Diſmay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God who gives, reſumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who firſt, brave hero! by that arm was ſlain,
Who laſt, beneath thy vengeance, preſs'd the plain;
When Heaven itſelf thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adreſtus firſt; Autonoüs then ſucceeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds:
Epiſtor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The ſlaughter, Elaſus and Mulius crown'd;

Then ſunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The reſt, diſperſing, truſt their fates to flight.
Now Troy had ſtoop'd beneath his matchleſs power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the ſacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus ſtrook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo ſhook:
He try'd the fourth; when burſting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
Patroclus! ceaſe; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it ſhall withſtand:
Troy ſhall not ſtoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.
So ſpoke the God who darts celeſtial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting courſers, in his breaſt debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beſide him Phœbus ſtood,
In Aſius' ſhape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas ſprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)
Thus he accoſts him: What a ſhameful ſight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this ſucceſsful ſpear
Should ſoon convince thee of ſo falſe a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy ſhame.
Perhaps Apollo ſhall thy arms ſucceed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.
So ſpoke th' inſpiring God; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ruſh to war:
The God the Grecians' ſinking ſouls depreſt,
And pour'd ſwift ſpirits through each Trojan breaſt.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A ſpear his left, a ſtone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
The falling ruin cruſh'd Cebrion's head,
The lawleſs offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
The burſting balls drop ſightleſs to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark ſhades the ſoul unwilling glides;
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
Good heavens! what active feats yon artiſt ſhows!
What ſkilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what eaſe they ſink into the ſand!
Pity! that all their practice is by land!
Then, ruſhing forward on his proſtrate prize,
To ſpoil the carcaſe fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That ſweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntleſs heart, then tumbles ſlain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for ſome ſlaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the ſhades.

Stern Hector faſtens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confuſion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hoſts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep boſom of ſome gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan;
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole foreſt in one craſh deſcends.
Not with leſs noiſe, with leſs tumultuous rage,
In dreadful ſhock the mingled hoſts engage.
Darts ſhower'd on darts, now round the carcaſe ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the ſtring:
Stones follow ſtones; ſome clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, ſhake the ſounding ſhields.
But where the riſing whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in ſoft duſt the mighty chief remains,
And, ſtretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
While on each hoſt with equal tempeſt fell
The ſhowering darts, and numbers ſunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conqueſt reſted on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidſt the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corſe, and radiant arms.
Then raſh Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing ſlaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the preſs, like Mars himſelf, he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onſet ſlew.
There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
The laſt, black remnant of ſo bright a line;
Apollo dreadful ſtops the middle way;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!
For lo! the God, in duſky clouds enſhrin'd,
Approaching dealt a ſtaggering blow behind.
The weighty ſhock his neck and ſhoulders feel;
His eyes flaſh ſparkles, his ſtunn'd ſenſes reel
In giddy darkneſs: far to diſtance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is ſtain'd with duſt and gore,
That plume, which never ſtoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to ſhine,
And ſhade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for Fate purſues him, and the God.
His ſpear in ſhivers falls: his ample ſhield
Drops from his arm: his baldrick ſtrows the field:
The corſelet his aſtoniſh'd breaſt forſakes:
Looſe is each joint: each nerve with horror ſhakes.
Stupid he ſtares, and all-aſſiſtleſs ſtands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus ſprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horſe,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchleſs in the courſe:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous ſpear firſt drew the hero's gore;
He ſtruck, he wounded, but he durſt no more;
Nor, though diſarm'd, Patroclus' fury ſtood;
But ſwift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him ſhort, and herded in the crowd.

Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal ſpear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for ſuccour to his ſocial train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat purſues:
The lance arreſts him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
With him all Greece was ſunk; that moment all
Her yet-ſurviving heroes ſeem'd to fall.
So, ſcorch'd with heat, along the deſert ſhore,
The roaming lion meets a briſtly boar,
Faſt by the ſpring; they both diſpute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws beſmear'd with blood;
At length the ſovereign ſavage wins the ſtrife,
And the torn boar reſigns his thirſt and life.
Patroclus thus, ſo many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He ſternly views him, and triumphing cries!
Lie there, Patroclus: and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, thoſe towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee;
But thou a prey to vultures ſhalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might ſay,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he ſaid)
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He ſpoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he ſped.

Supine and wildly gazing on the ſkies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
Vain boaſter! ceaſe, and know the Powers divine!
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itſelf diſarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had ſunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I firſt o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next, the third mean part thy own:
But thou, imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The Gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh:
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.
He faints; the ſoul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coaſt,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt!
Then Hector, pauſing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcaſe, thus addreſs'd the dead:
From whence this boding ſpeech, the ſtern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Heaven?
Penſive he ſaid; then preſſing, as he lay,
His breathleſs boſom, tore the lance away,
And upwards caſt the corpſe: the reeking ſpear
He ſhakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But ſwift Automedon with looſen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the diſtant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courſers drove,
Th' immortal courſers were the gift of Jove.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſeventh Battle, for the Body of Patroclus: the Acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death; then returns to the fight; where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones, aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.
The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves,
And anxious (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Thurns, and returns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The ſon of Panthus, ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend:
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd:
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperior throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?

Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Againſt our arm, which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to cheer his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed:
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſoothe a conſort's and a parent's woe;
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.
Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide though the neck appears the griſly wound,
Prone ſinks the warrior, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore;
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
T' lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling ſwains retire,
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſee his jaws diſtill with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
Mean while Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war:)
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chaſe
Achilles' courſers, of æthereal race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: through all the wa
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he la
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ran
he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
Or, ſingly, Hector and his troops attend!
Sure where ſuch partial favour heaven beſtow
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heaven I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor heaven, ſhall give me fea
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd; Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A fable ſcene! The terrors Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood
There breathing courage, where the God of Da
Had ſunk each heart with terror and diſmay.
To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging p
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But ſoon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like ſhield)
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.
Mean while great Ajax (his broad ſhield d
play'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind he ſtood:
Thus, in the centre of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouzing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-br
lowers.

: by his ſide the generous Spartan glows
h great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
ut Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
ere now in Hector ſhall we Hector find? 155
anly form, without a manly mind!
is, O chief! a heroe's boaſted fame?
v vain, without the merit, is the name!
e battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
it other methods may preſerve thy Troy; 160
time to try if Ilion's ſtate can ſtand
hee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
n, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycians ſtake
r lives for you? thoſe Lycians you forſake?
t from thy thankleſs arms can we expect? 165
friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect:
ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls.
e unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
ſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170
y command if any Lycian wait,
: let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
ich a ſpirit as the Gods impart
one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
, as ſhould burn in every ſoul, that draws 175
vord for glory, and his country's cauſe;)
'et our mutual arms we might employ,
rag yon carcaſe to the walls of Troy.
vere Patroclus ours, we might obtain
on's arms and honour'd corſe again! 180
with Achilles' friend ſhould be repaid,
us due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.
rds are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
ector trembles and recedes with fear;
ar'ſt not meet the terrors of his eye; 185
! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.
Trojan chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
ycian leader, and ſedate replied:
is it juſt (my friend) that Hector's ear
ich a warrior ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear? 190
'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
great Ajax? I deſert my train?
ne to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
mingle where the battle bleeds, 195
ar the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.
'e's high will is ever uncontroul'd,
ong he withers, and confounds the bold;
rowns with fame the mighty man, and
now
the freſh garland from the victor's brow! 200
through yon ſquadron let us hew the way,
ou be witneſs, if I fear to-day:
Greek the fight of Hector dread,
their hero can defend the dead.
n, turning to the martial hoſts, he cries, 205
jans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
(my friends) in action as in name,
t be mindful of your ancient fame.
in proud Achilles' arms ſhall ſhine,
om his friend, by right of conqueſt mine. 210
trode along the field, as thus he ſaid
able plumage nodded o'er his head:)
hrough the ſpacious plain he ſent a look;
ſtant ſaw, one inſtant overtook
ſtant band, that on the ſandy ſhore 215
diant ſpoils to ſacred Ilion bore.

There his own mail unbrac'd the field beſtrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the maſſy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he ſtands,
The work and preſent of celeſtial hands; 220
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As firſt to Peleus by the court of heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar, 225
The God, whoſe thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he ſate,
And conſcious look'd through all the ſcene of fate.
He ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead ſaid: 230
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend!
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt, and armies tremble at thy ſight,
As at Achilles' ſelf! beneath thy dart! 235
lies ſlain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'ſt away: 240
For ah! no more Andromache ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy ſir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod, 245
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the God.
The ſtubborn arms (by Jove's command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a ſudden vigour flew, 250
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Meſthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inſpires: 255
Now Phorcys, Chromius and Hippothoüs fires;
The great Theſilocus like fury found,
Aſteropæus kindled at the ſound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear, all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands 260
Of neighbouring nations, or of diſtant lands!
'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a violent foe to chaſe,
To ſave our preſent, and our future race. 265
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relicks of exhauſted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die, or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand ſhall win Patroclus ſlain, 270
Whoe'er ſhall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's ſelf ſhall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the ſpoil, and ſhare the fame.
Fir'd by his words, the troops diſmiſs their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their ſpears; 275
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number ſhall the field o'erſpread,
What victims periſh round the mighty dead!
Great Ajax mark'd the growing ſtorm from far, 280
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war:

Our fatal day! alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound;
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given
The rule of men; whose glory is from Heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace;
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All whom this well-known voice should reach so far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
And long succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night;
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend;
Dead he protects him with superior care.
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.
The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain;
Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain;
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon
(Ajax, to Peleus's son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore:
So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcase through the war;
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed,
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It cleft the helmets brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies, a sad companion of the dead.
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies;
The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on,
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphitus' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The noblest warrior, and the noblest mind:
In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as slain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke;
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train;
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate;
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold).
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To save your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by art of war,
Have forc'd the Powers to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when Fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas, through the form assum'd, descries
The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day!
A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.
He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
The bold example all his host pursue.
Then first, Lycocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force addrest,
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
From rich Pæonias' vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, or buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecian stood
Abrazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:

n the ſpot they war, and, wounded, wound;
guine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground; 415
aps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
thickening round them, riſe the hills of dead.
ece in cloſe order, and collected might,
ffers leaſt, and ſways the wavering fight;
as conflicting fires the combat burns, 420
now it riſes, now it ſinks, by turns.
thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
un, the moon, and all th' ætherial hoſt,
d as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes, 425
ll heaven's ſplendors blotted from the ſkies.
v'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
eſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
uded there, th' aerial azure ſpread,
pour reſted on the mountain's head;
olden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray, 430
ll the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
rs'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light;
eath and darkneſs o'er the carcaſe ſpread,
burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
an while the ſons of Neſtor in the rear 435
r fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
outhful brothers thus for fame contend, 440
new the fortune of Achilles' friend;
ight they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
ous in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
t round the corpſe the heroes pant for breath.
hick and heavy grows the work of death: 445
bour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
knees, their legs and feet are cover'd o'er;
follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills
their eyes.
hen a ſlaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide, 450
'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to
ſide,
rawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er
tended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore:
gging round the corpſe both armies ſtood;
angled body bath'd in ſweat and blood: 455
Greeks and Ilions equal ſtrength employ,
o the ſhips to force it, now to Troy.
llas' ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
blame this ſcene; ſuch rage, ſuch horror
reign'd; 460
Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
illes in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
new the fatal fortune of the day;
t unconſcious of Patroclus' fall,
extended under Ilion's wall, 465
s him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
r his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
h well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
ore than heaven hath deſtin'd to his friend;
s to him: this Thetis had reveal'd; 470
ſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.
rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
aps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;
be the man (ev'n private Greeks would ſay)
ares deſert this well-diſputed day! 475
ay the cleaving earth before our eyes
ide, and drink our blood for ſacrifice
Firſt periſh all, ere haughty Troy ſhall boaſt
We loſt Patroclus, and our glory loſt! [ſaid, 480
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!
Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.
Mean time, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles ſtood; 485
Their god-like maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain Automedon now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſoothes and threats in vain!
Nor to the fight nor Helleſpont they go, 490
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands, 495
Plac'd on the heroe's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,
Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head: 501
Nor Jove diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke;
Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow, 506
Only, alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breaths or creeps upon the duſt of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind? 511
A miſerable race! but ceaſe to mourn;
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies. 515
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy through the ſtorm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er 520
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.
He ſaid; and, breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd them to the courſe; 525
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and
bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war;
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue; 531
Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins;
Him brave Alcimedon behold diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt;
What God provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare, 536
Alone unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arm triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes 541
No Greek like him the heavenly ſteeds reſtrain
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins;

Patroclus while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.
He ſaid. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.
His friend deſcends. The chief of Troy deſcry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his ſide:
Lo, to my ſight, beyond our hope, reſtor'd
Achilles' car, deſerted of its lord!
The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight:
Can ſuch opponents ſtand, when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.
The ſon of Venus to the council yields:
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields:
With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull-hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus ſucceeds;
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds:
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntleſs mind:
Oh keep the foaming courſers cloſe behind!
Full on my ſhoulders let their noſtrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he ſeeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then through the field he ſends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he ſaid)
Turn, where diſtreſs demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And ſave the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we ſtand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.
He ſpoke, and high the ſounding javelin flung,
Which paſs'd the ſhield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboſs'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly ſtuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, deſcending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of ſome brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth, the air his ſoul receiv'd,
And the ſpear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Diſcharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he ſhunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiſs'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful ſpear
In long vibration ſpent its fury there.
With claſhing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans ſtood,
But left their ſlain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon diveſts, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean ſacrifice!
Thus have I ſooth'd my grief, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, ſome offering to thy ſhade!

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he ſprung,
And o'er his ſeat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Deſcends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders ſent the blue-ey'd Maid,
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow.
(In ſign of tempeſts from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, deſtructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending ſkies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
In ſuch a form the Goddeſs round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Aſſuming Phœnix' ſhape, on earth ſhe falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What ſhame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee the greateſt, in whoſe cauſe he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' ſon replies)
O full of days! by long experience wiſe!
What more deſires my ſoul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva ſend me ſtrength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the ſtorm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be firſt of all the Powers addreſt,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breaſt,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell deſpight,
Deſire of blood, and rage, and luſt of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (foul all o'er!)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore
(Bold ſon of air and heat!) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings,
Fir'd with like ardor fierce Atrides flew,
And ſent his ſoul with every lance he threw.
There ſtood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's ſon, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt;
Through his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
And ponderous as he falls, his arms reſound.
Sudden at Hector's ſide Apollo ſtood,
Like Phænops, Aſius' ſon, appear'd the God
(Aſius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main):
Oh prince (he cried) oh foremoſt once in fame!
What Grecian now ſhall tremble at thy name?
Doſt thou at length to Menelaüs yield,
A chief once thought no terror of the field;
Yet ſingly, now, the long-diſputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies!
By the ſame arm illuſtrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector ſpreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal ſhook his ſable ſhield,
That ſhaded Ide and all the ſubject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God;

ie regard of his all-seeing eye,
ranquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
en trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus led:
as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
ce the foe, Polydamas drew near,
raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
'd through the wrist; and, raging with the pain,
is his once formidable lance in vain.
Hector follow'd, Idomen addrest
laming javelin to his manly breast;
brittle point before his corselet yields;
ing Troy with clamour fills the fields;
on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
son of Priam hurl'd the missive wood;
erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
k to the dust the 'squire and charioteer
iartial Merion: Cœranus his name,
left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
oot bold Merion fought: and now, laid low,
grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
he brave 'squire the ready coursers brought,
with his life his master's safety bought.
een his cheek and ear the weapon went,
teeth it shatter'd and the tongue it rent.
e from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
lying hand forgets the falling rein:
Merion reaches, bending from the car,
urges to desert the hopeless war;
ieneus consents; the lash applies;
the swift chariot to the navy flies.
or Ajax less the will of Heaven descry'd,
conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
d by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:
las! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
nsfers the glory to the Trojan band?
ther the weak or strong discharge the dart,
guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
so our spears: incessant though they rain,
uffers every lance to fall in vain.
rted of the God, yet let us try
t human strength and prudence can supply;
et this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,
glad the fleets that hope not our return,
trembled yet, scarce rescued from their fates,
still hear Hector thundering at their gates.
e hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear
mournful message to Pelides' ear;
sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
such a chief I spy not through the host:
men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
en'ral darkness—Lord of earth and air!
King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer:
el this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
e me to see, and Ajax asks no more;
Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
let us perish in the face of day!
With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
h burst the sun with all-enlightening ray,
blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
r, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight;
et Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides hastes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds:
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits the untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:
O guard these relicks, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, souring on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the king: Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
Now Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant, fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.
The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands,
(Though sore distrest) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain,
Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigor must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.
'Tis well (said Ajax); be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train.

Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have ſtood. The hero ſaid;
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A general clamour riſes at the ſight:
Loud ſhout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Now fiercer ruſh along the gloomy wood,
With rage inſatiate and with thirſt of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
But, if the ſavage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the foreſt fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick faulchions, and their javelins ſhower:
But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corpſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;
Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.

The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load.
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountain with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unwieldy length,
Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtil,
Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill;
So theſe——Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing hands.
Thus, when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That ſhriek inceſſant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror Jove impreſt! yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him by Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentation comes with all her ſea-nymphs to comfort him. The ſpeeches of the mother and ſon on this occaſion. Ir appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to ſhew himſelf at the head of the entrenchment The ſight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. Th Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas diſagree in their opinions; but the advice of the forme prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her ſon. The deſcription of the wonderful works o Vulcan; and laſtly, that noble one of the ſhield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night enſuing, take up this book. The ſcene is at Achilles' tent, on the ſea-ſhore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THUS, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
Mean while, where Helleſpont's broad waters flow,
Stood Neſtor's ſon, the meſſenger of woe:
There ſat Achilles, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;
Penſive he ſat; for all that Fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid: Ah! what conſtrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heaven ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The braveſt of the Myrmidonian band
Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he?
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
Sad tiding, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corpſe they fight,
His naked corpſe; his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horror ſhot through all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;
Caſt on the ground, with furious hands ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.

e virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms
'on by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
ſh'd from the tents with cries; and gathering round,
t their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground!
ile Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
l mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
igs on his arms, amidſt his frantic woe,
l oft prevents the meditated blow.
ar in the deep abyſſes of the main,
h hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
mother Goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
'd his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.
circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,
all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
ia, Glauce (every watery name)
a mild, and ſilver Spio came:
thoë and Cymodocé were nigh,
he blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.
locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,
Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;
gentle, and Amphithoë gay;
Callianira, Callianaſſa, ſhow
ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow,
wift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
ow the verdant wave divides:
rtes with Apſeudes lifts the head,
Galatea quits her pearly bed;
Oythia, Clymene, attend,
, Amphinome, the train extend;
lack Janira, and Janaſſa fair,
Amatheia, with her amber hair.
ete, and all that deep in ocean held.
ſacred ſeats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
beat her ivory breaſt with ſilent woe,
'hetis' ſorrows thus began to flow:
ar me, and judge, ye ſiſters of the main!
juſt a cauſe has Thetis to complain?
wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!
g from my bed a god-like hero came,
braveſt far that ever bore the name;
ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
ew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land:
roy I ſent him: but the Fates ordain
ever, never, muſt return again.
ort a ſpace the light of heaven to view,
ort, alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
how his ſorrows echo through the ſhore!
ot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;
t leaſt to bear a tender part,
mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
ſaid, and left the caverns of the main,
ith'd in tears; the melancholy train
d her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
oaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
mmortal Mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
nournful offspring, to his ſighs reply'd;
g the coaſt the mingled clamours ran,
thus the ſilver-footed Dame began:
hy mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
God has granted, and the Greeks diſtreſt:
mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare;
al the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.

He deeply groaning—To this cureleſs grief
Not even the Thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—ſay, Goddeſs, can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!
Loſt are thoſe arms the Gods themſelves beſtow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love!
Oh hadſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſued the pleaſures of the watery reign;
And happier Peleus, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed?
Ere the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon, alas! that wretched offſpring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows, ſhall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt.—Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand:
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill).
Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove;
Far, far too dear to every mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte:
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt—I quell it, I reſign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So ſhall Achilles fall? ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields,
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long diſhevel'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence!—my arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know Achilles ſwells the tide.
My ſon (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)

The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee: the duty of the brave.
But canſt thou naked iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains;
Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet a while, thy generous ardour ſtay:
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train:
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend:
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:—
So tell our hoary ſire—This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urg'd to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind,
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again;
With fiercer ſhouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires:
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various Goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below:
To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame:
Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave;
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead,
To drag him back to Troy, the foe contends;
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal ſhame.
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from the ætherial
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies: [ſkies?
I come, Pelides! from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empreſs of the realms above;
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky,
Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?
That in my friend's defence, has Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead,
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms (ſaid Iris) well we know.
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſs'd in air. The hero roſe;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleaguer'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high curling to the ſhaded ſkies
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)
Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the ſplendors riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forthmarch' the chief, and, diſtant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud,
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds the alarm of war,
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lay mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While, ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.
A lofty bier the breathleſs warrior bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war;
Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Mean time, unweary'd with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves, th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command:
And from their labour's eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate,
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years;

ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
wiſe in counſel, one in action brave):
free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
ne I move, before the morning break,
aiſe our camp: too dangerous here our poſt,
rom Troy walls, and on a naked coaſt.
n'd not Greece ſo dreadful, while, engag'd
ternal feuds, her king and hero rag'd:
, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
oldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
id Pelides now: his rage of mind
ong continues to the ſhores confin'd,
o the fields, where long in equal fray
ending nations won and loſt the day;
Troy, for Troy, ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
he hard conteſt not for fame but life.
: then to Ilion, while the favouring night
n thoſe terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
: the morrow's ſun behold us here,
arm, thoſe terrors, we ſhall feel, nor fear;
vants that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
av'n permit them then to enter Troy.
ot my fatal prophecy be true,
what I tremble but to think, enſue,
ever be our fate, yet let us try
t force of thought and reaſon can ſupply;
s on counſel for our guard depend;
town, her gates and bulwarks ſhall defend:
morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
y'd in arms, ſhall line the lofty towers.
he fierce hero then, when fury calls,
his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
tch a thouſand circles round the plain,
is ſpent courſers ſeek the fleet again:
y his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
dogs ſhall tear him ere he ſack the town.
n? (ſaid Hector, fir'd with ſtern diſdain)
:! coop whole armies in our walls again
: not enough, ye valiant warriors ſay,
years impriſon'd in thoſe towers ye lay?
o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
raſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold:
while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;
Phrygians now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
broad Maeonia waſtes the fruits of Troy.
Jove at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
huts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
thou diſpirit whom the Gods incite;
my Trojan? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
tter counſel then attention lend;
due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
re be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
let him bring them for the troops to ſhare;
tter generouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
eſt the plunder of our country's foes.
s the morn the purple orient warms,
on yon navy we will pour our arms;
t Achilles riſe in all his might,
the danger. I ſhall ſtand the fight.
r, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
re be glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!
s our common lord, alike to all:
t the victor triumphs but to fall.
ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd:
as robb'd the many of their mind;

To their own ſenſe condemn'd, and left to chooſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.
While the long night extends her ſable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in ſuperior grief Pelides ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaughtering arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,
Now claſp'd his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars thro' the deſart, and demands his young:
When the grim ſavage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.
In what vain promiſe, Gods! did I engage,
When, to conſole Menoetius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offſpring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils, to fair Opuntia's ſhore?
But mighty Jove cuts ſhort, with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor, deſigning man!
One fate the warrior and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And Troy's black ſands muſt drink our blood alike:
Me too a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.
Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy ſhade;
That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.
He ſpoke, and bade the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corpſe, and waſh each honour'd wound.
A maſſy caldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides;
In its wide womb they pour the ruſhing ſtream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.
Mean while to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and ſiſter) ſpoke Almighty Jove:
At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch Grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond Power above,
Heaven's Queen, and conſort of the thund[erer],

Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land? 430
So they. Meanwhile the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where Heaven's far beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame architect the Goddeſs found, 435
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd, 440
That, plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd
From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods!
For their fair handles now o'erwrought with flowers, 445
In moulds prepar'd the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair) 450
Obſerv'd her entering? her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And, ſmiling, thus the watery Queen addreſs'd:
What, Goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour 455
Approach, and taſte the dainty of the bower.
High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the Queen ſhe plac'd:
A footſtool at her feet; then, calling, ſaid,
Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis aſks your aid. 460
Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky
(My awkward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She and Eurynome my griefs redreſt, 465
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God: 470
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?
Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare 475
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs, oblique he goes, 480
And ſhifts the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſceptre grac'd, and red attire, 485
Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience given
Of works divine, (ſuch wonders are in heaven!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait, 491
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſate;
There, plac'd behind her on a ſhining frame
He thus addreſs'd the Silver-footed Dame:
Thee, welcome Goddeſs! what occaſion calls 495
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes) 500
Oh, Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd, as mine
Of all the Goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care!
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race, 505
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name; 510
Like ſome fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe) 515
Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian ſuffrage gave
The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppreſt
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt. 520
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his ſteeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers Troy.
Then, ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name 525
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more! 530
To her the Artiſt-god: Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze 535
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'
Reſounding breath'd; at once the blaſt expires, [540
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd, 545
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults re-
bound. 550
Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid ſhield
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmoſt verge a threefold circle bound;
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe, 555
And godlike labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the maſter-mind;
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he deſign'

nwearied ſun, the moon completely round;
ſtarry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
reat Orion's more reſulgent beam;
hich, around the axle of the ſky,
ear revolving points his golden eye,
hines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
aths his blazing forehead in the main.
o cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
mage one of peace, and one of war.
ſacred pomp and genial feaſt delight,
olemn dance, and Hymenæal rite;
the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
outhful dancers in a circle bound
ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:
gh the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row
in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.
re, in the forum ſwarm a numerous train,
bject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
leads the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny'd,
ade the public and the laws decide:
itneſs is produc'd on either hand:
is, or that, the partial people ſtand:
pointed heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
rm a ring, with ſceptres in their hands
ts of ſtone, within the ſacred place,
verend elders nodded o'er the caſe;
ate, each th' atteſting ſceptre took,
ſing, ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.
olden talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
rize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.
ther part (a proſpect differing far)
d with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
ighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
ne would pillage, one would burn the place.
time the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
et ambuſh on the foe prepare:
wives, their children, and the watchful
mbling parents, on the turrets ſtand.
arch, by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
ere the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
old their armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
, divine, ſuperior by the head!
: for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood
l with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
ies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
) or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
e white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
ers ſlow moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains:
them, piping on their reeds, they go,
r an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.
the glittering ſquadron riſing round,
lden; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground;
locks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
l amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
lowing oxen the beſiegers hear;
ſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the
ght, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
ving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
mult, there contention, ſtood confeſt;
r'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt;
d a living foe, that freſhly bled
w-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead.
re, now there, the carcaſes they tore
k'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.
A field deep-furrow'd next, the God deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;
The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every ſide;
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cleave the foil:
Behind, the riſing earth, in ridges roll'd:
And ſable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train:
Here, ſtretch'd in ranks, the level'd ſwarths are found,
Sheaves heap'd on ſheaves here thicken up the ground.
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtic monarch of the field deſcries,
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the ponderous harveſt of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And, curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' encloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of Linus ſings:
In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune ſoft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
Here herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to low in gold,
And ſpeed to meadows, on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent through the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
And nine four dogs complete the ruſtic band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd,
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd:
He roar'd; in vain the dogs, the men, withſtood
They tore his fleſh, and drank the ſable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) deſert the prey
Dread the grim terrors, and at diſtance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair foreſts, and a length of meads
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cots between:
Ane fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.
A figur'd dance ſucceeds: ſuch once was ſeen
In lofty Gnoſſus, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in ſoft cymars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt:
Of thoſe the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold.

That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well-taught feet; now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around,
The active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd; the cuirass that outshines the fires.
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay:
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The heroine obstinately refuses all repast, and gives herself up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
Their sovereign's sorrows in their own express.
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said
Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd!
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground; the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relicks of a slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead?
That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure Goddess to her son reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire;
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage!
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear
These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:

monarch! better far had been the fate
ee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
re the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
nting Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart:
many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
long ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
ad poſterity repeat the tale.
his, no more the ſubject of debate,
, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
ſhould, alas! a mortal man, as I,
with a fury that can never die?
then my anger ends; let war ſucceed,
r'n Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
call the hoſts, and try, if in our fight
yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
n their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
ſaid: his ſiniſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
a thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
te unmov'd, the king of men begun:
ar me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
grant your monarch an impartial ear;
ile your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
ly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe
ng the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
ſell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
n from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
t then could I againſt the will of Heaven?
by myſelf, but vengeful Até driven;
Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
wrath of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.
on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
ighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
feſtering wounds, inextricable woes!
ld, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
Jove himſelf, the Sire of men and Gods,
world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
iv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
Jove expected his immortal ſon:
Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
how'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
l to rule, and born a king of kings.
nia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
Thunderer, unſuſpicious of the fraud,
ounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a God.
joyful Goddeſs from Olympus' height,
to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
e. ſeven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
uſh'd her lingering infant into life;
charms Alcmena's coming labours ſtay,
ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
youth (ſaid he) *of Jove's immortal kind*
" Is this day born; from Sthenelus he ſprings,
" And claims thy promiſe to be king of kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſate,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heaven:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell,
Full oft the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures, are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.
O king of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
(Returns Achilles) all our hoſts obey!
To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who ſees my ſpear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
With emulation what I act ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.
The ſon of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wiſe:
Though, godlike, thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:
Long and laborious muſt the combat be,
When by the Gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by generous wine and food:
What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero through a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will deſert the mind:
But built anew with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten every band;
But let the preſents to Achilles made
In full aſſembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men ſhall riſe in public ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)
That, ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy ſovereign might
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice whom with power they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Juſt in thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee,

Through falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaughtering ſword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The generous Xanthus, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and dropp'd his head!
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honour's of his mane,
When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.
Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.
I know my fate, to die, to ſee no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native ſhore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I ſink in night;
Now periſh Troy! he ſaid, and ruſh'd to fight.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

Jupiter, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to aſſiſt either party. The terrors of the battle deſcribed, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long converſation, theſe two heroes encounter: but Æneas is preſerved by the aſſiſtance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the reſt of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles purſues the Trojans with great ſlaughter.
The ſame day continues. The ſcene is in the field before Troy.

Thus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood:
While' near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wake the ſhock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies.
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural Power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure Siſter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan, fat the Powers around.
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the watery reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:
What moves the God who heaven and earth commands,
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is Greece and Troy the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial Powers! deſcend,
And, as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Affiſt them, Gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
He ſaid, and fir'd their heavenly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring gods engage.
Heaven's awful Queen; and he whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire;
And Vulcan, the black ſovereign of the fire!
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter loving Dame,
Xanthus, whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte Huntreſs of the ſilver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain)
Long loſt to battle, ſhone in arms again.
Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale Troy beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;
Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another God of War.

* *Neptune.*

ites divine ſhould ratify the band,
ake me empreſs in his native land,
t theſe grateful tears! for thee they flow,
ee, that ever felt another's woe!
ifter captives echoed groan for groan,
ourn'd Patroclus fortunes, but their own:
aders preſs'd their chief on every ſide;
v'd, he heard them, and with ſighs deny'd:
et Achilles have a friend, whoſe care
it to pleaſe him, this requeſt forbear:
onder ſun deſcend, ah let me pay
ief and anguiſh one abſtemious day.
ſpoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
ill the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
r, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
Phœnix, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage:
ge they calm not, nor his grief control;
roans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.
ou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents;
ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
ſtaid Achilles, ruſhing to the war.
ow, alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
banquets but revenge can glad my mind?
greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
n's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
more, ſhould Neoptolemus the brave
nly offſpring) ſink into the grave?
that offſpring lives (I diſtant far,
neglectful, wage a hateful war).
d not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
aim'd Achilles, but might ſpare his friend.
d Patroclus might ſurvive, to rear
nder orphan with a parent's care.
Scyros iſle conduct him o'er the main,
lad his eyes with his paternal reign,
ſty palace, and the large domain;
leus breathes no more the vital air,
gs a wretched life of age and care,
l the news of my ſad fate invades
ſtening ſoul, and ſinks him to the ſhades.
ing he ſaid. His grief the heroes join'd;
lole a tear for what he left behind.
mingled grief the Sire of Heaven ſurvey'd;
ius, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:
en Achilles now no more thy care,
ſt thou thus deſert the great in war;
here yon ſails their canvas wings extend,
nfortleſs he ſits, and wails his friend:
irſt and want his forces have oppreſt,
and infuſe ambroſia in his breaſt.
ſpoke: and ſudden, at the word of Jove,
e deſcending Goddeſs from above.
ft through æther the ſhrill Harpy ſprings,
ide air floating to her ample wings.
eat Achilles ſhe her flight addreſt,
our'd divine ambroſia in his breaſt,
nectar ſweet (refection of the Gods!)
ſwift aſcending, ſought the bright abodes.
w iſſued from the ſhips, the warrior-train,
like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
hen the piercing blaſts of Boreas blow,
catter o'er the fields the driving ſnow;
duſky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
e dazzling luſtre whitens all the ſkies:

So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-glittering breaſt-plates, ſpears with pointed rays,
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze;
Thick beats the centre as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midſt, high-towering o'er the reſt,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dreſt;
Arms, which the Father of the Fire beſtow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inſpire;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.
The ſilver cuiſhes firſt his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breaſt was brac'd the hollow gold;
The brazen ſword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, ſtarr'd with gems, hung glittering at his ſide;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wandering ſailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waſte, a light appears,
Which, on the far-ſeen mountain blazing high,
Streams from ſome lonely watch-tower to the ſky;
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er the main
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The ſweepy creſt, hung floating in the wind:
Like the red ſtar, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence, and war;
So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.
The chief beholds himſelf with wondering eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courſers and the radiant car
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide);
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heavenly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' etherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day
High o'er the hoſt all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands:
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' ſtrain
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heavenly race in vain)
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care.

Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
There, great Achilles: bold Æneas, here.
With towering strides Æneas, first advanc'd,
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
He ruth'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride:
Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone:
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The martial monarch may refuse the prize:
Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast,
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.
To this Anchises' son: Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame;
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddess born; half human, half divine,
Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies:
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounded through the spacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
(The city since of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
These, lightly skimming when they swept the plain,
Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew;
Such Erichthonius was; from him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air
To bear the cup of Jove (ætherial guest,
The grace and glory of the ambrosial feast).
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold):
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
He, source of power and might! with boundless
All human courage gives, or takes away. [sway
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong;
(So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove, our might.
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.
He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-stretch'd arm Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dread shield
That trembled as it struck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms
Through two strong plates the point its passage
But stoop'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold.
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:

e ſtuck the lance. Then riſing ere he threw,
forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,
pierc'd the Dardan's ſhield's extremeſt bound,
e the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
igh the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides.
he ſlight covering of expanded hides.
i his contracted body bends,
'er him high the riven targe extends,
rough its parting plates, the upper air,
his back perceives the quivering ſpear:
ſo near him chills his ſoul with fright;
ims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
s, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
rouſing as the foe came on
orce collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
enormous! which in modern days
of earth's degenerate ſons could raiſe.
ean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
: diſtreſs, and mov'd the Powers around.
on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
ant victim to Achilles' hands;
bus urg'd: but Phœbus has beſtow'd
in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
ı ye ſee this righteous chief atone,
iiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
he Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
ough he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
lls not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
ure Father of the Dardan line;
t great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
l his love deſcends on all the race;
im now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
th are odious to th' all-ſeeing Mind;
t Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,
is ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain,
at Earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
erial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes:
he is, to immolate or ſpare
rdan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
id I, by all that Gods can bind,
orn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
ı an inſtant to protract their fate,
one member of the ſinking ſtate;
laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
ting of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
h all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
terpos'd between the warriors flies,
ls thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.
eat Æneas ſhield the ſpear he drew,
his maſter's feet the weapon threw.
ne, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
dan Prince, and bore him through the ſky,
gliding without ſtep, above the heads
ing heroes, and of bounding ſteeds:
he battle's utmoſt verge they light,
he ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear of fight,
ſhead there (his heavenly form confeſs'd)
rds like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd:

power, O prince, with force inferior far,
ee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
th beware, nor antedate thy doom,
ng Fate of all thy fame to come.
ı the day decreed (for come it muſt)
this dreadful hero in the duſt,

Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own
With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword.
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers celeſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd,
O Greeks (he cries and every rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire:
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.
He ſaid; nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dreads the vaunts of Peleus' haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt Atheiſt-wretch all Heaven defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were ſteel, his hand were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war,
But Phœbus warns him, from high heaven, to ſhun
The ſingle fight with Thetis' godlike ſon;
More ſafe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears obedient to the God of Light,
And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies,
Firſt falls Iphityon, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of Tmolus, crown'd with ſnow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain:
Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gyge boaſt thy birth:

Thoſe beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel, with full deſcending ſway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees Hippodamas, and, ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſt him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helicé's high ſhores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age
(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt):
Of all his ſons, the deareſt and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel:
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands coſlect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore,
Thus ſadly ſlain th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight;
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight:
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his javelin like a waving flame.
The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend!
No more ſhall Hector' and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He ſpake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperior far;
But Heaven alone confers ſucceſs in war:
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas's heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death,
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, preſent to his aid, Apollo ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice ſtruck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:
The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
Wretch! thou haſt 'ſcap'd again, once more thy flight
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.
But long thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any power aſſiſt Achilles' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers ſlain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' enſanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there.
And ſtopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir.
Gigantic chief! deep gaſh'd th' enormous blade
And for the ſoul an ample paſſage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant ſons of an unhappy ſire;
Both in one inſtant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one inſtant to the nether world;
This difference only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpitied young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, an age, ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs faulchion ope'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his boſom till he pants no more.
Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear. [ſpear
Thy life, Echecius! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous faulchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung:
He dropt his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt the corpſe extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief deſcends
The ſquire, who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter rein'd the ſteeds around:
His back ſcarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er the dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling ſhrubs between the hills
Then o'er the ſtubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,
This way and that the ſpreading torrent roars;
So ſweeps the hero through the waſted ſhores:
Around him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the ſanguine ſhowers
As, with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
And thick beſtrown, lies Ceres' ſacred floor;
When round and round with never-weary'd pace
The trampling ſteers beat out th' unnumber'd grain;

So the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out heroes ſouls.
Duſh'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the ſmoking chariot dye:
The ſpiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death Achilles ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the luſt of never-dying fame!

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, ſome towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Aſteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas aſſiſt the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the inſtigation of Juno, almoſt dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Mean while Achilles continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into Troy: Agenor only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's ſhape, and while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is on the banks and in the ſtream of Scamander.

And now to Xanthus gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train,
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
Part plunge into the ſtream: old Xanthus roars,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound:
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriors drown'd.
As the ſcorch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the ſmoky cloud,
The cluſtering legions ruſh into the flood:
So, plung'd in Xanthus, by Achilles' force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.
His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide
(Which ſpreading tamariſks on the margin hide);
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And cloſe in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge Dolphin tempeſting the main,
In ſhoals before him fly the ſcaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they ſeek their immoſt caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with ſlaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve choſen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms conſtrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
Theſe his attendants to the ſhips convey'd,
Sad victims! deſtin'd to Patroclus' ſhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his paſſage ſtood,
The ſon of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot wheel);
To Lemnos' iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
Where Jaſon's ſon the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the ſhore,
The ranſom'd prince to fair Ariſbe bore.
Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conquering hand:
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield)
As trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his faultering knees, the hero ſaid:
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to Lemnos, ſtalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That bar ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;

If earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.
Thus while he spoke, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his soul shivering at th' approach of death,
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;
Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I sprung from Priam and Laothoë fair
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd):
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For, ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore;
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friends! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die;
"And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?"
Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born;
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then—he said: and, as the word he spoke,
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear:
While all his trembling frame confest his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand;
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround
Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound:
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid.
These boastful words provoke the raging God;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Mean while the hero springs in arms, to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round).
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.
O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with portended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!
Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield)
One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driven the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:

s thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
re preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
om a river, didſt thou boaſt thy line?
Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
of theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
: thunders, to the ſtream that flows.
rs can, Scamander might have ſhown;
ne dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon,
loüs might contend in vain,
e roaring billows of the main.
l ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
the rivers, and the ſprings below,
lering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
, then from the bank his javelin tore,
he breathleſs warrior in his gore.
ng tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
d between the banks, it lies, the food
g eels, and fiſhes of the flood. [ſlain)
r'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt
'd Pæonians ſcour along the plain:
his fury on the flying crew,
Aſtypylus, and Mneſius ſlew;
Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
ers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
the bottom of his gulfs profound,
r ſpoke; the ſhores return the ſound:
of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
matchleſs, and in force divine!
ad given thee every Trojan head,
n me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
chok'd ſtreams no more their courſe can [keep,
heir wonted tribute to the deep.
en, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
thy ſlaughters could amaze a God.
an form confeſs'd before his eyes,
thus, and thus the chief replies:
ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
ill Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay:
within her towers the perjur'd train
t, and tremble at our arms again:
roud Hector, guardian of her wall,
his lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
l, and drove with fury on the foe.
he Godhead of the ſilver bow
w flood began: O ſon of Jove!
the mandate of the ſire above
xpreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
d arrows in defence of Troy,
e her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
darkneſs hide the face of all?
ke in vain—the chief without diſmay
through the boiling ſurge his deſperate
ſing in his rage above the ſhores, [way.
his deep the bellowing river roars,
aps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
d the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.
l before, the billows rang'd on high
ry bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
ſling on his head with thundering ſound,
ng deluge whelms the hero round:
d ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
upborne, ſcorns the ſtrong flood divide,
Sliddering and ſtaggering. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood:
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, ſpeeds his pace
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aërial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly; Achilles ſprings
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So, when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,
And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bowers,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him ſcattering, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
So oft the ſurge, in watery mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil:
When thus (his eyes on Heaven's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan:
Is there no God, Achilles to befriend,
No Power t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of Fate!
Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis, muſt her ſon complain;
By Phœbus' darts ſhe propheſied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's ſpear this dauntleſs boſom rend,
And my ſwift ſoul o'ertake my ſlaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a ſhameful fate,
Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like ſome vile ſwain, whom on a rainy day,
Croſſing a ford, the torrent ſweeps away,
An unregarded carcaſe, to the ſea.
Neptune and Pallas haſte to his relief,
And thus in human form addreſs the chief.

The Power of Ocean firſt: Forbear thy fear,
O ſon of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove deſcending to thy aid
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood ſhall ceaſe to rave;
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counſel Heaven ſuggeſts, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy ſword ſuſpend,
Till Troy receive her flying ſons, till all
Her routed ſquadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone ſhall ſtand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood ſhall ſmoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus ſpake the Gods:
Then ſwift aſcended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He ſprings impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th'expanded plain the waters ſpread;
Heap'd on the bounding billows dance the dead,
Floating 'midſt ſcatter'd arms; while caſques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the ſurging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.
Not a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.
Then thus to Simoïs: Haſte, my brother flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a God:
Our braveſt heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains ſwell thy watery ſtore,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head,
Mark how reſiſtleſs through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No Greek ſhall e'er his periſh'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather, or inhume;
Theſe his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.
He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every ſtep, before Achilles ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd;
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd Vulcan's aid.
Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift eaſtern and the weſtern wind.
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow.
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corpſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour.
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!
The Power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil,
And the ſhrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.
Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flowery lotos and the tamariſk burn,
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The watery willows hiſs before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fiſhes pant for breath,
The eels lie twiſting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive, the ſcaly fry,
Or, gaſping, turn their bellies to the ſky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, ſhort-panting, to the God he ſaid:
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power reſiſts thy might?
I faint, I ſink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree;
Ah, bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hiſſing ſound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe,
To melt the fat of ſome rich ſacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy ſmoke aſpires:
So boils th' impriſon'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning river ſends his earneſt prayer:
Ah, why, Saturnia! muſt thy ſon engage
Me, only me, with all his waſteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods aſſert the cauſe of Troy.
Submiſſive I deſiſt, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-deſtroying hand.
Hear then my ſolemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her deſtin'd ſtate,
Till Greece ſhall gird her with deſtructive flame,
And in one ruin ſink the Trojan name.
His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cauſe
Inſeſt a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching ſtreams begin to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.
While theſe by Juno's will the ſtrife reſign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breaſt alarms;
With horrid clangor ſhock'd th' æthereal arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.
The Power of Battles lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant Queen of War:
What mov'd thy madneſs thus to diſunite
Æthereal minds, and mix all Heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a God?

Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.
He spoke, and snatch'd the loud-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her sire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast;
This at the heavenly homicide she cast.
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound: 480
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:
Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand; 486
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The Goddess spake, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day. 490
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright Empress of the heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing thus, to War's victorious Maid: 496
Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles' and Love's unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves! let Pallas, if she dares, pursue. 500
Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton struck:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
On earth together lay the lovers spread:
And like these heroes, be the fate of all 505
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygians be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
Thus she: and Juno with a smile approv'd. 510
Mean time, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the sound?
Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire, 515
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age:
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own) 520
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy's wall I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands) [525
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,
With menace stern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd: 531
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands,
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king. 535
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infest the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
Apollo thus: To combat for mankind, 540
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that, now with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun; now wither on the ground. 545
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior Power submiss retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, 550
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades:
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow! 555
Now boast no more, in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking Power.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What insolence has driven 560
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart? 565
What though, tremendous in the wood and chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage— 570
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow: [575
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above, 580
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her Latona hastes with tender care, [585
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.
He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low, 590
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to the blest abode, [595
Where all-confus'd she sought the Sovereign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th'ambrosial veil
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The Sire ſuperior ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own Imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above; while ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire,
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driv'n
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky:
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire diſmay;
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojan's ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtep, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending, on the guards he calls:
You, to whoſe care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung,
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat,
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And, gladſome, ſee their laſt eſcape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain;
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen'd tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But † he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offſpring, haughty, bold, and brave);
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſate,
And, wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe.
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll);
He ſtops and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul:
What! ſhall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road,
Yon line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall—
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends.
What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood collected in his might:
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from ſome deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds:
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded ſcarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd javelin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield, (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful, as he ſtood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus beſpoke the foe:
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils, remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: with matchleſs force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in the ætherial arms.
Then, fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo ſhrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Mean while the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice and ſhape,
Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe;
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides:
The God, now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore;
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

† *Apollo.*

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

ojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, ries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults in himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: he pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; th Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands what, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. pons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.
ieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

To their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
herded Ilions rush like driven deer;
e, they wipe their briny drops away,
yn in bowls the labours of the day.
he walls, advancing o'er the fields
one roof of well-compacted shields,
ending on, the Greek's embodied powers,
hing in the shade of Trojan towers.
ctor singly staid; chain'd down by Fate,
he stood before the Scæan gate;
old arms determin'd to employ,
lian still of long-defended Troy.
now to tir'd Achilles turns
ver confest in all his glory burns).
t (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
rtal speed a Godhead to pursue?
o thee to know the Gods is given,
to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
ts thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
past labour, and thy present vain;
eir walls are now her troops bestow'd,
re thy frantic rage attacks a God.
ief incens'd—Too partial God of Day:
my conquests in the middle way:
in Ilion else had refuge found!
ping numbers now had bit the ground!
o'st me of a glory justly mine,
of Godhead, and of fraud divine;
ne, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
a mortal, who repines in vain.
o the city terrible and strong,
h and haughty steps he tower'd along.
oud courser, victor of the prize,
ear goal with double ardour flies;
he blazing shot across the field,
ful eyes of Priam first beheld.
so dreadful rises to the sight,
the thick gloom of some tempestuous
ght,
og (the year when autumn weighs)
the feebler stars exerts his rays;
glory! for his burning breath
e red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
l his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
s his reverend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the
shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures, would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their
own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne);
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!

My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd:
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry Fate
The laſt ſad relick of my ruin'd ſtate
(Dire pomp of ſovereign wretchedneſs! muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
Yet for my ſons I thank you, Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they periſh'd; for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the beſt,
Struck through with wounds, all honeſt, on the breaſt.
But when the Fates, in fulneſs of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
In duſt the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm;
This, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid; and, acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid:
Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah, do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But, by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe,
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corpſe lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.
So they; while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul;
Reſolv'd he ſtands; and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood; and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind:
Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungenerous thought recall?
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his councils are obey'd too late;
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by Hector's flight!
That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.
Methinks my ſuffering country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear;
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No—if I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terror laid in duſt;
Or, if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet, ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-ſhield, the helm, and lance, laid down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town:
The wife withheld, the treaſure ill-detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining ſtore,
Which Troy ſhall, ſworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I ſhould go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our buſineſs; but to whom is given
To die or triumph, that determine Heaven!
Thus pondering, like a God the Greek drew nigh
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendor ſhone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the riſing ſun:
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrors riſe,
Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies)
Juſt when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aerial way,
With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings.
No leſs fore-right the rapid chaſe they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad
(A wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground
This hot through ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflow
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter ſnows.
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace
By theſe they paſs'd, one chaſing, one in flight:
(The mighty fled, purſued by ſtronger might).
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day
Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife).
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when ſome hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod or ſome lovely dame);

panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
with them turns the rais'd ſpectators' ſoul:
three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:
them, while eager on the chace they look,
Sire of mortals and immortals ſpoke:
worthy fight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
d, inglorious round you city driven!
cart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
r, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
e grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
lia's ſummits, and the towers of Troy:
ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
'ate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
it, ye Powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
ver to ſnatch him from impending fate,
him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain
as he is) the lot impos'd on man.
n Pallas thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
iky bolt, and blackens Heaven with ſtorms,
e prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
ill no murmurs fill the courts above?
ds indignant blame their partial Jove?
hen (return'd the Sire) without delay,
hy will: I give the Fates their way.
at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
ops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
hrough the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn,
eli-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
he tries the covert of the brakes,
p beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
the vapour in the tainted dews,
rtain hound his various maze purſues.
ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
ſwift Achilles compaſs'd round the field.
to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
opes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
e ſhowering arrows, as he cours'd below,
the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
Achilles turns him to the plain;
s the city, but he eyes in vain.
n in ſlumber ſeem with ſpeedy pace
purſue, and one to lead the chace,
linking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
is can fly, nor that can overtake;
s the labouring heroes pant and ſtrain;
that bur ſues, and this purſues, in vain.
God, O Muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
Fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?
us it was; who, in his lateſt hour,
d his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with power:
great Achilles, leſt ſome Greeks advance
d ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
l to the troops to yield his foe the way,
eave untouch'd the honours of the day.
e lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
ates of mortal men, and things below:
each contending hero's lot he tries,
weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
ſinks the ſcale, ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
y with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.
en Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies.
ern Pelides, and triumphing cries;

Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Reſt here: myſelf will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and reſted, on his lance, reclin'd.
While like Deiphobus the martial Dame.
(Her face, her geſture, and her arms, the ſame)
In ſhow and aid, by hopeleſs Hector's ſide
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd:
Too long, O Hector, have I borne the fight
Of this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
It firs us now a noble ſtand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the Goddeſs: Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, preſs me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the javelin fly:
Or let us ſtretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke:
Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſued.
But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if, victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corpſe purſue:
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouſe then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy power.

No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and launch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector ſhunn'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unſeen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boaſted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miſs'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee, preſumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terror ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt;
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands; then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate, approach! 'tis I muſt bleed,
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great Jove deſerts me, and the ſon of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! then welcome Fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quivering hare.
Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at every ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And, as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er;
One place at length he ſpies, to let in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries:
At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory laid.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, caſt to all the rage of hoſtile power,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt! relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And, giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.
He ceas'd. The Fates ſuppreſt his labouring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing, as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
Die thou the firſt! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
I follow thee—He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, caſt it on the ground,
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize:
While ſome, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungenerous, or with taunts diſgrace
"How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
"Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate."
High o'er the ſlain the great Achilles ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;

And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends:
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire deſtroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haſte, ye powers!
See, if already their deſerted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great Hector ſlain?
But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd
Burn on through death, and animate my ſhade.
Mean while, ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpſe of Heſtor, and your Pæans ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."
Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himſelf and of the dead).
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted through the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land,
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And in his parents' ſight now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey:
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires,
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſperate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force;
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls:
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk you none)
And bow before the murderer of my ſon.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at leaſt he may reſpect my age.
He has a father too, a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and miſery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this peſt of me and all my race);
How many valiant ſons, in early bloom,
Has that curſt hand ſent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! laſt: thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.
Oh, had thy gentle ſpirit paſs'd in peace,
The ſon expiring in the ſire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhower!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!
Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream'd around.
Amidſt her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning princeſs, and a train in tears)
Ah, why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her God!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corpſe! inanimated clay!
But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the Scæan gate,
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours;
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls:
Ah, follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart;
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate,
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan ſtate.
Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chac'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the crowd he ever ſcorn'd to wait
And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face,
Flies through the doom (the maids her ſteps purſue)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.
Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held him, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
Around a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her, ſinking, with aſſiſtant hands.

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fates the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost;
Thou, to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feasts not here;"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still evening gave him up to rest,
Sunk in soft down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead.
So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast, he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the right of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the third and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

Thus, humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:
Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Release your smoking coursers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes flow.
But chief, Pelides; thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:

ail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt,
nd rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Achilles' promiſe is complete;
ody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
clive ſad victims, of the Trojan line,
o vengeance, inſtant, ſhall expire;
ves effus'd around thy funeral pyre.
ny he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
he bier the bleeding Hector threw,
n the duſt. The Myrmidons around
d their arthour, and the ſteeds unbound,
chilles' ſable ſhip repair,
t and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
m the well-fed ſwine black ſmokes aſpire,
tly victims hiſſing o'er the fire:
e or bellowing falls; with feebler cries
he goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
the hero's proſtrate body flow'd,
romiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
v a band of Argive monarchs brings
rious victor to the king of kings.
s dead friend the penſive warrior went,
ps unwilling, to the regal tent.
nding heralds, as by office bound,
nflled flames the tripod vaſe ſurround;
nſe his conquering hands from hoſtile
ore,
g'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore:
op ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
and greateſt of the Gods above!
he pyre I place thee; till I rear
Ty mound, and clip thy ſacred hair:
e at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
he my ſorrows while I bear to live.
, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
re your feaſt; but with the dawn of day,
of men!) it claims thy royal care,
eece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,
the foreſts fall (ſuch rites are paid
s ſlumbering in eternal ſhade).
hen his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
leagued ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
; they hear him, and the word obey;
: of hunger and the thirſt allay,
ſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
t Pelides ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
aſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
groaning; while on either hand
tial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand.
e graſs his languid members fall,
th his chaſe around the Trojan wall;
y the murmurs of the rolling deep,
h he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
o! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
'atroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
me robe he living wore, he came;
e. voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
n familiar hover'd o'er his head:
ps Achilles (thus the phantom ſaid)
y Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
I ſeem'd his deareſt, tendereſt care,
r forgot, I wander in the air.
pale corpſe the rites of burial know,
e me entrance in the realms below;
a the ſpirit finds no reſting place,
: and there th' unbody'd ſpectres chace,

The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more:
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known;
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate ſore-doom'd that waited from my birth;
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou, art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy Goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.
He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and, ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands:
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aërial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!
This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears, [tears:
Shews every mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to fling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the ſhock'd axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the ax, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then, ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given them) to the ſandy ſhore;

There, on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where time ſhall come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars, in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe a melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corpſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood;
Then, ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the watery waſte:
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bowers
Thy altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain:
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hard the ſacred lock he laid,
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe,
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief:
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return;
While thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on every ſide;
High on the top the manly corpſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord,
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry:

All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corpſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he threatening: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain;
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heavenly fragrance! ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the blood-hounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh entire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and Sirian fire.
Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;
But faſt beſide, Achilles ſtood in prayer,
Invok'd the Gods, whoſe ſpirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blaſt:
He call'd th' aërial Powers, along the ſkies
To breathe and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyrs open courts on high,
Sat all the bluſtering brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites:
Not ſo (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And Heaven is feaſting on the world's green end
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But Peleus' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The Weſtern Spirit, and the North, to riſe;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blaſt be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to heaven.
Swift as the word ſhe vaniſh'd from their view
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thundering roar
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.
To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains riſe:
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' ſoul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they cloſe the urn:
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging through the ſhades of night
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray
Oe'r the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:

nk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
their caves the whiſtling winds return'd;
the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
ffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
a parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
nk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
ted with his grief: mean while the crowd
nging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
nult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
ing ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke:
ings and princes of th' Achaian name!
us quench the yet-remaining flame
ble wine; then (as the rites direct)
o's bones with careful view ſelect:
and eaſy to be known, they lie
the heap, and obvious to the eye:
t around the margin will be ſeen
uous, ſteeds and immolated men).
wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
et them reſt, with decent honour laid,
all follow to th' infernal ſhade.
me erect the tomb with pious hands,
ion ſtructure on the humble ſands;
er Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
e poſterity record our praiſe.
Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
p ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
ne white bones his ſad companions place,
ars collected in the golden vaſe.
ed relicks to the tent they bore;
a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
ne, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
t the deep foundations round the pyre,
the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
g earth, memorial of the dead.
warming populace the chief detains,
ds amidſt a wide extent of plains;
lac'd them round: then from the ſhips proceeds
of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
d tripods (for the funeral games)
lent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
d the prizes to reward the force
l racers in the duſty courſe:
n for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
the needle, and the labouring loom;
rge vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
ty meaſures its capacious ſize.
nd victor claims a mare unbroke,
a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
d, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
ple meaſures held the ſhining frame:
den talents for the fourth were plac'd;
le double bowl contents the laſt.
fair order rang'd upon the plain,
, riſing, thus addreſt the train:
d the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
e the rulers of the racing ſteed;
hich none beſide ourſelf could gain,
ur immortal courſers take the plain
unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
ceiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd.)
no time our vigour to diſplay;
with them the games of this ſad day:
Loſt is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand;
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed,
With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the king of kings;
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days,
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horſe.
Experienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears:
My ſon! though youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, though for ſwiftneſs known;
Compare thoſe rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe.
'Tis more by art, than force of numerous ſtrokes,
The dextrous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe who truſt in chariots and in horſe.
In vain; unſkilful, to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, though with inferior ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal, his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once-ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains:
Inclos'd with ſtones, conſpicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race);
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand ſteed:
But urge the right, and give him all the reins:
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe:

Left, through incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind;
Though fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
Thus (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws).
Young Neſtor leads the race; Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their hearts, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champain thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While, hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders toward the main,
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Troy bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their ſtretching ſhadow ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye, with anguiſh to ſurvey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
Nor more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth, and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, though diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds:
Now, now, my generous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs, vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.
Thus he. The courſers at their maſters threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs to ſhun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmok'd along.
Cloſe up the venturous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and hears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides trembling, caſts his eyes below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way! Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The floundering courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt through frantic haſte to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;—
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries,
Be ſwift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
Mean time the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground above the ring,
The monarch ſate: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;
On whoſe broad front, a blaze of ſhining white,
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight.
He ſaw; and, riſing, to the Greeks begun:
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?
Thoſe, though the ſwifteſt, by ſome God withheld,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For, ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.

Perchance the reins forſook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
With frantic fury from the deſtin'd way.
Riſe then ſome other, and inform my ſight
(For theſe dim eyes, perhaps, diſcern not right)
Yet ſure he ſeems (to judge by ſhape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus raſhly thus replies)
Thy tongue too haſtily confers the prize;
Of thoſe who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
Nor youngeſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
Eumelus' ſteeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at firſt, unrivall'd lead the race;
I well diſcern him as he ſhakes the rein,
And hear his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride:
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the prize.
He ſaid: and Ajax, by mad paſſion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes: but Thetis' godlike ſon
Awful amidſt them roſe, and thus begun:
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th'approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a ſtream of duſt the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:
His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;
From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes;
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.
Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift Æthe recover'd loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſued, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferior ſkill.
Laſt came Admetus! thy unhappy ſon:
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun:
Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had received the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign,
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he ſought not Heaven by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow)
Some gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore;
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy generous thirſt to give.
But this my prize I never ſhall forego:
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er
(The ſame renown'd Aſteropæus wore)
Whoſe glittering margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid; Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands,
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh, Antilochus, has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But ſhall not we ourſelves the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?
What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.
The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or aught thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.
So ſpoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.

Joy ſwells his ſoul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'erſpread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid:
Still may our ſouls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous, alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield: that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and, pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noëman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares:
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt, Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy priſtine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.
He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy the venerable king reply'd:
Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprаſium and the Pylian ſhore!
Victorious then in every ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all reſign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the ſand,
Surpaſt Iphyclus in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the ſpear.
The ſons of Actor won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey
Prize after prize by Neſtor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Though once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou, my ſon! by generous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gifts thy hands preſent
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);
Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well canſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day!
Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the full of days
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large, and round.
Achilles, riſing, thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight:
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke,
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know.
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combat great Epëus choſe;
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Prize of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know;
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.
The giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,
The great Meciſtheus, who in days of yore
In Theban games the nobleſt trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm'd with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wriſt the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gauntlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down dropt he, nerveleſs, and extended lay.
As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome huge billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: not leſs batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whoſe arms ſupport him reeling through the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along:
Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;

pt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
e third bold game Achilles next demands,
calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
sty tripod for the victor lies,
vice six oxen its reputed price;
next, the loser's spirits to restore,
ale captive, valued but at four.
did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
the ring each nervous rival stands,
cing rigid with implicit hands:
lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
their planted feet at distance fixt;
wo strong rafters which the builder forms,
to the wintery wind and howling storms,
tops connected, but at wider space
the centre stands their solid base.
o the grasp each manly body bends;
umid sweat from every pore descends:
bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
to each gripe, and bloody tumors rise.
uld Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
rn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
uld the strength of Ajax overthrow
atchful caution of his artful foe.
the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,
o Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
said; and, straining, heav'd him off the ground
matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
rength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
kle struck: the giant fell supine;
s, following, on his bosom lies;
of applause run rattling through the skies.
o lift, Ulysses next essays,
rely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
ee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd;
rappling close, they tumbled side by side.
l with honourable dust, they roll,
reathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
they rage, again to combat rise;
great Achilles thus divides the prize:
ir noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain:
eary out your generous strength in vain.
th have won: let others who excel,
prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.
hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
loth'd anew, the following games survey.
l now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
ouths contending in the rapid race.
:r urn that full six measures held,
ie in weight or workmanship excell'd;
an artists taught the frame to shine,
ate, with artifice divine;
ce Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
ave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
orious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd.
ve Patroclus gave the rich reward.
the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
ls the prize of swiftness in the race.

A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train—
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.
The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, Nestor's son, the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All start at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next, Ulysses, measuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought descends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas); where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore
(The self-same place, beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address't:
Accurst fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal eye, a Goddess was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.
Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering dirt and gore;
A burst of laughter echo'd through the shore.
Antilochus, more humourous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:
Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.
Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise
(A green old-age, unconscious of decays,
That prove the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace;
For who can match Achilles! He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.
Th' effect succeeds the speech: Pelides cries,
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.

Next theſe; a buckler, ſpear, and helm, he brings,
Caſt on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſt before our army's ſight,
And, ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;
The ſword Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce at the word, up-roſe great Tydeus' ſon,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Lowering they meet, tremendous to the ſight,
Each Argive boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they cloſ'd, and thrice the charge re-
A furious paſs the ſpear of Ajax made [new'd.
Through the broad ſhield, but at the corſelet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove,
But Greece now trembling for her her-'s life,
Bade ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A maſs of iron (an enormous round) [975
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Action wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm diſmiſs in air:
The giant by Achilles ſlain, he ſtow'd
Among his ſpoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe;
Who fartheſt hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.
Stern Polypœtes ſtept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Up roſe great Ajax; up Epëus roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt Epëus threw;
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling
Leontes next a little ſpace ſurpaſt, [circle flew,
And third, the ſtrength of godlike Ajax caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely ſlung
From Polypœte's arm, the diſcus's ſung:
Far as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Thoſe who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſt amidſt the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound).
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon fluttering bird, ſhall bear
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And ſkilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies,
But flies unbleſt! No grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parting ſtring,
And the free bird to heaven diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies, with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And, following with his eye the ſoaring dove,
Implores the God to ſpeed it through the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels:
Quite through and through the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt;
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.
To cloſe the funeral games Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
An ample charger of unſullied frame, [flame.
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whoſe dextrous ſkill directs the flying dart.
Here too Great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.
With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the monarch, and reſpectful ſaid:
Thee firſt in virtue, as in power ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glittering charger to Talthybius' hands.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the body of Hector.

h deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter ſends Thetis to Achilles, to diſpoſe him for ſtoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old king, not-landing the remonſtrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen Jupiter. He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents, under the charge of Idæus, rald. Mercury deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. converſation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the bis ſon; Achilles, moved with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the rning ſends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, s, and Helen; with the ſolemnities of the funeral.

of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as ore are ſpent in the truce allowed for his interment. The ſcene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly n.

from the finiſh'd games the Grecian band
k their black ſhips, and clear the crowded rand;
h'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
ſing ſlumbers quiet all their care.
chilles: he to grief reſign'd,
d's dear image preſent to his mind,
ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep;
s the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep.
e roll'd around his weary bed,
iis ſoul on his Patroclus fed:
ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
thful vigour, and that manly mind,
ls they ſhar'd, what martial works they rought, [fought;
s they meaſur'd, and what fields they
efore him in remembrance dear,
follows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.
ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
ts his ſide, impatient for the day:
ring up, diſconſolate he goes
the lonely beach to vent his woes.
s the ſolitary mourner raves,
y morning riſes o'er the waves:
roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd;
iot flies, and Hector trails behind.
e, Patroclus! round thy monument
tor dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
ep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
l in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
leſerted by the pitying Skies.
bus watch'd it with ſuperior care,
from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
ominious as it ſwept the field,
'er the ſacred corpſe his golden ſhield.
ren was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
h to ſnatch him from th' inſulting foe:
tune this, and Pallas this denies,
unrelenting Empreſs of the ſkies:
e that day implacable to Troy,
ne young Paris, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
deſtructive luſt (reward obſcene)
arms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.
n the tenth celeſtial morning broke;
ven aſſembled, thus Apollo ſpoke:
ying Powers! how oft each holy fane
tor ting'd with blood of victims ſlain!
'd.

And, can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire
The laſt ſad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughter's wide
In ſtrength of rage, and impotence of pride;
Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſigu'd.
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, inſatiate, the commiſſion given [65
By Fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven;
Lo! how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth, inſenſible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial Skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boaſts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own æthereal race
Springs from a Goddeſs by a man's embrace
(A goddeſs by ourſelf to Peleus given,
A man divine, and choſen friend of Heaven).
To grace thoſe nuptials from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this minſtrel-God
(Well pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
Then thus the Thunderer checks th' imperial Dame: [85
Let not thy wrath the court of Heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the ſame.
But mine, and every God's peculiar grace,
Hector deſerves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our ſhrines his grateful offerings lay
(The only honours men to Gods can pay); 90

Nor ever from our ſmoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feaſt.
Howe'er by ſtealth to ſnatch the corpſe away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corpſe to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the meſſage flies.
Meteorous the face of Ocean ſweeps,
Reſulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps,
Between where Samos wide his foreſt ſpreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads.
Down plung'd the Maid (the parted waves reſound);
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;
So paſs'd the Goddeſs through the cloſing wave,
Where Thetis ſorrow'd in her ſacred cave:
There, plac'd amidſt her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd ſiſters of the ſacred main)
Penſive ſhe ſat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddeſs of the painted bow,
Ariſe! O Thetis, from thy ſeats below:
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies,
Sad object as I am for heavenly ſight?
Ah, may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty Sire obey'd—
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies,
There in the lightning's blaze the Sire they found,
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face
(Minerva, riſing, gave the Mourner place;)
Ev'n Juno ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar-bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: then began
The ſacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercaſt;
Maternal ſorrows; long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corpſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead:
But yield to ranſom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed Queen attends,
And from Olympus' ſnowy tops deſcends.
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The Goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun:
How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow;
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe:
Mindleſs of food, or love, whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain?
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain;
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ranſom given,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of Heaven.
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
Haſte, winged Goddeſs, to the ſacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his ſon:
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair,
Some thought there muſt be in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And ſwift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
Where the ſad ſons beſide their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and anſwer'd groan with groan.
And all amidſt them lay the hoary ſire,
(Sad ſcene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire,
Conceal'd from ſight; with frantic hands he ſpread
A ſhower of aſhes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's meſſenger appears,
And thus, in whiſpers, greets his trembling ears:
Fear nor, oh father, no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee ſtill his care;
For Hector's ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and funeral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou, death, nor ſhalt thou danger, dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car;

for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay;
us ſons the king's command obey.
ſs'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
ere the treaſures of his empire lay;
ll'd his queen, and thus began to ſay:
ppy conſort of a king diſtreſt!
the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
ſend the meſſenger of Jove,
s me try Achilles' mind to move;
theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
ſe of Hector, at yon navy ſlain.
hy thought: my heart impels to go
hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.
ıary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
ba renews, and then replies:
ither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
re the prudence now, that aw'd man-
ind:
Phrygia once, and foreign regions
conſus'd, diſtracted, overthrown?
paſs through hoſts of foes! to face
t of ſteel)! the murderer of thy race!
that deathful eye, and wander o'er
nds, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
y Lord! he knows not how to ſpare,
t his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
! ſo many fallen! To calm his rage,
e thy dignity, and vain thy age.
t in this ſad palace, let us give
the wretched days we have to live.
for Hector let our ſorrows flow,
iis own and to his parents woe!
from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
to vultures, and to Peleus' ſon!
iis deareſt blood might I allay
and theſe barbarities repay!
could Hector merit thus, whoſe breath
ıot meanly in unactive death?
d his lateſt blood in manly fight,
a hero in his country's right.
ot to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
rds of omen, like a bird of night
, unmov'd, the venerable man).
ven commands me, and you urge in vain.
mortal voice th' injunction laid,
ır, prieſt, or ſeer, had been obey'd.
t Goddeſs brought the high command,
eard her, and the word ſhall ſtand.
Gods! obedient to your call:
n camp your powers have doom'd my
ill,
—By the ſame hand let me expire!
he ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
embrace at laſt may be allow'd,
laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!
forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
ſoftly carpets of refulgent hue,
veſts, as many mantles told.
lve fair veils and garments ſtiff with gold.
ods next, and twice two chargers, ſhine,
ı pure talents from the richeſt mine:
a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
dge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
ill too mean the ſtores he could employ,
laſt look to buy him back to Troy:
he ſad father, frantic with his pain,
him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of deſpair?
Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by Jove your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall:
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian Power, is gone;
I ſee your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I ſee the ruins of your ſmoking town!
O ſend me, Gods! ere that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to Pluto's dreary dome!
He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away:
The ſorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the ſeer,
And generous Antiphon; for yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relicks of his numerous line:
Inglorious ſons, of an unhappy ſire!
Why did not all in Hector's cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offſpring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of Priam's houſe remain!
Neſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his ruſhing car,
And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſs'd with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king).
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd:
The hoary herald help'd him, at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the Power divine)
Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands:
Take this, and pour to Jove; that, ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heaven, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:

Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.
'Tis just (said Priam, to the Sire above)
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?
He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring
(Her ready hands the ewer and bason held);
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:
Oh first, and greatest! Heaven's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ætherial space;
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chacer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears;
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears;
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he past,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croft the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.
Then thus to Hermes: Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers;
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries;
I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall
(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accosts with kind demand;
Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures view;
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread:
From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.
Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide
(The sacred messenger of Heaven reply'd);
But say, convey'st thou through the lonely plain
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand:
Prepar'd perchance, to leave thy native land!
Or fly'st thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain;
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?
The king, alarm'd: Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector dy'd?
Thus Priam spoke; and Hermes thus reply'd:
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you enquire too much.
Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued:
I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he tost
On thousand ships, and wither'd half an host:
I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.

h this quarter my adventure falls:
the morn the Greeks attack your walls:
they ſit, impatient to engage,
ce their rulers check their martial rage.
1 thou art of ſtern Pelides' train
urnful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
me truly, where, oh! where are laid
dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
gs diſmember'd (on the naked plains)
mangled reſt his cold remains?
ur'd of the Skies! thus anſwer'd then
ver that mediates between Gods and men)
nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
e he lies, neglected in the tent;
twelfth evening ſince he reſted there,
'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Aurora's ruddy beam is ſpread,
s friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
ſigur'd, or in limb or face,
he lies, with every living grace,
il in death! No ſtains are found
the corpſe, and cloſ'd is every wound;
many a wound they gave. Some heavenly
are,
nd divine, preſerves him ever fair:
e hoſt of heaven, to whom he led
grateful, ſtill regard him dead.
ſpoke to Priam the celeſtial guide!
ful thus the royal ſire reply'd:
he man who pays the Gods above
ſtant tribute of reſpect and love;
ho inhabit the Olympian bower
forgot not, in exalted power;
aven, that every virtue bears in mind,
the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
1, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
e of gratitude, for Hector's ſake;
hile the favouring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Pelides' tent conduct my way.
hom the latent God: O King, forbear
ot my youth, for apt is youth to err:
I, abſent from my prince's ſight,
ts in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?
om our maſter's intereſt thus we draw,
licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
ng him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
the crime, I dread the conſequence.
ar as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
f thy life, and partner of thy way;
attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
hleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
id, then took the chariot at the bound,
tch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around!
h' inſpiring God, that urg'd them on,
rſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
w they reach'd the naval walls, and found
ards repaſting, while the bowls go round:
e the virtue of his wand he tries,
urs deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
aw'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
r the trenches led the rolling cars.
through all the hoſtile camp they went,
w approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
he roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
eds collected from the marſhy ſhore;
nc'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
ork of ſoldiers) where the hero ſate.
Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles ſingly cloſ'd the gate.
This Hermes (ſuch the power of Gods!) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,
And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand;
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The King of arts, the Meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell: to ſhun Achilles' ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the Sky,
Nor ſtand conſeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and preſer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The king, confirm'd from Heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt:
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And, proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable ſight) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embrued
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conſcious of his crime,
Purſued for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurpriſe;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke;
Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
Think, from ſome powerful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain:
The beſt, the braveſt, of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe:
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
Unhappy, in his country's cauſe he fell!

For him, through hoſtile camps I bend my way,
For him, thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Though not ſo wretched; there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſovereign miſery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my childrens' murderer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon, deplore:
But great Achilles different paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs through the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man:
Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone
To paſs through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race!
Heaven ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not; man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods' ſevere decree:
They, only they, are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heaven.
The happieſt, taſte not happineſs ſincere;
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than Peleus ſhone in wealth and power!
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour!
A realm, a Goddeſs to his wiſhes given;
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his lateſt day:
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway:
An only ſon; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.
But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men ſurround thy walls!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the Stygian ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live, to ſuffer more!
To whom the king: Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obſequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corpſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
Move me no more! (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes);
Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thee Hector, I myſelf intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddeſs-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame);
Nor com'ſt thou but by Heaven: nor com'ſt alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom moſt he honour'd ſince he loſt his friend);
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous preſents bear
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; leſt th' unhappy ſire,
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouſe to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age,
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corpſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade:
If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Reſtoring Hector) Heaven's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.
He ſaid, and, entering, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him reverend Priam ſate:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun—
Lo! to thy prayer reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:

Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Theſe by Apollo's ſilver bow were ſlain,
Thoſe Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone):
The Gods themſelves at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock (for ſuch was Heav'n's high will)
Through deſerts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed, whence Acheloüs ſprings,
The watery Fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands, her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known:
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
He ſaid, and, riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſeparate morſels lays,
And, haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glittering caniſters they load,
Which round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wondering hero eyes his royal gueſt:
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His godlike aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage:
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke:
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For, ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed;
Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food my ſorrows and my ſighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now, father, ſleep, but ſleep not here;
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear;
Leſt any Argive (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer;
But ſay with ſpeed, if aught of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector? For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaughtering arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion clos'd within her town;
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of Ide, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the funeral and the feaſt;
The next, to raiſe his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven!
This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy;
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald reſt,
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breaſt.
Now Gods and men the gift of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Pow'r deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhould ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age, and offer all in vain.
Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence through the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged Deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung through the gate of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire;
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier)
A ſhower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crowds, with vaſt delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In thronging crowds they iſſue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown;
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scæan's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day:

But godlike Priam from the chariot roſe;
Forbear the cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſic's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature ſpeaks at every pauſe of art.
Firſt to the corpſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
And, oh, my Hector! oh, my lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with encreaſing graces glad mine eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
New hoſtile fleets muſt waſt thoſe infants o'er
(Thoſe wives muſt wait them) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barbarous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companions of thy mother's woe:
Driven hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord:
Or elſe ſome Greek, whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou would'ſt have ſpoke, which, ſadly
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear; [dear,
Which never, never, could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part:
Oh, thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' Immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpſe was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain);
Ungenerous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair, as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below!
Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries:
Ah, deareſt friend! in whom the Gods have join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(O had I periſh'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the authoreſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow;
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train;
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I caus'd, for'ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Through Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe:—
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foe, nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.
He ſpoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town,
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe;
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn.
Again the mournful crowds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites were done
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's Descent to Ithaca.

The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the Gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus in the shape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned: then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following.

Tell me, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound,
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd,
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unblest!) to touch that natal shore.
O, snatch some portion of these acts from Fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the war of ten long years surviv'd,
And 'scap'd the perils of the gulfy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile power restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the God, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the general feast
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending sun surveys);
There on the world's extremest verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th' assembly thus the Sire supreme addrest,
Ægysthus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost.

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægysthus gave the rein,
Did Fate, or we, th' adulterous act constrain?
Did Fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should re-assert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which heaven foretold.

Here paus'd the God; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast,
For brave Ulysses, still by Fate oppress.
Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home
A goddess guards in her inchanted dome:
(Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successless all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his country's love;
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment would he close his eyes?
And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?

Muſt he, whoſe altars on the Phrygian ſhore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worſt of human ills to prove,
Unbleſs'd abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?
Daughter! what words have paſs'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Reply'd the Thunderer to the martial maid)
Deem not unjuſtly by my doom oppreſt
Of human race the wiſeſt and the beſt.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-ſon,
Whoſe viſual orb Ulyſſes robb'd of light!
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoöſa bore (the bright increaſe
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the ſounds and ſeas:
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty bleſt,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compreſt.
For this, the God conſtrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeleſs exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but ceaſe to mourn!
Let all combine t' achieve his wiſh'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath ſhall now reſtrain,
Or thwart the ſynod of the Gods in vain.
Father and king ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bower reſide
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantic * iſle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypſo's court,
The ſanction of th' aſſembled powers report:
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his native land
Muſt ſpeed, obedient to their high command.
Mean time Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of ſea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine to form his green unpractis'd years,
In ſage debates; ſurrounded with his peers,
To ſave the ſtate; and timely to reſtrain
The bold intruſion of the ſuitor-train:
Who crowd his palace, and with lawleſs power
His herds and flocks in feaſtful rites devour.
To diſtant Sparta, and the ſpacious waſte
Of ſandy Pyle, the royal youth ſhall haſte.
There, warm with filial love, the cauſe inquire
That from his realm retards his god-like ſire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promiſe of a great, immortal name.
She ſaid: the ſandals of celeſtial mould,
Fledg'd with ambroſial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with theſe ſublime ſhe ſails
Th' ætherial ſpace, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to ſoar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vaſt; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight ſhe bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca deſcends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave diſguiſe
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land):
A glittering ſpear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and mis-rule ſurvey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad ſpoils of luxury) the ſuitors ſate.
With rival art, and ardour in their mein,
At cheſs they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh
A menial train the flowing bowl ſupply:
Others, apart, the ſpacious hall prepare,
And from the coſtly feaſt with buſy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celeſtial ſweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle ſhines: but hope and fear
(Painful viciſſitude!) his boſom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he ſees reſtor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppreſſors fly the vengeful ſword.
While his fond ſoul, theſe fancied triumphs ſwell'd,
The ſtranger gueſt, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a viſitant ſo long ſhould wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Inſtant he flew with hoſpitable haſte,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
Stranger! whoe'er thou art, ſecurely reſt,
Aſſianc'd in my faith, a friendly gueſt:
Approach the dome, the ſocial banquet ſhare,
And then the purpoſe of thy ſoul declare.
Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown Celeſtial leads.
The ſpear receiving from her hand he plac'd
Againſt a column, fair with ſculpture grac'd;
Where ſeemly rang'd, in peaceful order ſtood
Ulyſſes' arms, now long diſus'd to blood.
He led the Goddeſs to the ſovereign ſeat,
Her feet ſupported with a ſtool of ſtate
(A purple carpet ſpread the pavement wide);
Then drew his ſeat, familiar to her ſide;
Far from the ſuitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With inſolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free gueſt, unnotic'd, might relate,
If haply conſcious, of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obſequious brings,
Repleniſh from the cool, tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver, of capacious ſize:
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
They heap the glittering caniſters with bread.
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave luſtre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feaſt,
In ruſh'd the ſuitors with voracious haſte:
Marſhall'd in order due, to each a ſewer
Preſents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxuriant then they feaſt. Obſervant round
Gay ſtripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger queſt'd, they all advance,
And form to meaſur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was conſign'd the chorded lyre,
Whoſe hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
Phemius, whoſe voice divine could ſweeteſt ſing
High ſtrains, reſponſive to the vocal ſtring.
Mean while, in whiſpers to his heavenly gueſt
His indignation thus the prince expreſt:
Indulge my riſing grief, whilſt theſe (my friend)
With ſong and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly ſweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays,
His treaſur'd ſtores theſe cormorants conſume,
Whoſe bones, defrauded of a regal tomb

* *Ortygia.*

:ommon turf, lie naked on the plain,
om'd to welter in the whelming main.
d he return, that troop ſo blithe and bold,
purple robes inwrought, and ſtiff with gold,
ıitant in fear would wing their flight,
urſe their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
th, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled!
ope, too long with vain deluſion fed,
to the rumour of fallacious fame,
to the roll of death his glorious name!
venial freedom let me now demand
ame, thy lineage, and paternal land:
e, from whence began thy courſe, recite,
› what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
irſt to me this viſit doſt thou deign,
mber'd in my father's ſocial train?
ho deſerv'd his choice he made his own,
curious much to know, he far was known.
birth I boaſt (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
great Anchialus, renown'd and wife;
s my name; I rule the Taphian race,
: bounds the deep circumfluent waves em-
brace:
eous people, and induſtrious iſle,
ral arts inur'd, and ſtormy toil.
ıted with iron from my native land,
my voyage to the Brutian ſtrand;
n by commerce for the labour'd maſs,
proportion of refulgent braſs.
›m your capital my ſhip reſides
ithrus, and ſecure at anchor rides;
: waving groves on airy Neion grow,
ncly tall, and ſhade the deeps below.
e to reviſit your imperial dome,
l hereditary gueſt I come:
'ather's friend. Laertes can relate
ith unſpotted, and its early date;
preſt with heart-corroding grief and years,
: gay court a rural ſhade prefers,
', ſole of all his train, a matron ſage
rs with homely food his drooping age,
feeble ſteps from marſhalling his vines
ing ſad, when toilſome day declines.
friendly ſpeed, induc'd by erring fame,
l Ulyſſes' ſafe return, I came;
ll the frown of ſome celeſtial Power
nvious joy retards the bliſsful hour.
t your ſoul be ſunk in ſad deſpair:
:s, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
; a ſavage race, whoſe ſhelfy bounds
eaſeleſs roar the foaming deep ſurrounds.
houghts which roll within my raviſh'd
breaſt,
no ſeer, th' inſpiring Gods ſuggeſt;
ill'd, nor ſtudious, with prophetic eye
ge the winged omens of the ſky,
r this certain ſpeech, nor deem it vain;
a adamantine bonds the chief reſtrain,
'e reſtraint his wiſdom will defeat,
m reſtore him to his regal ſeat.
nerous youth! ſincere and free declare,
ı, of manly growth, his royal heir?
: Ulyſſes in your look appears,
ıe his features, if the ſame his years.
ıs that face, on which I dwelt with joy
'eece aſſembled ſtemm'd the tides to
Troy;
But, parting then for that deteſted ſhore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.
To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth aſſenting faith relies;
Thus mani eſt of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulyſſes' ſon: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the ſtorms which toſs the
great!
Happier the ſon, whoſe hoary ſire is bleſt
With humble affluence, and domeſtic reſt!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!
To whom, with aſpect mild, the gueſt divine:
Oh true deſcendant of a ſcepter'd line!
The Gods a glorious fate from anguiſh free
To chaſte Penelope's increaſe decree.
But ſay, yon joyful troop ſo gaily dreſt,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feaſt!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unſeemly flown with inſolence and wine;
Unwelcome revellers, whoſe lawleſs joy
Pains the ſage ear, and hurts the ſober eye?
Magnificence of old (the prince replied)
Beneath our roof with virtue could reſide;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
Who now (ſo heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter conſtraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hoſtile plain,
Had fall'n ſurrounded with his warlike train;
Or ſafe return'd, the race of glory paſt,
New to his friend's embrace, had breath'd his
laſt!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes would
Hiſtoric marbles, to record his praiſe;
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honour grac'd his ſon.
Now ſnatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory loſt:
Vaniſh'd at once! unheard-of and unknown!
And I his heir in miſery alone.
Nor for a dear, loſt father only flow
The filial tears, but woe ſucceeds to woe:
To tempt the ſpouſeleſs queen with amorous
wiles,
Reſort the nobles from the neighbouring iſles;
From Samos, circled with the Ionian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' ſylvan reign:
Ev'n with preſumptuous hope her bed t'aſcend
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She ſeems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart deteſting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My ſtores in riotous expence devour,
In feaſt and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.
With tender pity touch'd, the Goddeſs cried:
Soon may kind heaven a ſure relief provide!
Soon may your ſire diſcharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppreſſors rue!
Oh! in that portal ſhould the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen ſpear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd,
(For ſo of old my father's court he grac'd,
When ſocial mirth unbent his ſerious ſoul,
O'er the full banquet, and the ſprightly bowl)

He then from Epyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus, ſprung from Jaſon's royal ſtrain,
Meaſur'd a length of ſeas, a toilſome length, in vain.
For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Obſervant of the Gods, and ſternly juſt,
Ilus refus'd t' impart the baneful truſt:
With friendlier zeal my father's ſoul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon deſir'd.
Appear'd he now with ſuch heroic port,
As then conſpicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon ſhould yon boaſters ceaſe their haughty ſtrife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wiſh'd return the care reſign,
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My ſentence hear: with ſtern diſtaſte avow'd,
To their own diſtricts drive the ſuitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple eaſt,
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods atteſt:
The ſorrows of your inmoſt ſoul relate,
And form ſure plans to ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Should ſecond love a pleaſing flame inſpire,
And the chaſte queen connubial rites require;
Diſmiſs'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Inſtant, to foreign realms prepare to ſail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the meſſenger of Jove)
Propitious to the ſearch. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean firſt to ſandy Pyle;
Of Neſtor, hoary ſage, his doom demand:
Thence ſpeed your voyage to the Spartan ſtrand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coaſt
Arriv'd the laſt of all the victor hoſt.
If yet Ulyſſes views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year.
But if his ſoul hath wing'd the deſtin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep diſaſtrous night:
Homeward with pious ſpeed repaſs the main,
To the pale ſhade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
Then decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
Till the chaſte queen ſelect an equal lord.
Surreſt revenge your daring mind employ,
Th' æ[illegible]d or force the ſuitor-train deſtroy,
O'er [illegible]arting into manhood, ſcorn the boy.
Her[illegible]hou not heard how young Oreſtes, ſir'd
[illegible]ch great revenge, immortal praiſe acquir'd?
[illegible]s virgin-ſword Ægyſthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly bleſs'd with every blooming grace!
With equal ſteps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And ſhine eternal in the ſphere of Fame.
But my aſſociates now my ſtay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore.
Thou, heedful of advice, ſecure proceed:
My praiſe the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counſel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers ſpeak (perſuaſive ſpeech and mild)
Their ſage experience to the favourite child.
But, ſince to part, for ſweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.
Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddeſs cries,
Celeſtial azure brightening in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port;
From Temeſé return'd, your royal court
I ſhall reviſit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendſhip, leave.
Abrupt, with eagle-ſpeed ſhe cut the ſky;
Inſtant inviſible to mortal eye.
Then firſt he recogniz'd th' ætherial gueſt;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breaſt:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate;
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the ſuitor-throng;
Huſh'd in attention to the warbled ſong.
His tender theme the charming lyriſt choſe,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes,
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
The ſhrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the ſilver ſounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair deſcends;
Their ſovereign's ſtep a virgin train attends;
A veil, of richeſt texture wrought, ſhe wears,
And ſilent to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minſtrel's tuneful hand.
Phemius! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with ſilent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear diſaſtrous name,
To ſorrow ſacred, and ſecure of fame.
My bleeding boſom ſickens at the ſound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound.
Why, deareſt object of my duteous love,
(Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's æthereal rays (reſiſtleſs fire)
The chanter's ſoul and raptur'd ſong inſpire:
Inſtinct divine! nor blame ſevere his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a periſh'd lord, alone.
What Greeks now wandering in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulyſſes ſhar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His ſage reply, and with her train retires.
Then ſwelling ſorrows burſt their former bounds,
With echoing grief afreſh the dome reſounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In ſlumber cloſ'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Mean time, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating boſom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus aſſum'd the man.

(he cry'd) your female diſcord end,
dleſs boaſters! and the ſong attend;
hat ſweet compulſion, nor profane
liſſonance the ſmooth melodious ſtrain.
now prolong the jovial feaſt;
en the dawn reveals the roſy eaſt,
: peers aſſembled, ſhall propoſe
m reſolve, I here in few diſcloſe;
ger live the cankers of my court;
our ſeveral ſtates with ſpeed reſort;
n wild riot what your land allows,
ly the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
my bowl ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall bleed;
nd revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
, and all th' immortal thrones above,
d oath) each proud oppreſſor, ſlain,
ith inglorious gore this marble ſtain.
by the prince, and haughty, bold, and young, [tongue.
naw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the
it length the gay Antinoüs broke,
n'd a ſmile, and thus ambiguous ſpoke:
od to your untutor'd youth affords
idlong torrents of amazing words?
ve delay thy reign, and cumber late
it a genius with the toils of ſtate!
: toils (Telemachus ſerene replies)
arms, with all their weight, t' allure the
viſe.
the throne obſequious Fame reſides,
ilth inceſſant rolls her golden tides.
Antinoüs rage, if ſtrong deſire
th and fame a youthful boſom fire;
Jove his delegate of ſway,
ous pride the ſummons I'd obey.
r Ulyſſes roams the realm of night,
actious power diſpute my lineal right,
her Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
pretence their title would precede.
the ſceptre loſt, I ſtill ſhould reign
my vaſſals, and domeſtic train.
is Eurymachus: To heaven alone
e choice to fill the vacant throne,
trimonial ſtores in peace poſſeſs;
ted, all your filial claim confeſs:
Your private right ſhould impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But ſay, that ſtranger gueſt who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage
His grave demeanour and majeſtic grace [ſhew.
Speak him deſcended of no vulgar race:
Did he ſome loan of ancient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your ſcepter'd ſire?
Oh, ſon of Polybus! the prince replies,
No more my ſire will glad theſe longing eyes:
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That ſtranger-gueſt the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with encircling ſeas,
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name of old
High in Ulyſſes' ſocial liſt enroll'd.
Thus he, though conſcious of th' etherial gueſt,
Anſwer'd evaſive of the ſly requeſt.
Mean time the lyre rejoins the ſprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the ſtar of eve with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of ſable night;
The mirthful train diſperſing quit the court,
And to their ſeveral domes to reſt reſort.
A towering ſtructure to the palace join'd;
To this his ſteps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to ſleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the ſage Euryclea bears;
(Daughter of Ops, the juſt Piſenor's ſon,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In roſy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaſte,
With dear eſteem: too wiſe, with jealous ſtrife
To taint the joys of ſweet connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her ſervice ends,
A child ſhe nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilſt to his couch the prince himſelf addreſt,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple veſt:
The purple veſt with decent care diſpos'd,
The ſilver ring ſhe pull'd, the door cloſs'd;
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken cord,
To the ſtrong ſtaple's inmoſt depth reſtor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in ſilent ſhade,
Penſive, the rules the Goddeſs gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no reſt he knows,
And in his raptur'd ſoul the viſion glows.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Council of Ithaca.

but, in the aſſembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injuſtice done him by the ſuitors, and inſiſts their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare againſt them. ſuitors endeavour to juſtify their ſtay, at leaſt till he ſhall ſend the queen to the court of Icarius her father; b be refuſes. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the ſky, which an Augur expounds to be the of the ſuitors. Telemachus then demands a veſſel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire 's father's fortunes. Pallas, in the ſhape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulyſſes), helps him to a ſhip, r him in preparing neceſſaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the l day from the opening of the poem.
e continues in the palace of Ulyſſes in Ithaca.

Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Roſe anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his ſide,
Embroider'd ſandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd majeſtic as a God.
Then by his heralds, reſtleſs of delay,
To council calls his peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in ſolemn form th' aſſembly ſate,
From his high dome himſelf deſcends in ſtate.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin ſhin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: while diſtant ſtood
The hoary peers, and aged wiſdom bow'd.
'Twas ſilence all. At laſt Ægyptius ſpoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and ſorrows broke:
A length of days his ſoul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldeſt † hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulyſſes taught the path to fame;
But (hapleſs youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his ſpouting gore.
Three ſons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aſpires;
The reſt with duteous love his griefs aſſuage,
And eaſe the fire of half the cares of age.
Yet ſtill his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And, as he ſtood, he ſpoke and wept by turns:
Since great Ulyſſes ſought the Phrygian plains,
Within theſe walls inglorious ſilence reigns.
Say then, ye peers, by whoſe commands we meet!
Why here once more in ſolemn council ſit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cauſe diſcloſe:
Arrives ſome meſſage of invading foes?
Or ſay, does high neceſſity of ſtate
Inſpire ſome patriot, and demand debate?
The preſent ſynod ſpeaks its author wiſe;
Aſſiſt him, Jove, thou regent of the ſkies!
He ſpoke. Telemachus with tranſport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majeſtic roſe
(His royal hand, th' imperial ſceptre ſway'd);
Then thus, addreſſing to Egyptius, ſaid:
Reverend old man! lo here confeſt he ſtands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No ſtory I unfold of public woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the bleſt land, and joys inceſſant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my loſt ſire continual ſorrows ſpring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more; our houſe from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your ſons the foes;
Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;
Why ſeek they not the rich Icarian dome!
If ſhe muſt wed, from other hands require
The dowry: is Telemachus her ſire?
Yet through my court the noiſe of revel rings,
And waſte the wiſe frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury ſuffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours ſupplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot ſtill they grow,
Nor in the helpleſs orphan dread a foe.

† *Antiphus.*

But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! inſufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and vengeance ſleeps too long.
Riſe then, ye Peers! with virtuous anger riſe!
Your fame revere, but moſt th'avenging ſkies.
By all the deathleſs powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis, and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies,
Succeſs; and humbles, or confirms the wiſe.)
Riſe in my aid! ſuffice the tears that flow
For my loſt ſire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the ſword to ſtrengthen ill,
Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath aſſuage,
And bid the voice of lawleſs riot rage.
If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the ſpoilers, and our wealth conſume.
Then might we hope redreſs from juſter laws,
And raiſe all Ithaca to aid our cauſe:
But while your ſons commit th' unpuniſh'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too ſtrong.
While thus he ſpoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And daſh'd the imperial ſceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye,
The ſynod griev'd, and gave a pitying ſigh,
Then ſilent ſate—at length Antinoüs burns
With haughty rage, and ſternly thus returns:
O inſolence of youth! whoſe tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice diſplays thy mother's ſhame.
Elluſive of the bridal day, ſhe gives
Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the ſun, through heaven's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While ſhe, laborious in deluſion ſpread
The ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Where as to life the wonderous figures riſe,
Thus ſpoke th' inventive queen, with artful ſighs:
" Though cold in death Ulyſſes breathes no more,
" Ceaſe yet a while, to urge the bridal hour;
" Ceaſe, till to great Laërtes I bequeath
" A taſk of grief, her ornaments of death;
" Leſt when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
" The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
" When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
" Shall want in death a ſhroud to grace his ſhade."
Thus ſhe: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in Virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but, ſtudious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the ſun his annual journey made,
The conſcious lamp the midnight fraud ſurvey'd;
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.
We ſaw, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Then urg'd, ſhe perfects her illuſtrious toils;
A wonderous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear
(I ſpeak aloud, that every Greek may hear):
Diſmiſs the queen: and if her ſire approves,
Let him eſpouſe her to the peer ſhe loves;

Bid inſtant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her ſoul is bleſt,
And all Minerva breathes within her breaſt,
In wonderous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wiſdom crown'd;
Though Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boaſt of Fame)
Yet, thus by heaven adorn'd, by heaven's decree,
She ſhines with fatal excellence to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feaſt,
Till righteous heaven reclaim her ſtubborn breaſt.
What tho' from pole to pole reſounds her name,
The ſon's deſtruction waits the mother's fame:
For, till ſhe leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.
While yet he ſpeaks, Telemachus replies:
Ev'n nature ſtarts, and what ye aſk denies.
Thus, ſhall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While ſad on foreign ſhores Ulyſſes treads,
Or glides a ghoſt with unapparent ſhades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waſte undone, refund the dower?
How from my father ſhould I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curſe my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends ſhe cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends ariſe?
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's diſgrace, and human-kind my foe.
If this diſpleaſe, why urge ye here your ſtay?
Haſte from the court, ye ſpoilers, haſte away:
Waſte in wild riot, what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowls ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall bleed;
Judge and aſſert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal hoſt above,
(A ſacred oath) if heaven the power ſupply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.
With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they deſcend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind,
Above th' aſſembled peers they wheel on high
And clang their wings, and hov'ring beat the ſky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And, ſhrieking loud, denounce approaching Fate.
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood deſcend:
Then, ſailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full tow'rd the eaſt, and mount into the ſky.
The wondering rivals gaze with care-oppreſt,
And chilling horrors freeze in every breaſt.
Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,
The prince of augurs, Halitherſes, roſe:
Preſcient he view'd th' aërial tracks, and drew
A ſure preſage from every wing that flew.
Ye ſons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Deſtruction ſure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulyſſes comes, and death his ſteps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We and our guilty Ithaca muſt bleed.
Why ceaſe we then the wrath of heaven to ſtay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye Great! the way.
For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate;
I ſpeak from ſcience, and the voice is fate.
When great Ulyſſes fought the Phrygian ſhores!
To ſhake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven ſeal'd my words, and you thoſe deeds behold.
I ſee (I cry'd) his woes, a countleſs train;
I ſee his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from ſhore to ſhore he roams;
Now twice ten years are paſt, and now he comes!
To whom Eurymachus—Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wife dreams, and fables of the ſky.
Go prophecy at home; thy ſons adviſe:
Here thou art ſage in vain—I better read the ſkies.
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding ſtray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulyſſes lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that buſy head no broils ſuggeſt,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breaſt.
From him ſome bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And intereſt, not the God, thy voice inſpires.
His guideleſs youth, if thy experienc'd age
Miſled fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deſerv'd thy malice ſhall repreſs,
And but augment the wrongs thou wouldſt redreſs.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till ſhe retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O Prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy ſtores in waſte decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler ſuit we ceaſe;
For wealth and beauty leſs than virtue pleaſe.
To whom the youth: Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in ſilence let them dwell.
But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To Heaven, and all the Greeks, redreſs belongs,
Yet this I aſk, (nor be it aſk'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And ſeek my royal ſire from ſhore to ſhore:
If, or to Fame his doubtful Fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty ſhades; I meaſure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his conſort to the nuptial bed.
He ceas'd; and while the peers abaſh'd attend,
Mentor aroſe, Ulyſſes' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he fought the ſcenes of war,
" My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;
" Years roll'd on years my godlike ſire decay,
" Guard thou his age, and his beheſts obey.")
Stern as he roſe, he caſt his eyes around,
That flaſh'd with rage; and as he ſpoke, he frown'd:

O never, never more! let king be juſt,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his truſt!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppreſs, deſtroy, and be the ſcourge of God:
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So ſoon forgot, was juſt and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I ſhare;
Yet now the rivals are my ſmalleſt care:
They, for the mighty miſchiefs they deviſe,
Ere long ſhall pay—their forfeit lives the price.
But againſt you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my ſoul is mov'd with juſt diſdain!
Dumb ye all ſtand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.
While yet he ſpoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'ſt thou to riſe in arms, the Greeks, adviſe?
Join all your powers! in arms, ye Greeks, ariſe!
Yet would your powers in vain our ſtrength oppoſe!
The valiant few o'ermatch an hoſt of foes.
Should great Ulyſſes ſtern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breaſt his ſpouſe with tranſport flies,
Torn from her breaſt, that hour, Ulyſſes dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the veſſel, Mentor! be thy care,
And, Halitherſes! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the ſon attend.
But yet, I truſt, the boaſter means to ſtay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way.
Then, with a ruſhing ſound, th' aſſembly bend,
Diverſe their ſteps: the rival rout aſcend
The royal dome; while ſad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and ſorrowing treads the ſhores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he ſhed,
The royal ſuppliant to Minerva pray'd:
O Goddeſs! who deſcending from the ſkies
Vouchſaf'd thy preſence to my wondering eyes,
By whoſe commands the raging deeps I trace,
And ſeek my ſire thro' ſtorms and rolling ſeas!
Hear from thy heavens above, oh, warrior-maid!
Deſcend once more propitious to my aid.
Without thy preſence, vain is thy command:
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withſtand.
Indulgent to his prayer the Goddeſs took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor ſpoke.
O prince, in early youth divinely wiſe,
Born, the Ulyſſes of thy age to riſe!
If to the ſon the father's worth deſcends,
O'er the wide waves ſucceſs thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he ſtood prepar'd;
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wiſe ſons deſcendents of the wiſe,
And did not heroes from brave heroes riſe:
Vain were my hopes: few ſons attain the praiſe
Of their great ſires, and moſt their ſires diſgrace.
But ſince thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy ſoul inſpires:
Go, and ſucceed! the rivals aims deſpiſe;
For never, never, wicked man was wiſe.
Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall,
Death haſtes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with ſpeed we plough the watery way,
My power ſhall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged veſſel ſtudious I prepare,
Through ſeas and realms companions of thy care.
Thou to the court aſcend: and to the ſhores
(When night advances) bear the naval ſtores;
Bread, that decaying man with ſtrength ſupplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful ſorrow flies.
Mean while the mariners, by my command,
Shall ſpeed abroad, a valiant choſen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by veſſel veſſel rides;
The beſt I chooſe to waft thee o'er the tides.
She ſpoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And, as he moves, with royal anguiſh mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawleſs trains;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay ſlain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous preſt,
And, thus deriding, with a ſmile addreſt:
Grieve not, oh, daring prince! that noble heart:
Ill ſuits gay youth the ſtern heroic part;
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy ſoul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to eaſe thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the ſwelling tides.
Is this, returns the prince, for mirth a time?
When lawleſs gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luſcious wines, diſhonour'd loſe their taſte;
The ſong is noiſe, and impious is the feaſt.
Suffice it to have ſpent with ſwift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wiſe inſtructions of the ſage,
And manly thoughts inſpir'd by manly age,
Teach me to ſeek redreſs for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle.—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your veſſels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I paſs the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow:
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.
He ſpoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to ſtay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and ſtrode away.
Mean time, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feaſt,
Deriſive taunts were ſpread from gueſt to gueſt,
And each in jovial mood his mate addreſt:
Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the ſtern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand ſupplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyre with poiſons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?
Or, who can ſay (his gameſome mate replies)
But, while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his ſire, may ſink depriv'd of breath,
And puniſh us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To ſeize his treaſures, and divide his ſtate,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal day!
Mean time the lofty rooms the prince ſurveys,
Where lay the treaſures of th' Ithacian race;
Here ruddy braſs and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There poliſh'd cheſts embroider'd veſtures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There caſks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome
(Pure flavorous wine, by Gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feaſts of heaven).
Untouch'd they ſtood, till, his long labours o'er,
The great Ulyſſes reach'd his native ſhore.

A double ſtrength of bars ſecur'd the gates:
Full by the door the wiſe Euryclea waits:
Eurycles, who, great Ops! thy lineage ſhar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince: O thou, whoſe guardian care
Nurs'd the moſt wretched king that breathes the air;
Untouch'd and ſacred may theſe veſſels ſtand,
Till great Ulyſſes views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd;
Next theſe in worth, and firm thoſe urns be ſeal'd;
And twice ten meaſures of the choiceſt flour
Prepar'd, ere yet deſcends the evening hour.
For when the favouring ſhades of night ariſe,
And peaceful ſlumbers cloſe my mother's eyes,
Me from our coaſts ſhall ſpreading ſails convey,
To ſeek Ulyſſes through the watery way.
While yet he ſpoke, ſhe fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my ſon? ſhe cry'd,
To realms that rocks and roaring ſeas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all muſt periſh, and by fraud you die! [main;
Then ſtay, my child! ſtorms beat, and rolls the
Oh, beat thoſe ſtorms, and roll the ſeas in vain!
Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driven:
Heaven calls me forth! theſe counſels are of Heaven.
But, by the powers that hate the perjur'd, ſwear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
Till twice ſix times deſcends the lamp of day;
Leſt the ſad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief deſtroy what time a while would ſpare.
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Atteſts th' all-ſeeing Sovereign of the ſkies.
Then ſtudious ſhe prepares the choiceſt flour,
The ſtrength of wheat, and wines an ample ſtore.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial Goddeſs with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and ſize,
With ſpeed divine from ſtreet to ſtreet ſhe flies,
She bids the mariners, prepar'd, to ſtand,
When night deſcends, embody'd on the ſtrand.
Then to Noëmon ſwift ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
And aſks a bark: the chief a bark ſupplies.
And now declining with his ſloping wheels,
Down ſunk the ſun behind the weſtern hills.
The Goddeſs ſhow'd the veſſels from the ſhores,
And ſtow'd within its womb the naval ſtores.
Full in the openings of the ſpacious main
It rides; and now deſcends the ſailor-train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid ſtep the Goddeſs urg'd her way!
There every eye with ſlumberous chains ſhe bound,
And daſh'd the flowing goblet to the ground,
Drowſy they roſe, with heavy fumes oppreſt,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to reſt.
Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.
Lo! on the ſeas, prepar'd the veſſel ſtands,
Th' impatient mariner thy ſpeed demands.
Swift as ſhe ſpoke, with rapid pace ſhe leads;
The footſteps of the Deity he treads.
Swift to the ſhore they move: along the ſtrand
The ready veſſel rides, the ſailors ready ſtand
He bids them bring their ſtores; th' attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The Prince and Goddeſs to the ſtern aſcend;
To the ſtrong ſtroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the weſt ſhe bids freſh breezes blow;
The ſable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command!
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the ſpreading ſails
Bow the tall maſt, and ſwell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting ſurge divides,
And to the ſtern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ſhip their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the powers divine:
Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
But chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they ſtem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Neſtor.

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the ſhape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Neſtor and his ſons are ſacrificing on the ſea-ſhore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occaſion of his coming; and Neſtor relates what paſt in their return from Troy, how their fleets were ſeparated, and he never ſince heard of Ulyſſes. They diſcourſe concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Oreſtes, and the injuries of the ſuitors. Neſtor adviſes him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The ſacrifice ended with the night, Minerva vaniſhes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemach is lodged in the palace. The next morning they ſacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Piſiſtratus.

The ſcene lies on the ſea-ſhore of Pylos.

The ſacred ſun, above the waters rais'd,
Through heav'ns eternal brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coaſt of Pyle the veſſel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, ſuppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians ſtood.
Each held five hundred (a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the ſand lay ſlain.
They take the entrails, and the altars load
With ſmoking thighs, an offering to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacenſians ſtand,
And furl their ſails, and iſſue on the land.
Telemachus already preſt the ſhore;
Not firſt, the Power of Wiſdom march'd before,
And, ere the ſacrificing throng he join'd,
Admoniſh'd thus his well-attending mind:
Proceed, my ſon! this youthful ſhame expel;
An honeſt buſineſs never bluſh to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched ſire detain,
We paſs'd the wide immeaſurable main
Meet then the ſenior far renown'd for ſenſe,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And ſure he will: for Wiſdom never lies.
Oh, tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modeſty reply'd)
How ſhall I meet, or how accoſt the ſage,
Unſkill'd in ſpeech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the taſk appears,
To queſtion wiſely men of riper years.
To whom the martial Goddeſs thus rejoin'd:
Search, for ſome thoughts, thy own ſuggeſting mind,
And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall riſe ſpontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unproſperous ſhall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heaven thy friend.
She ſpoke, and led the way with ſwifteſt ſpeed:
As ſwift, the youth purſued the way ſhe led;
And join'd the band before the ſacred fire,
Where ſate, encompaſt with his ſons, the ſire.
The youth of Pylos, ſome on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, ſome prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown gueſts, and at the banquet place.
Piſiſtratus was firſt, to graſp their hands,
And ſpread ſoft hides upon the yellow ſands;
Along the ſhore th' illuſtrious pair he led,
Where Neſtor ſate with youthful Thraſymed.
To each a portion of the feaſt he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then firſt aproaching to the elder gueſt,
The latent Goddeſs in theſe words addreſt:
Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
The firſt it fits, oh ſtranger! to prepare
Thee due libation and the ſolemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to ſhed the ſacred wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want: a miſerable race!
He ſpake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A ſecret pleaſure touch'd Athena's ſoul,
To ſee the preference due to ſacred age
Regarded ever by the juſt and ſage.
Of Ocean's king ſhe then implores the grace;
Oh, thou! whoſe arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wiſh, and let thy glory ſhine
On Neſtor firſt, and Neſtor's royal line:
Next grant the Pylian ſtates their juſt deſires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's aſcending fires;
Laſt deign Telemachus and me to bleſs,
And crown our voyage with deſir'd ſucceſs.
Thus ſhe; and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulyſſes' ſon the roſy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims dreſt
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feaſt.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleaſing conference began:
Now, gentle gueſts! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to aſk you, what your native ſhore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, ſay
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relate (if buſineſs, or the thirſt of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathleſs main:
Where ſavage pirates ſeek through ſeas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own.
Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddeſs given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas deſtin'd to be wiſe
And fam'd among the ſons of men, replies:
Inquir'ſt thou, father! from what coaſt we came
(Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'erarching ſhades and pendent woods,
Us to theſe ſhores our filial duty draws,
A private ſorrow, not a public cauſe.
My ſire I ſeek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulyſſes: fam'd from ſhore to ſhore
For valour much, for hardy ſuffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall,
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reſerv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hoſtile fury ſlain,
Or ſunk by tempeſts in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppreſt with tender fears,
Lo! at thy knee his ſuppliant ſon appears.
If o'er thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark ſtory clear
And, oh! whate'er heaven deſtin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery ſmooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I ſtand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to ſuffer and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years war
The wiſe, the good Ulyſſes claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy ſword,
True in his deed, and conſtant to his word:
Far as thy mind through backward time can ſee,
Search all thy ſtores of faithful memory:
'Tis ſacred Truth I aſk, and aſk of thee.
To him experienc'd Neſtor thus rejoin'd:
O friend! what ſorrows doſt thou bring to mind
Shall I the long laborious ſcene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by ſea! where dark in queſt of prey
Dauntleſs we rov'd, Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, ſuch heroes ſunk to night:

Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
wife Patroclus, fill an early grave:
too my ſon—ah, once my beſt delight,
wift of foot, and terrible in fight;
m ſtern courage with ſoft virtue join'd,
leſs body, and a blameleſs mind:
hus—what more can I relate?
ace the tedious ſeries of our fate?
ed years on years my taſk could cloſe,
g hiſtorian of my country's woes:
thy native iſland might'ſt thou ſail,
ve half-heard the melancholy tale.
inful years on that deteſted ſhore,
ratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
during on, till ſcarce at laſt we found
ve propitious, and our conqueſt crown'd.
the reſt thy mighty father ſhin'd,
n prudence, and in force of mind.
the ſon of that illuſtrious ſire?
I graſp thee, and with love admire.
our voices, and your words ſo wiſe,
ls thee younger muſt conſult his eyes.
and I were one; nor vary'd ought
ſentence, or in private thought;
council or th' aſſembly came,
ıal ſouls, and ſentiments the ſame.
n (by Wiſdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
their ſhips the conquering Greeks re-
ırn'd:
od's high will the victors to divide,
ı th' event, confounding human pride:
deſtroy'd, ſome ſcatter'd as the duſt,
were prudent, and not all were juſt).
ſcord, ſent by Pallas from above,
ghter of the great avenger Jove,
her-kings inſpir'd with fell debate;
'd to council all th' Achaian ſtate,
d untimely (not the ſacred rite
, nor heedful of the ſetting light,
ld ſworn the aſſiſon to proclaim).
h'debauch a reeling tribe they came.
the cauſe of meeting they explain,
nelaüs moves to croſs the main;
ne king of men: he will'd to ſtay:
ered rites and hecatombs to pay,
m Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to
ate!
ls not lightly change their love, or hate.
ful taunts each other they oppoſe,
ud tumult all the Greeks aroſe.
ferent counſels every breaſt divide;
rns with rancour to the adverſe ſide;
uiet night ſtrange projects entertain'd
, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
the riſing morn our ſhips unmoor'd,
ught our captives and our ſtores aboard;
the people with reſpect obey'd
g of men, and at his bidding ſtay'd.
the wings of winds our courſe we keep
d had ſmooth'd the waters of the deep;
edos we ſpread our eager oars,
nd, and pay due victims to the Powers:
our ſafe return we join in prayer;
y Jove diſpers'd our vows in air,
'd new diſcord. Then (ſo Heaven de-
reed)
rſt and Neſtor diſagreed;

Wiſe as he was, by various counſels ſway'd,
He there, though late, to pleaſe the monarch,
But I, determin'd, ſtem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haſte;
And Menelaüs came, but came the laſt.
He join'd our veſſels in the Leſbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The ſafer road) beſide the Pſyrian iſle;
Or the ſtraight courſe to rocky Chios plough,
And anchor under Mimas's ſhaggy brow?
We ſought direction of the Power divine:
The God propitious gave the guiding ſign;
Through the mild ſeas he bid our navy ſteer,
And in Eubœa ſhun the woes we fear.
The whiſtling winds already wak'd the ſky;
Before the whiſtling winds the veſſels fly,
With rapid ſwiftneſs cut the liquid way,
And reach Gereſtus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune ſlain,
High-flaming pleaſe the monarch of the main.
The fourth day ſhone, when all their labours o'er,
Tydides' veſſels touch'd the wiſh'd-for ſhore.
But I to Pylos ſcud before the gales,
The Gods ſtill breathing on my ſwelling ſails;
Separate from all, I ſafely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I ſate,
And aſk'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
Safe reach'd the Myrmaidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike ſon's command.
Thoſe, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And thoſe whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, ſecurely croſt the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coaſt,
And how his life by fraud and force he loſt,
And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands ſo diſtant from that ſcene of death
But trembling heard the fame; and, heard, admire
How well the ſon appeas'd the ſlaughter'd ſire!
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjuſtly bleed,
Heaven gives poſterity, t' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægyſthus; and may'ſt thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy ſire deſcend)
Make future time thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Oreſtes was before!
The prudent youth reply'd: O thou the grace
And laſting glory of the Grecian race!
Juſt was the vengeance, and to lateſt days
Shall long poſterity reſound the praiſe.
Some God this arm with equal proweſs bleſs!
And the proud ſuitors ſhall its force confeſs:
Injurious men! who while my ſoul is ſore
Of freſh affronts, are meditating more.
But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor ſhall my father repoſſeſs the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the ſad ſon's to ſuffer and to mourn?
Thus he; and Neſtor took the word: My ſon
Is it then true, as diſtant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with inſults and alarms?

Say, is the fault through tame ſubmiſſion thine?
Or, leagued againſt thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by ſome oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening fate lies in
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted ſtate;
When great Ulyſſes ſhall ſuppreſs theſe harms,
Ulyſſes ſingly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy ſon will, as the father, aid,
(Whoſe ſame and ſafety was her conſtant care
In every danger, and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour ſhine
With rays ſo ſtrong, diſtinguiſh'd, and divine,
As thoſe with which Minerva mark'd thy ſire,
So might ſhe love thee, ſo thy ſoul inſpire!
Soon ſhould their hopes in humble duſt be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.
Ah! no ſuch hope (the prince with ſighs replies)
Can touch my breaſt; that bleſſing Heaven denies.
Ev'n by celeſtial favour were it given,
Fortune or Fate will croſs the will of Heaven.
What words are theſe, and what imprudence thine?
(Thus interpos'd the martial Maid divine)
Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above
With eaſe can ſave each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundleſs grace:
Nor loſt in time, nor circumſcrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many ſorrows paſt,
Long labouring gains his natal ſhore at laſt:
Than who, too ſpeedy, haſtes to end his life
By ſome ſtern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miſs,
And all is poſſible to Heaven, but this.
The beſt, the deareſt favourite of the ſky
Muſt taſte that cup, for man is born to die.
Thus check'd, reply'd Ulyſſes' prudent heir:
Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more muſt draw his country's breath,
Already ſnatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death!
Paſs we to other ſubjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable ſage
(Who thrice has ſeen the periſhable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages ſhin'd
Like Gods majeſtic, and like Gods in mind),
For much he knows, and juſt concluſions draws,
From various precedents, and various laws.
O ſon of Neleus! awful Neſtor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?
By what ſtrange fraud Ægyſthus wrought, relate
(By force he could not) ſuch a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps ſome foreign ſhore to tread;
Or ſure Ægyſthus had not dar'd the deed.
To whom the full of days: Illuſtrious youth!
Attend (though partly thou haſt gueſt) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcaſe from the ſkies,
Nor Grecian virgins ſhriek'd his obſequies.
But fowls obſcene diſmember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the work of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, ſtretch'd at eaſe in Argos' calm recleſs,
Whoſe ſtately ſteeds luxuriant paſtures bleſs)
With flattery's inſinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poiſon'd all her heart.
At firſt, with worthy ſhame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawleſs ſuit deny'd.
For virtue's image yet poſſeſt her mind,
Taught by a maſter of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
Conſign'd the youthful conſort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preſerv'd her long
In honour's limits; ſuch the power of ſong.
But when the Gods theſe objects of their hate
Dragg'd to deſtruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they baniſh'd from his native ſoil,
And left all helpleſs in a deſert iſle;
There he, the ſweeteſt of the ſacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but ſung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to luſt a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple ſtalk'd th' adulterous ſpouſe,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
Mean time from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, through the curling ſea.
But when to Sunium's ſacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of the Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
(Phrontes, of all the ſons of men admir'd
To ſteer the bounding bark with ſteady toil,
When the ſtorm thickens, and the billows boil):
While yet he exercis'd the ſteerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Even with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whoſe honours to the ſhades of hell,
We check'd our haſte, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites diſcharg'd, our courſe we keep
Far on the gloomy boſom of the deep:
Soon as Malæa's miſty tops ariſe,
Sudden the Thunderer blackens all the ſkies,
And the winds whiſtle, and the ſurges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obſcure the pole.
The tempeſt ſcatters and divides our fleet:
Part the ſtorm urges on the coaſt of Crete,
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The ſtreams of Jardan iſſue to the main.
There ſtands a rock, high eminent and ſteep,
Whoſe ſhaggy brow o'erhangs the ſhady deep.
And views Gortyna on the weſtern ſide,
On this rough Auſter drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;
Thus ſav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæſtan ſhores,
With ſhatter'd veſſels, and diſabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters toſt,
Far from their fellows on the Ægyptian coaſt.
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign ſhores,
Amaſſing gold, and gathering naval ſtores;
While curſt Ægyſthus the deteſted deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ ſway'd,
And his ſtern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens, to his realm reſtor'd,
Oreſtes brandiſh'd the revenging ſword,

Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile aſſaſſin, and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs ceaſe,
Return'd Atrides to the coaſt of Greece.
And ſafe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treaſure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my ſon, beware! nor idly ſtand
Too long a ſtranger to thy native land;
Leſt heedleſs abſence wear thy wealth away,
While lawleſs feaſters in thy palace ſway;
Perhaps may ſeize thy realm, and ſhare the
And thou return with diſappointed toil, [ſpoil;
From thy vain journey, to a rifled iſle.
Howe'er my friend, indulge one labour more,
And ſeek Atrides on the Spartan ſhore.
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has ſurvey'd;
And meaſur'd tracts unknown to other ſhips
Amid the monſtrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded ſky,
Which ſcarce the ſea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ſhip and ſailors but for orders ſtay;
Or, if by land thou chooſe thy courſe to bend,
My ſteeds, my chariots, and my ſons attend:
Thee to Atrides they ſhall ſafe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And ſure he will; for Menelaus is wiſe.
Thus while he ſpeaks, the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And twilight grey her evening ſhade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd Maid: O full of days!
Wiſe are thy words; and juſt are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the Powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And ſoft approach the balmy hours of ſleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feaſt,
Timeleſs, indecent, but retire to reſt.
So ſpake Jove's daughter, the celeſtial Maid.
The ſober train attended and obey'd.
The ſacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows;
While to the final ſacrifice they roſe.
The tongues they caſt upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the conſecrated ſtream.
And now, their thirſt by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian Maid,
Propoſe departure from the finiſh'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to paſs the night;
But this the hoſpitable ſage deny'd.
Forbid it, Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd ſon to ſend
Of ſuch a hero, and of ſuch a friend!
Me, as ſome needy peaſant, would ye leave,
Whom Heaven denies the bleſſing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boaſt imperial ſway,
When beds of royal ſtate invite your ſtay?
No—long as life this mortal ſhall inſpire,
Or as my children imitate their ſire,
Here ſhall the wandering ſtranger find his home,
And hoſpitable rites adorn the dome.
Well haſt thou ſpoke, (the blue-ey'd Maid replies)
Belov'd old man! benevolent as wiſe,
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus perſuade:
He to thy palace ſhall thy ſteps purſue;
I to the ſhip to give the orders due.
Preſcribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone ſuſtain their naval cares,
Who boaſt experience from theſe ſilver hairs;
All youths the reſt, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the veſſel ſhall I paſs the night;
And ſoon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy gueſt, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy ſtrong courſers ſwift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy ſon companion of his way.
Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And ſoars an eagle through the liquid ſkies.
Viſion divine! the throng'd ſpectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and ſtill amaze.
But chief the reverend ſage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and ſpoke:
Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the ſkies,
Diſtinguiſh'd care of guardian Deities!
Whoſe early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For lo! none other of the court above
Than ſhe, the daughter of Almighty Jove,
Pallas herſelf, the war-triumphant maid,
Confeſt is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddeſs! ſo propitious ſhine
On me, my conſort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name ſhall ſmoke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whoſe budding honours ductile gold adorns.
Submiſſive thus the hoary ſire preferr'd
His holy vows the favouring Goddeſs heard.
Then, ſlowly riſing, o'er the ſandy ſpace
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long proceſſion) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His ſons and grandſons the wide circle grac'd.
To theſe the hoſpitable ſage, in ſign
Of ſocial welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing caſk reſtor'd to light,
By ten long years reſin'd, and roſy-bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And ſprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And ſlept beneath the pompous colonnade;
Faſt by his ſide Piſiſtratus lay ſpread,
(In age his equal) on a ſplendid bed:
But in an inner court, ſecurely clos'd,
The reverend Neſtor and his queen repos'd.
When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early roſe, walk'd forth, and ſate
On poliſh'd ſtone before his palace-gate:
With unguents ſmooth the lucid marble ſhone,
Where ancient Neleus ſate, a ruſtic throne;
But he deſcending to th' infernal ſhade,
Sage Neſtor ſill'd it, and the ſceptre ſway'd.

His ſons around him mild obeiſance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
Firſt Echephron and Stratius quit their bed:
Then Perſeus, Aretus, and Thraſymed;
The laſt, Piſiſtratus aroſe from reſt:
They came, and near him plac'd the ſtranger-gueſt.
To theſe the ſenior thus declar'd his will:
My ſons! the dictates of your ſire fulfil.
To Pallas, firſt of Gods, prepare the feaſt,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal gueſt.
Let one, diſpatchful, bid ſome ſwain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the graſſy mead;
One ſeek the harbour where the veſſels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! aſhore
(Leave only two the galley to attend);
Another to Laerceus muſt we ſend,
Artiſt divine, whoſe ſkilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfuſile gold.
The reſt may here the pious duty ſhare,
And bid the handmaids for the feaſt prepare,
The ſeats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living ſpring.
He ſaid, and buſy each his care beſtow'd:
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacenſian crew,
The dextrous ſmith the tools already drew:
His ponderous hammer, and his anvil ſound,
And the ſtrong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva abſent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the ſight.
With reverend hand the king preſents the gold,
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd,
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And caniſters of conſecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The axe was held by warlike Thraſymed,
In act to ſtrike: before him Perſeus ſtood,
The vaſe extending to receive the blood.
The king himſelf initiates to the Power,
Scatters with quivering hand the ſacred flour,
And the ſtream ſprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
And ſacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thraſymed diſcharg'd the ſpeeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down ſunk the heavy beaſt: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a ſhrilling ſound.
Nor ſcorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,
(The firſt-born ſhe, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Neſtor lov'd, of ſpotleſs fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name).
From earth they rear him, ſtruggling now with death;
And Neſtor's youngeſt ſtops the vents of breath.
The ſoul for ever flies; on all ſides round
Streams the black blood, and ſmokes upon the ground.
The beaſt they then divide, and diſunite
The ribs and limbs, obſervant of the rite:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
The ſacred ſage before his altar ſtands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aſpire;
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire,
The thighs now ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and broil the reſt.
While theſe officious tend the rites divine,
The laſt fair branch of the Neſtorean line,
Sweet Polycaſte, took the pleaſing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery veſt he threw,
And iſſued, like a God, to mortal view.
His former ſeat behind the king he found
(His people's father with his peers around);
All plac'd at eaſe the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirſt and hunger now ſuppreſt,
The monarch turns him to his royal gueſt;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The ſmooth-hair'd horſes, and the rapid car,
Obſervant of his word; the word ſcarce ſpoke,
The ſons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And preſents, ſuch as ſuit the ſtate of kings.
The glittering ſeat Telemachus aſcends;
His faithful guide Piſiſtratus attends;
With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmok'd along the field.
The towers of Pylos ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till cloſe of day:
Then ſunk the ſun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' ſtately ſeat
(Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
His houſe affords the hoſpitable rite,
And pleas'd they ſleep (the bleſſing of the night)
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the ſounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:
Then ſlowly ſunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the ſhaded landſcape ruſh'd the night.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conference with Menelaus.

Telemachus with Piſiſtratus arriving at Sparta, is hoſpitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cauſe of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks ſince the deſtruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulyſſes is detained in the iſland of Calypſo.

In the mean time the ſuitors conſult to deſtroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is appriſed of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the ſhape of her ſiſter Iphthima.

And now proud Sparta with their wheels reſounds:
Sparta, whoſe walls a range of hills ſurrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where fate Atrides, 'midſt his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bleſs his ſons and daughters nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' ſon reſign'd,
Hermione the faireſt of the kind,
Was ſent to crown the long-protracted joy;
Eſpous'd before the final doom of Troy:
With ſteeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's diſtant reign.
Mean while at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a ſtol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore:
To Helen's bed the Gods alone aſſign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,
Reſembling Venus in attractive ſtate.
While this gay friendly troop the king ſurround,
With feſtival and mirth the roofs reſound:
A bard amid the joyous circle ſings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal ſtrings;
Whilſt, warbling to the varied ſtrain, advance
Two ſprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that, iſſuing through the palace gate,
The ſplendid car roll'd ſlow in regal ſtate:
On the bright eminence young Neſtor ſhone,
And faſt beſide him great Ulyſſes' ſon:
Grave Eteoneus ſaw the pomp appear,
And, ſpeeding, thus addreſt the royal ear:
Two youths approach, whoſe ſemblant features prove
Their blood devolving from the ſource of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or muſt they bend
Their doubtful courſe to ſeek a diſtant friend?
Inſenſate! (with a ſigh the king replies)
Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wiſe;
But ſure relentleſs folly ſteels thy breaſt,
Obdurate to reject the ſtranger-gueſt;
To thoſe dear hoſpitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft reliev'd my woe:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till pitying Jove my native realm reſtor'd—
Straight be the courſers from the car releaſt,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feaſt.
The ſeneſchal rebuk'd in haſte withdrew;
With equal haſte a menial train purſue;
Part led the courſers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choiceſt grain ſurcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profuſely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vaſt delight;
Reſplendent as the blaze of ſummer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend:
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, deſcend;
Where a bright damſel-train attend the gueſts
With liquid odours, and embroider'd veſts.
Refreſh'd, they wait them to the bower of ſtate,
Where circled with his peers Atrides ſate:
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The pureſt product of the cryſtal ſprings;
High on a maſſy vaſe of ſilver mold,
The burniſh'd laver flames with ſolid gold;
In ſolid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a ſecond banquet roſe.
When thus the king with hoſpitable port:—
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waſte of nature let the feaſt repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare;
Say from what ſcepter'd anceſtry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathleſs fame?
For vulgar parents cannot ſtamp their race
With ſignatures of ſuch majeſtic grace.
Ceaſing, benevolent he ſtraight aſſigns
The royal portion of the choiceſt chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haſte
They ſhare the honours of the rich repaſt.
Suffic'd, ſoft-whiſpering thus to Neſtor's ſon,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
View'ſt thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd moſt!
Theſe prodigies of art, and wondrous coſt!
Above, beneath, around the palace ſhines
The ſumleſs treaſure of exhauſted mines:
The ſpoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And ſtudded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.
The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd:
Preſumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove conteſt,
Unchang'd, immortal, and ſupremely bleſt!
With all my affluence, when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchaſe dearly paid.
For eight ſlow-circling years by tempeſt toſt,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coaſt

(Sidon the capital), I ſtretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmoſt bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian ſhore:
Then warp my voyage on the ſouthern gales,
O'er the warm Lybian wave to ſpread my ſails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offſpring bear;
And two fair creſcents of tranſlucent horn
The brows of all their young increaſe adorn:
The ſhepherd ſwains, with ſure abundance bleſt,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feaſt;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every ſeaſon fills the foaming pail.
Whilſt, heaping unwiſh'd wealth I diſtant roam;
The beſt of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitreſs wife,
Ends the ſad evening of a ſtormy life:
Whence with inceſſant grief my ſoul annoy'd,
Theſe riches are poſſeſs'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a ſack'd palace, and barbaric ſpoils.
Oh! had the Gods ſo large a boon deny'd,
And life, the juſt equivalent, ſupply'd
To thoſe brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cauſe expir'd!
Still in ſhort intervals of pleaſing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But, oh! Ulyſſes—deeper than the reſt
That ſad idea wounds my anxious breaſt!
My heart bleeds freſh with agonizing pain;
The bowl and taſteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor ſleep's ſoft power can cloſe my ſtreaming eyes,
When imag'd to my ſoul his ſorrows riſe.
No peril in my cauſe he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equal'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him to ſuffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on ſome friendleſs coaſt,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a penſive ghoſt,
No fame reveals; but, doubtful of his doom,
His good old ſire with ſorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling ſteps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaſte partner of his bed and throne
Waſtes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
While thus pathetic to the prince he ſpoke,
From the brave youth the ſtreaming paſſion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repreſt,
His face he ſhrouded with his purple veſt:
The conſcious monarch pierc'd the coy diſguiſe,
And view'd his filial love with vaſt ſurprize:
Dubious to preſs the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.
In this ſuſpenſe bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The ſilver-ſhafted Goddeſs of the chace!
The ſeat of majeſty Adraſte brings,
With art illuſtrious, for the pomp of kings;
To ſpread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of ſofteſt woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A ſilver caniſter, divinely wrought,
In her ſoft hands the beauteous Phylo brought;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vaſe
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whoſe ſovereign ſway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atrides came, careſt
With vaſt munificence th' imperial gueſt;
Two lavers from the richeſt ore refin'd,
With ſilver tripods, the kind hoſt aſſign'd:
And bounteous from the royal treaſure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, conſort of his high command,
A golden diſtaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vaſe, with living ſculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought:
The ſilken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The ſovereign ſeat then Jove-born Helen preſs'd,
And pleaſing thus her ſcepter'd lord addreſs'd:
Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd,
Hear me the bodings of my breaſt unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The features of the Ulyſſean race:
Diffus'd o'er each reſembling line appear,
In juſt ſimilitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bleſt Ulyſſes with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their ſocial arms,
T' avenge the ſtain of my ill-fated charms!
Juſt is thy thought, the king aſſenting cries,
Methinks Ulyſſes ſtrikes my wondering eyes:
Full ſhines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his ſhape, the ſame:
Such quick regards his ſparkling eyes beſtow:
Such wavy ringlets o'er his ſhoulders flow!
And when he heard the long diſaſtrous ſtore
Of cares, which in my cauſe Ulyſſes bore;
Diſmay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above reſtraint the tide of ſorrow roſe:
Cautious to let the guſhing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
See there conſeſt, Piſiſtratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wiſe!
Of that heroic ſire the youth is ſprung,
But modeſt awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue,
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.
With him at Neſtor's high command I came,
Whoſe age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverſe deſtiny conſtrain'd to ſue
For counſel and redreſs he ſues to you.
Whatever ill the friendleſs orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still muſt the wrong'd Telemachus ſuſtain,
If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.
Is Sparta bleſt, and theſe deſiring eyes
View my friend's ſon? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whoſe ſword was ſacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirror of conſtant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!—
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,

reek an equal ſpace had e'er poſſeſt,
ear affection in my grateful breaſt,
confirm the mutual joys we ſhar'd,
is abode a capital prepar'd;
s the ſeat of ſovereign rule I choſe;
in the plan the future palace roſe,
re my Ulyſſes and his race might reign,
portion to his tribes the wide domain.
em my vaſſals had reſign'd a ſoil,
teeming plenty to reward their toil.
e with commutual zeal we both had ſtrove
s of dear benevolence and love:
ers in peace, not rivals in command,
death alone diſſolv'd the friendly band!
envious Power the bliſsful ſcene deſtroys;
h'd are all the viſionary joys:
ſoul of friendſhip to my hope is loſt,
to wander from this natal coaſt!
ceas'd; a guſt of grief began to riſe,
reams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
om the fire the filial ſorrows flow;
weeping monarch ſwells the mighty woe:
heeks, Piſiſtratus, the tears bedew,
pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
artial † brother: on the Phrygian plain
led pale, by ſwarthy Memnon ſlain!
ence from the ſon of Neſtor broke,
melting with fraternal pity, ſpoke:
quent, O king, was Neſtor wont to raiſe
harm attention with thy copious praiſe:
wn thy various gifts, the ſage aſſign'd
lory of a firm capacious mind;
hat ſuperior attribute control
navailing impotence of ſoul.
t your roof with echoing grief reſound,
r the feaſt the friendly bowl is crown'd;
en, from dewy ſhade emerging bright,
ſtreaks the ſky with orient light,
h deplore his deed: the rites of woe
, alas! the living can beſtow:
e congenial duſt injoin'd to ſhear
aceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
my brother's ghoſt a warrior's due,
ourn the brave Antilochus, a name
recorded in the rolls of Fame:
rength and ſpeed ſuperior form'd in fight
the foe, or intercept his flight:
ly ſnatch'd by Fate, ere known to me!
a witneſs of his worth in thee.
g and mature! (the monarch thus rejoins,)
renew'd the ſoul of Neſtor ſhines:
by the care of that conſummate ſage,
bloom an oracle of age.
er his influence Jove vouchſafes to ſhower
s the natal, and the nuptial hour;
e great ſire tranſmiſſive to the race,
on devolving gives diſtinguiſh'd grace.
appy Neſtor! was thy glorious doom,
thee, full of years, thy offſpring bloom,
of arms, and prudent in debate;
ts of heaven to guard thy hoary ſtate.
w let each becalm his troubled breaſt,
and partake ſerene the friendly feaſt.
e thy ſuit, Telemachus, delay,
aven's revolving lamp reſtores the day.

† *Antilochus.*

He ſaid, Aſphalion ſwift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful ſprings:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen guſt the ſavoury viands ſhare.
Mean time, with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of ſovereign uſe, t' aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful ſluices of Deſpair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All ſenſe of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, oppreſs'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet, a mangled corſe;
From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful ſcene.
Theſe drugs, ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who ſway'd the ſceptre, where prolific Nile
With various ſimples clothes the fatten'd ſoil.
With wholeſome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon ſprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t' inſpire the feaſt,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addreſt:
'Thron'd in omnipotence, ſupremeſt Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm ſanction of his ſovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feaſtful mirth be this white hour aſſign'd;
And ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Myſelf, aſſiſting in the ſocial joy,
Will tell Ulyſſes' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witneſs of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who ſaw) his wonders in the war.
Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own ſabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village-ſlave,
The foe deceiv'd, he paſs'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hoſtile train.
In this attire ſecure from ſearching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark diſguiſe
The chief I challeng'd; he, whoſe practis'd wit
Knew all the ſerpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my ſearch: but when his form I view'd
Freſh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dreſs'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confeſs'd.
A previous pledge of ſacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his ſtay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war againſt the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the ſecrets of the ſtate,
He learn'd what beſt might urge the Dardan fate:
And, ſafe returning to the Grecian hoſt,
Sent many a ſhade to Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Loud grief reſounded through the towers of Troy
But my pleas'd boſom glow'd with ſecret joy:
For then, with dire remorſe and conſcious ſhame,
I view'd th' effects of that diſaſtrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Conſtrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And of't in bitterneſs of ſoul deplor'd
My abſent daughter, and my dearer lord;

Admir'd among the firſt of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace.
Right well, reply'd the king, your ſpeech diſplays
The matchleſs merit of the chief you praiſe:
Heroes in various climes myſelf have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:
But Ithacus unrival'd, in his claim,
May boaſt a title to the loudeſt fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid ſtorm,
Wiſe to reſolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vaſt fabric of the ſteed we rear'd!
Some Dæmon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deïphobus to come,
T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th' inſidious pile:
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their ſpouſes ſpoke:
The pleaſing ſounds each latent warrior warm'd
But moſt Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the ſteed we both impatient preſs,
Threatening to anſwer from the dark receſs.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love reſtrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning ſoul:
Ulyſſes ſtraight, with indignation fir'd,
(For ſo the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
Mean time Minerva, from the fraudful horſe,
Back to the court of Priam bent your courſe.
Inclement Fate! Telemachus replies,
Frail is the boaſted attribute of wiſe:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar hoſt,
Is in the common maſs of matter loſt!
But now let ſleep the painful waſte repair
Of ſad reflection, and corroding care.
He ceas'd: the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of ſtate;
Beneath an ample portico, they ſpread
The downy fleece to form the ſlumberous bed;
And o'er ſoft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapeſtry, ſtiff with interwoven gold:
Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy reſt
Th' obſequious herald guides each princely gueſt:
While to his regal bower the king aſcends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dreſt,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roſeate eaſt,
The monarch roſe; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his veſt he threw:
The glittering zone athwart his ſhoulder caſt,
A ſtarry falchion low-depending grac'd;
Claſp'd on his feet th' embroider'd ſandals ſhine;
And forth he moves, majeſtic and divine:
Inſtant to young Telemachus he preſs'd,
And thus benevolent his ſpeech addreſs'd:
Say, royal youth, ſincere of ſoul, report
What cauſe hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domeſtic cares conſtrain
This toilſome voyage o'er the ſurgy main?
O highly-favoured delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A ſuppliant to your royal court I come.
Our ſovereign ſeat a lewd uſurping race
With lawleſs riot and miſrule diſgrace;
To pamper'd inſolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choiceſt of the ſtall:
For wild ambition wings their bold deſire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aſpire.
But proſtrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful ſeries of my father's fate:
Each known diſaſter of the man diſcloſe,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with ſtoried grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulyſſes, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils atteſt,
To the fire's merit give the ſon's requeſt.
Deep from his inmoſt ſoul Atrides ſigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
Heavens! would a ſoft, inglorious daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns.
Mean time return'd, with dire remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulyſſes ſoon ſhall re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove, ſupreme, whom Gods and men revere!
And thou* to whom 'tis given to gild the ſphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial Maid!
Such to our wiſh the warrior ſoon reſtore,
As when contending on the Leſbian ſhore
His proweſs Philomelidus confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love preſumptuous ſhall with life atone.
With patient ear, O royal youth! attend
The ſtoried labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth ſevere ſhall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eye can pierce the dark receſs of Fate.
Long on th' Ægyptian coaſt by calms confin'd,
Heaven to my fleet refus'd a proſperous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim ſlain!
For this the Gods each favouring gale reſtrain:
Jealous, to ſee their high beheſts obey'd;
Severe, if men th' eternal rights invade.
High o'er a gulfy ſea, the Pharian iſle
Fronts the deep roar of diſemboguing Nile:
Her diſtance from the ſhore, the courſe begun
At dawn, and ending with the ſetting ſun,
A galley meaſures: when the ſtiffer gales
Riſe on the poop, and fully ſtretch the ſails.
There, anchor'd veſſels ſafe in harbour lie,
Whilſt limpid ſprings the failing caſk ſupply.
And now the twentieth ſun, deſcending lave,
His glowing axle in the weſtern waves;
Still with expanded ſails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhauſted ſtores,
When, lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to diſpel my fears;

*Apollo.

ıs her ſire divine. With pity preſs'd,
le the daughter of the deep addreſs'd;
-time, with hunger pin'd, my abſent mates
the wild iſle in ſearch of rural cates,
he barb'd ſteel, and from the fiſhy flood
ıſe th' afflictive fierce deſires of food.
oe'er thou art (the azure Goddeſs cries)
enduct ill deſerves the praiſe of wiſe:
h thy choice, or miſery thy boaſt,
here inglorious on a barren coaſt
rave aſſociates droop, a meagre train
amine pale, and aſk thy care in vain?
ck with the kind reproach, I ſtraight reply;
'er thy title in thy native ſky,
ideſs ſure! for more than mortal grace
the deſcendant of ætherial race:
not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
eavenly power averſe my ſtay conſtrains;
ous of my fate, vouchſafe to ſhew
hat's ſequeſter'd from celeſtial view?)
ower becalms th' innavigable ſeas?
uilt provokes him, and what vows appeaſe?
s'd, when affable the Goddeſs cry'd;
:, and in the truths I ſpeak conſide:
iculous ſeer frequents the Pharian coaſt,
vhoſe high bed my birth divine I boaſt:
, a name tremendous o'er the main,
egates of Neptune's watery reign.
with inſidious care, his known abode;
aſt in chains conſtrain the various God:
ound, obedient to ſuperior force,
ig will preſcribe your deſtin'd courſe.
ous of your realms, you then demand
ate, ſince laſt you left your natal land;
the God obſequious will diſcloſe
racks of glory, or a cloud of woes.
eas'd, and ſuppliant thus I made reply:
leſs! on thy aid my hopes rely;
propitious to my duteous ear,
ts can captivate the changeful ſeer?
lous th' aſſay, unheard the toil,
: the preſcience of a God by guile.
to the Goddeſs mild my ſuit I end.
e: Obedient to my rule, attend:
through the zone of heaven the mounted
un
urney'd half, and half remains to run;
, while zephyrs curl the ſwelling deep,
ı the breezy ſhore, in grateful ſleep,
y limbs. Emerging from the wave,
ocæ ſwift ſurround his rocky cave,
t and full; the conſecrated train
, whoſe azure trident awes the main:
allowing warm, th' enormous herd ex-
ıales
ſtream, and taints the noon-tide gales.
receſs, commodious for ſurpriſe,
urple light ſhall next ſuffuſe the ſkies,
e repair; and from thy warrior band
hoſen chiefs of dauntleſs ſoul command:
r auxiliar force befriend the toil:
ng the God, and perfected in guile.
ł on the ſhelly ſhore, he firſt ſurveys
ncing herd aſcending from the ſeas;
mber ſomm'd, repos'd in ſleep profound
y charge their guardian God ſurround:

* *Amphitrite.*

So with his battering flocks the careful ſwain
Abides, pavilion'd on the graſſy plain.
With powers united, obſtinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the ſcaly fold:
Inſtant he wears, eluſive of the rape,
The mimic force of every ſavage ſhape:
Or glides with liquid lapſe a murmuring ſtream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet ſtill retentive, with redoubled might,
Through each vain paſſive form conſtrains his flight.
But when, his native ſhape reſum'd, he ſtands
Patient of conqueſt, and your cauſe demands,
The cauſe that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And ſoothe the vanquiſh'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd, implore the ſeer to ſay
What godhead interdicts the watery way:
Who ſtraight, propitious, in prophetic ſtrain
Will teach you to repaſs th' unmeaſur'd main.
She ceas'd, and, bounding from the ſhelfy ſhore,
Round the deſcending nymph the waves reſound-
ing roar.
High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I ſpeed:
The wants of nature with repaſt ſuffice,
Till night with grateful ſhade involv'd the ſkies,
And ſhed ambroſial dews. Faſt by the deep,
Along the tented ſhore, in balmy ſleep,
Our cares were loſt. When o'er the eaſtern lawn,
In ſaffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her roſy ſteps, before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then ſeek the place the ſea-born nymph aſſign'd,
With three aſſociates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed ſtrand
For each a bed, ſhe ſcoops the hilly ſand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny ſpoils
Of four vaſt Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath her finny ſpoils, extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to ſhun;
New from the corſe the ſcaly frauds diffuſe
Unſavory ſtench of oil, and brackiſh ooze;
But the bright ſea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the ſickening ſenſe reſtor'd.
Thus till the ſun had travell'd half the ſkies,
Ambuſh'd we lie, and wait the bold empriſe:
When, thronging thick to baſk in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the ſtrand repair:
Couch'd on the ſunny ſand, the monſters ſleep;
Then, Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the ſum complete).
Pleas'd with the falſe review, ſecure he lies
And leaden ſlumbers preſs his drooping eyes.
Ruſhing impetuous forth, we ſtraight prepare
A furious onſet with the ſound of war,
And ſhouting ſeize the God: our force t' evade,
His various arts he ſoon reſumes in aid:
A lion now he curls a ſurgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a ſpotted pard reſtrain;
Then, arm'd with tuſks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obſcener ſhape the God belies:
On ſpiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our ſtrict embrace a ſtream he glides:
nd laſt, ſublime his ſtately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-diſſembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with ſuperior power compreſs'd,
Me with reluctance thus the ſeer addreſs'd:

Say, ſon of Atreus, ſay what God inſpir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon deſir'd?
I thus; O thou whoſe certain eye foreſees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this deſert iſle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! ſay,
What Godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appeaſe,
To ſpeed a proſperous voyage o'er the ſeas?
To Jove (with ſtern regard the chief replies)
And all th' offended ſynod of the ſkies,
Juſt hecatombs with due devotion ſlain,
Thy guilt abſolv'd, a proſperous voyage gain.
To the firm ſanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend;
Nor ſight of natal ſhore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but ſtill art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the ſecret ſource
Of Jove's high ſeat deſcends with ſweepy force,
Muſt view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his ſanguine ſhore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a ſafe return accord.
He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A ſhelfy tract and long!) O ſeer, I cry,
To the ſtern ſanction of th' offended ſky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to ſay,
What fate propitious, or what dire diſmay,
Suſtain thoſe peers, the reliques of our hoſt,
Whom I with Neſtor on the Phrygian coaſt
Embracing left? Muſt I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monſtrous deep?
Or did the kind domeſtic friend deplore
The breathleſs heroes on their native ſhore?
Preſs not too far, reply'd the God; but ceaſe
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breaſt will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the reſt, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremoſt in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whoſe arms with conqueſt in thy cauſe were crown'd,
Fell by diſaſtrous fate; by tempeſts toſt,
A third lives wretched on a diſtant coaſt.
By Neptune reſcued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, ſafe Oilean Ajax ſate,
His ſhip o'erwhelm'd; but frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own proweſs all the glory gave,
The power defrauding who vouchſaf'd to ſave.
This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His ſpear, indignant, for ſuch high diſdain,
He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th' aërial ſummit from the marble baſe;
The rock ruſh'd ſea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyſs the boaſter bore.
By Juno's guardian aid, the watery waſt,
Secure of ſtorms, your royal brother paſt:
Till coaſting nigh the cape, where Malea ſhrouds
Her ſpiry cliffs amid ſurrounding clouds;
A whirling guſt tumultuous from the ſhore
Acroſs the deep his labouring veſſel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coaſt he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyeſtes reign'd;
But, when his hoary honours bow'd to Fate,
Ægyſthus govern'd in paternal ſtate.
The ſurges now ſubſide, the tempeſt ends;
From his tall ſhip the King of Men deſcends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain ſalutes the ſoil;
With rapture oft' the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the diſtant ſtrand
A ſpy diſtinguiſh'd from his airy ſtand,
To bribe whoſe vigilance, Ægyſthus told
A mighty ſum of ill-perſuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now, admoniſh'd by his eye, to court
With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The miniſters of blood in dark ſurprize:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Cloſe ambuſh'd nigh the ſpacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hoſpitable treat:
Vain ſhows of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of courſers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads! the royal gueſt,
Thoughtleſs of ill, accepts the fraudful feaſt.
The troop, forth iſſuing from the dark receſs,
With homicidal rage the king oppreſs!
So, whilſt he feeds luxurious in the ſtall,
The ſovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the baſe invaders bleed;
Ægyſthus ſole ſurvives to boaſt the deed.
He ſaid; chill horrors ſhook my ſhivering ſoul,
Rack'd with convulſive pangs in duſt I roll;
And hate, in madneſs of extreme deſpair,
To view the ſun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, ſuperior to the rage of woe,
I ſtood reſtor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began—
Forget the brother, and reſume the man:
To Fate's ſupreme diſpoſe the dead reſign,
That care be Fate's, a ſpeedy paſſage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful ſword:
Unleſs with filial rage Oreſtes glow,
And ſwift prevent the meditated blow;
You timely will return a welcome gueſt,
With him to ſhare the ſad funereal feaſt.
He ſaid: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy ſoul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addreſt
The preſcient Godhead to reveal the reſt.
The doom decreed of thoſe diſaſtrous two
I've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale purſue;
What third brave ſon of Mars the Fates conſtrain
To roam the howling deſart of the main;
Or, in eternal ſhade if cold he lies,
Provoke new ſorrow from theſe grateful eyes.
That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes ſurvives;
Laertes' ſon: girt with circumfluous tides,
He ſtill calamitous conſtraint abides,

Him in Calypſo's cave of late I view'd,
When ſtreaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
Th' enamour'd Goddeſs, or elude her love:
His veſſel ſunk, and dear companions loſt,
He ſtrives reluctant on a foreign coaſt.
But oh, belov'd by Heaven! reſerv'd to thee
A happier lot the ſmiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whoſe mortal ſway
Matter is chang'd, and vaſying forms decay;
Elyſium ſhall be thine; the bliſsful plains
Of utmoſt earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy ſnow:
But from the breezy deep the bleſt inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the weſtern gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
To thee the ſon of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.

He ceas'd, and, plunging in the vaſt profound,
Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.
Then ſpeeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the ſhore I ſought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
Till night with ſilent ſhade inveſts the pole;
Then loſe the cares of life in pleaſing reſt.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roſeate eaſt,
With ſails we wing the maſts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and ruſh into the ſea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then, ſteering backward from the Pharian Iſle,
We gain the ſtream of Jove-deſcending Nile:
There quit the ſhips, and on the deſtin'd ſhore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raiſe of deathleſs fame.
Theſe rites to piety and grief diſcharg'd,
The friendly Gods a ſpringing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet ſwift tilting o'er the ſurges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a bliſsful view!
Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A ſtory, fruitful of diſaſtrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond requeſt;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal gueſt,
Till, from his eaſtern goal, the joyous ſun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Mean time my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three ſprightly courſers and a poliſh'd car:
With theſe, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the Gods) ſhall prove
A pledge and monument of ſacred love.
My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
Damps the warm wiſhes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haſte conſtrain,
Charm'd by your ſpeech, ſo graceful and humane,
Loſt in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my liſtening ſoul.
But now to Pyle permit my deſtin'd way,
My lov'd aſſociates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the preſent of the promis'd vaſe;
The courſers, for the champain ſports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain;
Horrid with cliffs our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browze,
But neither mead nor plain ſupplies, to feed
The ſprightly courſer, or indulge his ſpeed:
To ſea-ſurrounding realms the Gods aſſign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the leaſt to mine.
His hand the king with tender paſſion preſs'd,
And, ſmiling, thus the royal youth addreſs'd:
O early worth! a ſoul ſo wiſe, and young,
Proclaims you from the ſage Ulyſſes ſprung,
Selected from my ſtores, of matchleſs price
An urn ſhall recompence your prudent choice
Not mean, the maſſy mould of ſilver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the ſcepter'd power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feaſt prepare:
The firſtlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowls ſupply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Mean while, in Ithaca, the ſuitor-powers
In active game divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with moſaic art,
Some whirl the diſk, and ſome the javelin dart.
Aſide, ſequeſter'd from the vaſt reſort,
Antinous ſate ſpectator of the ſport;
With great Eurymachus of worth conſeſt,
And high deſcent, ſuperior to the reſt:
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus addreſt:
My ſhip equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing from the Pylian court,
Requeſted for his ſpeed; but, courteous, ſay
When ſteers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I ſhould ſail with utmoſt ſpeed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed.
And twelve young mules, a ſtrong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.
Unknowing of the courſe to Pyle deſign'd,
A ſudden horror ſeiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When ſpread the prince his ſail for diſtant Pyle?
Did choſen chiefs acroſs the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domeſtic train?
Spontaneous did you ſpeed his ſacred courſe,
Or was the veſſel ſeiz'd by fraud or force?
With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cry'd) the veſſel was reſign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, preſume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you;
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or ſome celeſtial in his reverend form,
Safe from the ſecret rock and adverſe ſtorm,
Pilots the courſe: for when the glimmering ray
Of yeſter dawn diſclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himſelf I ſaw, and much admir'd—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, th' unfiniſh'd game
The ſuitors quit, and all to council came.
Antinous firſt th' aſſembled peers addreſt,
Rage ſparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breaſt.

O shame to manhood! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd;
For ambush close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore:
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.
With vast applause the sentence all approve;
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove;
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands:
What will the suitors? must my servant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast?
Heaven grant this festival may prove their last!
Or, if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love?
Forbear, ye sons of Insolence! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir,
In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise?
Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant minions vest the power:
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His flores ye ravage, and usurp his state.
He thus: O were the woes you speak the worst
They form a deed more odious and accurst;
More dreadful than your boding soul divines:
But prying Jove avert the dire designs!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare:
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-sailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!
Sudden the lurk beneath the weighty woods
The vital streams a shining hour or more
The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love:
Why rashly would my son the state explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?
Did he, with all the great in woe find grave
A Mark's oblivion, and unwept a grave?
'Tis next, resolv'd the [illegible]
To know, if [illegible]
In the young breast the [illegible]
Or, [illegible]
The words and wiles, [illegible]
Suspicious of [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible]
The pensive object of a prattling grove.
Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies;
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.
Around their sovereign wept the menial fair,
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair:
Behold a wretch whom all the Gods consign
To woe! Did ever sorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
Now from my fond embrace, by tempests torn,
Our other column of the state is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent!—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent!
Ill suits it with your shews of duteous zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Though at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
Why did you fear to trouble my repose?
He either had obey'd my fond desire,
Or seen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves: with incessant speed
He shall this violence of death decreed
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage,
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to save his race appeal.
Then Euryclea thus: My dearest dread!
Though to the sword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of th' unpleasing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the vessel stor'd:
A solemn oath, impos'd, the secret seal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of heaven reveal'd.
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the martial Maid,
And rest affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age:
'Tis impious to intermit, the Powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-defended line:
Long shall the race of Jove Arcesius reign,
And isles remote enlarge his ell'd domain.
The queen her speech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears:
She bathes, and, rob'd, the sacred dome ascends:
Her pious speed a female train attends:
The mingled cakes in canisters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid:
Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreaded shield!
If e'er Ulysses to thy fane preferr'd
The best and choicest of his flock and herd;
Hear, Goddess, hear, by those oblations won;
Aid for the pious sire protect the son:
Let [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

"In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
"When o'er her ſon diſaſtrous death impends."
Thus he, unſkill'd of what the Fates provide!
But with ſevere rebuke Antinous cry'd:
Theſe empty vaunts will make the voyage vain:
Alarm not with diſcourſe the menial train:
The great event with ſilent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counſel muſt commend.
His ſpeech thus ended ſhort, he frowning roſe,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour choſe:
Down to the ſtrand he ſpeeds with haughty ſtrides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the veſſel rides,
Replete with male and military ſtore,
In all her tackle trim to quit the ſhore.
The deſperate crew aſcend, unfurl the ſails
(The ſea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);
Then take repaſt, till Heſperus diſplay'd
His golden circlet in the weſtern ſhade.
Mean time the queen, without reflection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of ſtate withdrew;
In her ſad breaſt the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate ſeize her ſoul.
So when the woodman's toil her cave ſurrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove reſounds;
With grief and rage the mother-lion ſtung,
Fearleſs herſelf, yet trembles for her young.
While penſive in the ſilent ſlumberous ſhade,
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like, on embodied air
Impreſs'd the form of Iphthima the fair
(Icarius' daughter ſhe, whoſe blooming charms
Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
A ſcepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Theſſaly, wide-ſtretch'd his ample reign):
As Pallas will'd, along the ſable ſkies,
To calm the queen, the phantom-ſiſter flies.
Swift on the regal dome deſcending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Cloſe to her head the pleaſing viſion ſtands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
O, why, Penelope, this cauſeleſs fear,
To render ſleep's ſoft bleſſing unſincere?
Alike devote to ſorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight dream!
Thy ſon the Gods propitious will reſtore,
And bid thee ceaſe his abſence to deplore.
To whom the queen (whilſt yet her penſive mind
Was in the ſilent gates of ſleep confin'd)
O ſiſter, to my ſoul for ever dear,
Why this firſt viſit to reprove my fear?
How in a realm ſo diſtant ſhould you know
From what deep ſource my deathleſs ſorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:
And, with conſummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours and his crown,
My darling ſon is fled! an eaſy prey
To the fierce ſtorms, or men more fierce than they:
Who, in a league of blood aſſociates ſworn,
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.
Courage reſume, the ſhadowy form reply'd,
In the protecting care of heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid;
What earthly can implore a fairer aid?
Me now the guardian Goddeſs deigns to ſend,
To bid thee patient his return attend.
The queen replies: If in the bleſt abodes
A Goddeſs, thou haſt commerce with the Gods;
Say, breathes my lord the bliſsful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?
Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
I ſpeak not all the counſel of the ſkies:
Nor muſt indulge with vain diſcourſe, or long,
The windy ſatisfaction of the tongue.
Swift through the valves the viſionary fair
Repaſs'd, and viewleſs mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes:
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The viſion, manifeſt of future fate,
Makes her with hope her ſon's arrival wait.
Mean time the ſuitors plough the watery plain,
Telemachus in thought already ſlain!
When ſight of leſſening Ithaca was loſt,
Their ſail directed for the Samian coaſt,
A ſmall but verdant iſle appear'd in view,
And Aſteris th' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling ſtorm:
That ſafe receſs they gain with happy ſpeed,
And in cloſe ambuſh wait the murderous deed.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Departure of Ulyſſes from Calypſo.

Pallas in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulyſſes in the iſland of Calypſo; whereupon Mercury is ſent to command his removal. The ſeat of Calypſo deſcribed. She conſents with much difficulty; and Ulyſſes builds a veſſel with his own hands, in which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempeſt, in which he is ſhipwrecked, and in the laſt danger of death: till Leucothea, a Sea Goddeſs, aſſiſts him, and after innumerable perils, he gets aſhore on Phæacia.

The ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe reſulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with ſacred light,
Then met th' eternal ſynod of the ſky,
Before the God who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, ſublime in majeſty,
Pallas, to theſe, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wiſe Ulyſſes, and his toils relates:

Her Hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power,
The nymph's ſeducements, and the magic bower.
Thus ſhe began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the bliſsful ſeats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy ſway,
Or bleſs a people willing to obey,
But cruſh the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the ſcourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulyſſes you remove,
Who rul'd his ſubjects with a father's love.
Sole in an iſle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, baniſh'd from his native reign,
Unbleſt he ſighs, detain'd by lawleſs charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way.
And now fierce traitors, ſtudious to deſtroy
His only ſon, their ambuſh'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To ſacred Pylos and to Sparta came.
What words are theſe, (reply'd the Power who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with ſtorms)
Is not already in thy ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wiſdom do? Thou may'ſt reſtore
The ſon in ſafety to his native ſhore:
While the fell foes, who late in ambuſh lay,
With fraud defeated, meaſure back their way.
Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
Hermes, thou choſen meſſenger of heaven!
Go, to the nymph be theſe our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree, Ulyſſes ſhall return:
The patient man ſhall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods:
In twice ten days ſhall fertile Sheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whoſe haughty line
Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,
The chief ſhall honour as ſome heavenly gueſt,
And ſwift tranſport him to his place of reſt.
His veſſels loaded with a plenteous ſtore
Of braſs, of veſtures, and reſplendent ore
(A richer prize than if his joyful iſle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble ſpoil).
His friends, his country, he ſhall ſee, though late;
Such is our ſovereign will, and ſuch is fate.
He ſpoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Faſt to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight ſuſtain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main.
He graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye:
Then ſhoots from heaven to high Pieria's ſteep,
And ſtoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watery fowl, that ſeek their fiſhy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now ſailing ſmooth the level ſurface ſweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the diſtant iſland roſe in view:
Then, ſwift aſcending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd);
She ſate, and ſung: the rocks refound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a riſing blaze:
Cedar and frankincenſe, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the iſle;
While ſhe with work and ſong the time divides,
And through the loom the golden ſhuttle guides.
Without the grot a various ſylvan ſcene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypreſs form'd a fragrant ſhade;
On whoſe high branches, waving with the ſtorm,
The birds of broadeſt wing their manſion form,
The chough, the ſea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And ſcream aloft, and ſkim the deeps below.
Depending vines the ſhelving caverns ſcreen,
With purple cluſters bluſhing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts diſtil;
And every fountain pours a ſeveral rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round,
A ſcene, where if a God ſhould caſt his ſight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the meſſenger of heaven: he ſtay'd
Entranc'd, and all the bliſsful haunt ſurvey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypſo knew;
For Powers celeſtial to each other's view
Stand ſtill confeſt, though diſtant far they lie
To 'habitants of earth, or ſea, or ſky.
But ſad Ulyſſes, by himſelf apart,
Pour'd the big ſorrows of his ſwelling heart;
All on the lonely ſhore he ſate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the reſtleſs deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coaſt he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Now graceful ſeated on her ſhining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
God of the golden wand! on what beheſt
Arriv'ſt thou here, an unexpected gueſt?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taſte the dainties of my bower.
Thus having ſpoke, the nymph the table ſpread
(Ambroſial cates, with nectar roſy-red):
Hermes the hoſpitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, ſpoke:
What mov'd this journey from my native ſky,
A Goddeſs aſks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling have I trod this pleaſing land;
For who, ſelf-mov'd, with weary wings would ſweep
Such length of ocean and unmeaſur'd deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or ſacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will ſubmiſſion we muſt pay;
What power ſo great to dare to diſobey?
A man, he ſays, a man reſides with thee,
Of all his kind moſt worn with miſery:
The Greeks (whoſe arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force in Ilion, in the tenth deſtroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckleſs hour
With conqueſt proud, incens'd Minerva's power:

h the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
orms purſu'd them through the liquid
orld.
his veſſels ſunk beneath the wave!
his dear companions found their grave!
m the jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
eſt drove him to theſe ſhores and thee.
e now orders to his native lands
o diſmiſs; ſo deſtiny commands:
: Fate his near return attends,
him to his country and his friends.
» her inmoſt ſoul the Goddeſs ſhook;
s her anguiſh and her paſſion broke:
us Gods with ſpite and envy curſt!
ur own æthereal race the worſt!
mortal and immortal joy,
, the only ſweet of life, deſtroy.
Goddeſs by her charms engage
d mortal, and not feel your rage?
Aurora ſought Orion's love,
diſturb'd your bliſsful hours above,
rtygia, Dian's winged dart
:'d the hapleſs hunter to the heart.
the covert of the thrice ear'd field
ly Ceres to her paſſion yield,
ild Iaſion taſte her heavenly charms,
:'s ſwift lightning ſcorch'd him in her
ms.
now my turn, ye mighty Powers!
envy of your bliſsful bowers?
n outcaſt to the ſtorm and wave,
y crime to pity, and to ſave;
who thunders rent his bark in twain,
: his brave companions in the main.
ar don'd, in mid ocean toſt,
of winds, and driven from every coaſt,
iis man of miſeries I led,
the friendleſs, and the hungry fed;
iis'd (vainly promis'd) to beſtow
life, exempt from age and woe.
—and Jove decrees he ſhall remove;
ve are, we are but ſlaves to Jove.
he may (he muſt, if He ordain,
noſe dangers, all thoſe deeps, again):
r, never ſhall Calypſo ſend
ike theſe, her huſband and her friend.
ps have I, what ſailors to convey,
s to cut the long laborious way?
irect the ſafeſt means to go:
advice is all I can beſtow.
r, the Power who bears the charming
d:
ie man, nor irritate the God:
he rage of him who reigns above,
ſo dreadful as the wrath of Jove?
ing ſaid, he cut the cleaving ſky,
moment vaniſh'd from her eye.
ph, obedient to divine command,
Ulyſſes, pac'd along the ſand.
ive on the lonely beach ſhe found,
aming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
pining for his native ſhore:
ſhe ſoft enchantreſs pleas'd no more:
reluctant, and conſtrain'd by charms,
: lay in her deſiring arms,
r wore the heavy night away,
and ſhores conſum'd the tedious day;

There ſate all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone,
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
Till, dimm'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.
Here, on his muſing mood the Goddeſs preſt,
Approaching ſoft; and thus the chief addreſt:
Unhappy man! to waſting foes a prey,
No more in ſorrows languiſh life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the riſing ſhip,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To ſtore the veſſel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and roſy wine,
And life ſuſtaining bread, and fair array,
And proſperous gales to waft thee on the way.
Theſe, if the Gods with my deſires comply,
(The Gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better ſkill'd in dark events to come)
In peace ſhall land thee at thy native home.
With ſighs, Ulyſſes heard the words ſhe ſpoke,
Then thus his melancholy ſilence broke:
Some other motive, Goddeſs! ſways thy mind,
(Some cloſe deſign, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a ſlight raft to paſs the ſwelling ſea,
Huge, horrid, vaſt! where ſcarce in ſafety ſails
The beſt-built ſhip, though Jove inſpire the gales.
The bold propoſal how ſhall I fulfil,
Dark as I am, unconſcious of thy will?
Swear then thou mean'ſt not what my ſoul forebodes;
Swear by the ſolemn oath that binds the Gods.
Him, while he ſpoke, with ſmiles Calypſo ey'd,
And gently graſp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
This ſhows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe!
But hear, O earth! and hear, ye ſacred ſkies!
And thou, O Styx! whoſe formidable floods
Glide through the ſhades, and bind th' atteſting Gods!
No form'd deſign, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſuaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practice, were my fate the ſame.
Heaven has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel,
But given the ſenſe, to pity and to feel.
Thus having ſaid, the Goddeſs march'd before:
He trod her footſteps in the ſandy ſhore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their ſtate;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had ſate.
For him the nymph a rich repaſt ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man ſuſtains;
Before herſelf were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambroſial banquet, and celeſtial wine.
Their hunger ſatiate, and their thirſt repreſt,
Thus ſpoke Calypſo to her godlike gueſt:
Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
O ſprung from Gods! in wiſdom more than man;
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be,
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulyſſes! wert thou given to know
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;

Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe,
And ev'n theſe ſlighted charms might learn to pleaſe.
A willing Goddeſs and immortal life
Might baniſh from thy mind an abſent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Leſs ſoft my feature, leſs auguſt my frame?
Or ſhall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?
Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)
Againſt Ulyſſes ſhall thy anger riſe?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddeſs! as thou art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a human heart.
Though well I ſee thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the ſhort date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while abſent thus I roam,
I languiſh to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods ſhall deſtine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to maſter with a conſtant mind;
Enur'd to perils, to the worſt reſign'd.
By ſeas, by wars, ſo many dangers run,
Still I can ſuffer: their high will be done!
Thus while he ſpoke, the beamy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night her friendly ſhade extends.
To the cloſe grot the lonely pair remove,
And ſlept delighted with the gifts of love.
When roſy morning call'd them from their reſt,
Ulyſſes rob'd him in the cloak and veſt.
The nymph's fair head a veil tranſparent grac'd,
Her ſwelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In ſnowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth iſſuing thus, ſhe gave him firſt to wield
A weighty axe with trueſt temper ſteel'd,
And double edg'd; the handle ſmooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's eaſy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with ſweepy ſway:
Then to the neighbouring foreſt led the way.
On the lone iſland's utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the ſkies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). Theſe pointing out to view,
The nymph juſt ſhow'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the foreſt groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are ſtrow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles theſe diſpos'd to join,
He ſmooth'd and ſquar'd them, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles or the work Calypſo found)
With theſe he pierc'd them, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a ſhipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the ſtorms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it ſtrong
From ſpace to ſpace, and nail'd the planks along;
Theſe form'd the ſides: the deck he faſhion'd laſt;
Then o'er the veſſel rais'd the taper maſt,
With croſſing ſail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding oſiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of ſurging waves, and ſteer the ſteady courſe),
Thy loom, Calypſo! for the future fails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With ſtays and cordage laſt he rigg'd the ſhip,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were paſt, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her ſacred ſtream
The nymph diſmiſs'd him, (odorous garments
en)
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'
Then fill'd two goat-ſkins with her hands divi
With water one, and one with ſable wine;
Of every kind, proviſions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands ſtor'd.
The Goddeſs, laſt, a gentle breeze ſupplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the ſkies.
And now, rejoicing in the proſperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulyſſes ſpreads his ſails;
Plac'd at the helm he ſate, and mark'd the ſkies,
Nor clos'd in ſleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the ſky
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who ſhines exalted on th' ætherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left thoſe radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he ſail'd the deep.
Full ſeventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The diſtant land appear'd the following day:
Then ſwell'd to ſight Phæacia's duſky coaſt,
And woody mountains, half in vapours loſt:
That lay before him, indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad ſhield amid the watery waſte.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aërial brow,
The King of Ocean ſaw, and ſeeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd;)
The raging monarch ſhook his azure head,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſaid:
Heavens! how uncertain are the Powers high?
Is then revers'd the ſentence of the ſky,
In one man's favour; while a diſtant gueſt
I ſhar'd ſecure the Æthiopian feaſt?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this ſceptre yet commands the main.
He ſpoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd
Rolls clouds on clouds, and ſtirs the watery wo
At once the face of earth the ſea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouſes all the ſtorms.
Down ruſh'd the night: eaſt, weſt, together ro
And ſouth, and north, roll mountains to the ſho
Then ſhook the hero, to deſpair reſign'd,
And queſtion'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:
Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my deſtin'd end?
Too well, alas! the Iſland Goddeſs knew,
On the black ſea what perils ſhould enſue.
New horrors now this deſtin'd head encloſe;
Unfill'd is yet the meaſure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are cro
What raging winds! what roaring waters rou
'Tis Jove himſelf the ſwelling tempeſts rears;
Death, preſent death, on every ſide appears,

irice happy! who, in battle ſlain,
trides' cauſe, the Trojan plain:
dy'd before that well-fought wall;
diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall
as that, when ſhowers of javelins fled
ering Troy around Achilles dead);
had paid me ſolemn funerals then,
my glory with the ſons of men.
fate now hides my hapleſs head,
n-noted, and for ever dead!
y wave ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
:over'd, and the maſt it broke;
the deck, and from the rudder torn,
ſwelling ſurge the chief was borne:
ie howling tempeſt rent in twain
id ſail-yards rattling o'er the main.
d, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
the cumbrous veſt Calypſo gave:
:merging from his noſtrils wide
g mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
ot mindleſs of his laſt retreat,
ie raft, and leapt into his ſeat.
the fear of death. The rolling flood
now there, impell'd the floating wood.
heap of gather'd thorns is caſt
w fro, before th' autumnal blaſt;
ung, it rolls around the field;
e float, and ſo its texture held:
ie ſouth, and now the north, bear
he eaſt the foamy floods obey, [ſway,
ie weſt-wind whirls it o'er the ſea.
ring chief, with toils on toils oppreſt,
ſaw, and pity touch'd her breaſt
nortal once, of Cadmus' ſtrain,
azure ſiſter of the main).
:a-mew ſpringing from the flood,
on the raft the Goddeſs ſtood:
addreſs'd him: Thou, whom Heaven
ees
:'s wrath, ſtern tyrant of the ſeas,
onteſt! not his rage and power,
is, ſuch virtue ſhall devour.
geſt, thy wiſdom will perform;
float, and leave it to the ſtorm;
garments; Neptune's fury brave
ſtrength, and plunge into the wave.
hæacia all thy nerves extend,
decrees thy miſeries ſhall end.
ily ſcarf beneath thy boſom bind,
;ive all thy terrors to the wind.
arms the happy ſhore ſhall gain,
gift, and caſt it on the main;
orders, and with heed obey,
off, and turn thy eyes away.
t her hand the ſacred veil beſtows,
the deeps ſhe div'd from whence ſhe
;
ſnatch'd the ſhining form away,
: cover'd with the curling ſea.
lth amaze, yet ſtill to doubt inclin'd,
uſpended, and explores his mind.
I do? Unhappy me! who knows
ods intend me other woes?
ou art, I ſhall not blindly join
d reaſon, but conſult with mine:
n ken appears that diſtant iſle,
retels me ſhall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge; while yet the planks ſuſtain
The wild waves fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempeſts yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the ſtrength of man,
And take this method, ſince the beſt I can.
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black ſheet the whelming billow ſpread
Burſts o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, diſparted fly: the ſcatter'd wood
Rolls diverſe, and in fragments ſtrows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the fields new-ſhorn,
Toſſes and drives the ſcatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a ſingle beam the chief beſtrides;
There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs diſcumbers of the clinging veſt,
And binds the ſacred cincture round his breaſt;
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and ſhot the ſeas
All naked now, on heaving billows laid, [along.
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous ſaid;
Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes eſſay!
Go, wander helpleſs on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the deſtin'd ſhore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raiſe
Shall laſt remember'd in thy beſt of days.
This ſaid, his ſea-green ſteeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, ſcarce withdrawn the fierce earth ſhaking power.
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,
Back to their caves ſhe bade the winds to fly,
And huſh'd the bluſtering brethren of the ſky.
The drier blaſts alone of Boreas ſway,
And bear him ſoft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that ſhore,
Where Fate has deſtin'd he ſhall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were paſt,
Since wide he wander'd on the watery waſte:
Heav'd on the ſurge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glaſſy ſmooth lay all the liquid plain:
The winds were huſh'd, the billows ſcarcely curl'd,
And a dead ſilence ſtill'd the watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he 'ſpies
The land at diſtance, and with ſharpen'd eyes,
As pious children joy with vaſt delight
When a lov'd ſire revives before their ſight
(Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by ſome dæmon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life reſtore);
So joys Ulyſſes at th' appearing ſhore,
And ſees, (and labours onward as he ſees)
The riſing foreſt and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the ſound
Of human voice the liſtening ear may wound,
Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring ſurges breaking on the ſhore;
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rolling ſea,
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight!
All-rough with rocks, with foaming billows white.
Fear ſeiz'd his ſlacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus commun'd he with his ſoul apart:

Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters toſt,
Theſe eyes at laſt behold th' unhop'd for coaſt,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, ſharp rocks forbid acceſs; around,
Roar the wild wave; beneath is ſea profound!
No footing ſure affords the faithleſs ſand,
To ſtem too rapid, and too deep to ſtand.
If here I enter, my efforts are in vain,
Daſh'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the iſland if my courſe I bend,
Where the ports open, or the ſhores deſcend,
Back to the ſeas the rolling ſurge may ſweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or ſome enormous whale the God may ſend,
(For many ſuch on Amphitrite attend)
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentleſs of my heavenly foe.

While thus he thought, a monſtrous wave upbore
The chief, and daſh'd him on the craggy ſhore:
Torn was his ſkin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But inſtant Pallas enter'd in his ſoul.
Cloſe to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And ſtuck adherent, and ſuſpended hung;
Till the huge ſurge roll'd off: then, backward
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the Polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;
His ragged claws are ſtuck with ſtones and ſands:
So the rough rock had ſhagg'd Ulyſſes' hands.
And now had periſh'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man: ev'n Fate had been in vain:
But all-ſubduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence ſav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating ſurge his courſe he bore,
(A wider circle, but in ſight of ſhore)
With longing eyes, obſerving, to ſurvey
Some ſmooth aſcent, or ſafe ſequeſter'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he 'ſpy'd
A falling ſtream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the ſeas the ſhelving ſhore declin'd,
And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulyſſes preſt,
And hail'd the river, and its God addreſt:

Whoe'er thou art, before whoſe ſtream unknown
I bend, a ſuppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapleſs men like me,
For ſacred ev'n to Gods is miſery:
Let then thy waters give the weary reſt,
And ſave a ſuppliant, and a man diſtreſt.

He pray'd, and ſtraight the gentle ſtream ſubſides,
Detains the ruſhing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer ſmooths the watery way,
And ſoft receives him from the rolling ſea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the ſhore,
He dropt his ſinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His ſwoln heart heav'd; his bloated body ſwell'd
From mouth and noſe the briny torrent ran;
And loſt in laſſitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The ſoul ſcarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's ſcarf unbound;
Obſervant of her word, he turn'd aſide
His head, and caſt it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the ſtream, Ulyſſes found
A moſſy bank, with pliant ruſhes crown'd!
The bank he preſs'd, and gently kiſs'd the ground
Where on the flowery herb as ſoft he lay,
Thus to his ſoul the ſage began to ſay:

What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on high
And yet, ah! yet, what Fates are we to try?
Here by the ſtream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus ſpent already, how ſhall nature bear
The dews deſcending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours breathing from the flood
When morning riſe?—If I take the wood,
And in thick ſhelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gently ſleep allows;
Though ſenc'd from cold, and though my ſoul
paſt,
What ſavage beaſts may wander in the waſte;
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.

Thus long debating in himſelf he ſtood:
At length he took the paſſage to the wood,
Whoſe ſhady horrors on a riſing brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the ſtream bel
There grew two olives, cloſeſt of the grove,
With roots entwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they ſmil'd
With ſiſter fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the ſun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind ſharp-piercing, nor the ruſhing ſhower
The verdant arch ſo cloſe its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulyſſes crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made
(Thick ſtrown by tempeſt through the bo
ſhade);
Where three at leaſt might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement ſky.
This ſtore, with joy the the patient hero found,
And, ſunk amidſt them, heap'd the leaves arou
As ſome poor peaſant, fated to reſide
Remote from neighbours in a foreſt wide,
Studious to ſave what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preſerves the ſeeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulyſſes lies,
'Till Pallas pour'd ſoft ſlumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of ſweet repoſe)
Lull'd all his cares, and baniſh'd all his woes.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

earing in a dream to Nauſicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia), commands her to deſcend to r, and waſh the robes of ſtate, in preparation to her nuptials. Nauſicaa goes with her handmaids to r; where, while the garments are ſpread on the bank, they divert themſelves in ſports. Their voices Ulyſſes, who, addreſſing himſelf to the princeſs, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in anner to apply to the king and queen of the iſland.

LE thus the weary wanderer ſunk to reſt,
d peaceful ſlumbers calm'd his anxious breaſt
ial Maid from heaven's aerial height
Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
mes the ſoft Phæacian train
ſſeſt the wide Hyperian plain;
yclopean race in arms aroſe,
nation of Gigantic foes:
at Nauſithous from Hyperia far,
ſeas retreating from the ſound of war,
ant nation to fair Scheria led,
ver ſcience rear'd her laurel'd head:
und his tribes a ſtrength of wall he rais'd:
n the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
s realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
'd the lands, and gave the lands their
unds.
he ſilent grave the monarch lay,
Alcinous held the regal ſway.
high palace through the fields of air
leſs ſhot; Ulyſſes was her care.
the night in ſilence roll'd away,
of charms divine Nauſicaa lay:
the thick gloom the ſhining portals blaze;
mphs the portals guard, each nymph a
race.
the viewleſs air the Warrior-Maid
ro' the valves, and hovers round her head;
ite virgin's blooming form ſhe took,
mas ſprung, and thus the viſion ſpoke:
olent! to waſte thy hours away?
'ſt thou careleſs of the bridal day?
ſil ornament neglected lies;
pare the bridal train, ariſe!
plauſe the cares of dreſs impart,
ſoft tranſport to a parent's heart.
the limpid ſtream direct thy way,
e gay morn unveils her ſmiling ray:
the ſtream! Companion of thy care,
ſteps attend, thy labours ſhare.
wake! the marriage hour is nigh,
m their thrones thy kindred monarchs
l car at early dawn obtain, [ſigh!
r mules obedient to the rein;
h the way, and diſtant rolls the wave,
eir fair veſts Phæacian virgins lave.
ide forth; for pomp becomes the great,
eſty derives a grace from ſtate.
o the palaces of heaven ſhe fails,
it on the wings of waſting gales:
The ſeat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of eaſe.
There no rude winds preſume to ſhake the ſkies,
No rains deſcend, no ſnowy vapours riſe;
But on immortal thrones the bleſt repoſe:
The firmament with living ſplendors glows.
Hither the Goddeſs wing'd th' aerial way,
Thro' heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her roſy car Aurora ſhed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.
Up roſe the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the viſion of the night. [ſtow'd
The queen ſhe ſought: the queen her hours be-
In curious works; the whirling ſpindle glow'd
With crimſon threads, while buſy damſels cull
The ſnowy fleece, or twiſt the purpled wool.
Mean while Phæacia's peers in council ſate;
From his high dome the king deſcends in ſtate,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him paſſing and ſubmiſſive ſaid:
Will my dread ſire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal ear obtain?
Say, with thy garments ſhall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters ſtray?
A dignity of dreſs adorns the great,
And kings draw luſtre from the robe of ſtate.
Five ſons thou haſt; three wait the bridal day,
And ſpotleſs robes become the young and gay:
So when with praiſe amid the dance they ſhine,
By theſe my cares adorn'd, that praiſe is mine.
Thus ſhe: but bluſhes ill-reſtrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conſcious ſire the dawning bluſh ſurvey'd,
And ſmiling thus beſpoke the blooming maid:
My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter aſks, we give.
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules inceſſant rein.
The blooming virgin with diſpatchful cares
Tunicks, and ſtoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, aſſiduous, to her train aſſigns
The ſumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruiſe of curious mould,
A cruiſe of fragrance, form'd of burniſh'd gold;
Odour divine! whoſe ſoft refreſhing ſtreams
Sleek the ſmooth ſkin, and ſcent the ſnowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay ſeat, the ſilken reins
Shine in her hand: along the ſounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damſels ſhone.

They ſeek the ciſterns where Phæacian dames
Waſh their fair garments in the limpid ſtreams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills;
The lucid wave a ſpacious baſon fills.
The mules unharneſs'd range beſide the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the veſtures in the cleanſing wave;
(The veſtures cleans'd o'erſpread the ſhelly ſand,
Their ſnowy luſtre whitens all the ſtrand:)
Then with a ſhort repaſt relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuſe ambroſial oil;
And, while the robes imbibe the ſolar ray,
O'er the green mead the ſporting virgins play
(Their ſhining veils unbound). Along the ſkies
Toſt, and retoſt, the ball inceſſant flies.
They ſport, they feaſt; Nauſicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling ſweet, makes earth and heaven re-joice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' reſounding groves;
A ſylvan train the huntreſs queen ſurrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her ſhoulder ſounds:
Fierce in the ſport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chaſe the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn with more majeſtic pace,
Above the nymphs ſhe treads with ſtately grace;
Diſtinguiſh'd excellence the Goddeſs proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nauſicaa trod the plain,
And ſhone tranſcendant o'er the beauteous train.
Mean time (the care and favourite of the ſkies)
Wrapt in embowering ſhade, Ulyſſes lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now addreſt
To break the bands of all-compoſing reſt.
Forth from her ſnowy hand Nauſicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And ſwam the ſtream: loud ſhrieks the virgin train,
And the loud ſhriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the ſhrilling ſound, Ulyſſes roſe,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:
Ah me! on what inhoſpitable coaſt,
Or what new region, is Ulyſſes toſt?
Poſſeſt by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
What ſounds are theſe that gather from the ſhores: [bowers,
The voice of nymphs that haunt the ſylvan
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the ſhady wood;
Or azure daughters of the ſilver flood;
Or human voice? but, iſſuing from the ſhades,
Why ceaſe I ſtraight to learn what ſound invades?
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,
With forceful ſtrength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture ſpreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing ſhades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blaſts, and wet with wintry ſhowers,
Deſcends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conſcious ſtrength elate, he bends his way,
Majeſtically fierce, to ſeize his prey
(The deer or ſtag): or with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and diſſipates the fold.
No leſs a terror, from the neighbouring groves
Rough from the toſſing ſurge, Ulyſſes moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the ſtorms;
The brackiſh ooze his manly face deforms.
Wide o'er the ſhore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly;
All but the nymph: the nymph ſtood fix'd al
By Pallas arm'd with boldneſs not her own.
Mean time in dubious thought the king awaits
And, ſelf-conſidering, as he ſtands, debates;
Diſtant his mournful ſtory to declare,
Or proſtrate at her knee addreſs the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by Wiſdom ſway'd,
At awful diſtance he accoſts the maid:
If from the ſkies a Goddeſs, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boaſt thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright diſguiſe
Thou viſit earth, a daughter of the ſkies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntreſs of the groves
So ſhines majeſtic, and ſo ſtately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Bleſt is the father from whoſe loins you ſprung
Bleſt is the mother at whoſe breaſt you hung,
Bleſt are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To ſuch a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they ſee applauding princes gaze,
When ſtately in the dance you ſwim th' ha
nious maze.
But bleſt o'er all, the youth with heavenly cha
Who claſps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this bleſt hour
Such finiſh'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!
Thus ſeems the palm with ſtately honours crown
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground
The pride of Delos. (By the Deliau coaſt,
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-hoſt,
But ah, how chang'd! from thence my ſo
O fatal voyage, ſource of all my woes)! [fl
Raptur'd I ſtood, and, as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaz'd;
Raptur'd I ſtand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant ſo ſtately, or a nymph ſo fair.
Aw'd from acceſs, I lift my ſuppliant hands;
For miſery, O queen, before thee ſtands!
Twice ten tempeſtuous nights I roll'd, reſign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to ſpare! but Heaven,
Spares only to inflict ſome mightier woe!
Inur'd to care, to death in all its forms;
Outcaſt I rove, familiar with the ſtorms!
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let ſoft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconſcious of what air I breathe, I ſtand
Naked, defenceleſs, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants a veſt ſupply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement ſky:
So may the Gods, who heaven and earth control,
Crown the chaſte wiſhes of thy virtuous ſoul,
On thy ſoft hours their choiceſt bleſſings ſhed;
Bleſt with a huſband be thy bridal bed:
Bleſt be the huſband with a blooming race,
And laſting union crown your bliſsful days.
The Gods, when they ſupremely bleſs, beſtow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and Heaven is in our ſtate.
To whom the nymph: O ſtranger, ceaſe t
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but man is born to bear: [car

his affairs of earth, in dubious scales,
ood suffers, while the bad prevails:
a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
thes, must mourn: thy woes are from
hou tread'st our hospitable shore,
to bid the wretched grieve no more,
the naked, and thy way to guide---
: Phæacian tribes this land divide;
it Alcinous' royal loins I spring,
nation, and an happy king.
o her maids: Why, why, ye coward
iin,
rs, this slight? Ye fear, and fly in vain.
a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
with hostile steps these shores to tread:
e love of Heaven, an ocean flows
ur realm, a barrier from the foes;
this son of sorrow to relieve,
sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
he stranger and the poor are sent;
t to those we give, to Jove is lent.
l supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
aving shades obscure the mazy streams.
nt to the call, the chief they guide
lm current of the secret tide;
the stream a royal dress they lay,
id robe, with rich embroidery gay:
ruents in a vase of gold supply,
ath'd a fragrance through the balmy sky.
:m the king: No longer I detain
ndly care: retire, ye virgin train!
while from my weary'd limbs I lave
pollution of the briny wave:
! since this worn frame refection knew,
nes have I survey'd of dreadful view!
aphs, recede! sage chastity denies
the blush, or pain the modest eyes.
ymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
ie bounds; the flashing waves divide:
his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
n his locks compress the weedy ooze;
my oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds;
rest, in pomp magnificently treads,
urrior Goddess gives his frame to shine
ajesty enlarg'd, and air divine:
om his brow a length of hair unfurls,
cinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
me artist, to whom Vulcan gives
divine, a breathing statue lives;
is taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
r the silver pours the fusile gold.
is heroic frame improves
avenly bloom, and like a God he moves.
ince breathes around: majestic grace
his steps: th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
reclines along the murmuring seas,
freshness from the fanning breeze.
wondering nymph his glorious port fur-
her damsels with amazement said: Survey'd,
without care divine the stranger treads
nd of joy: his steps some Godhead leads:
Jove destroy him, sure he had been driven
n the realm, the favourite isle of Heaven.
sad spectacle of woe, he trod
art stands, and now he looks a God.
aven! in my connubial hour decree
an my spouse, or such a spouse as he!

But haste, the viands and the bowl provide---
The maids the viands, and the bowl supply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirst assuag'd.
Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,
Far blooming o'er the field: and as she press'd
The splendid seat, the listening chief address'd:
Stranger, arise! the sun rolls round the day,
Lo! to the palace I direct the way:
Where in high state the nobles of the land
Attend my royal sire, a radiant band.
But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at distance while I pass the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-ascend---With airy mounds
A strength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides:
Full thro' the narrow mouths descend the tides:
The spacious basons arching rocks enclose,
A sure defence from every storm that blows.
Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,
Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to
store,
Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar:
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air.
They rush into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the steep surge, and thro' the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race---To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name:
"What stranger this whom thus Nausicaa
"leads?
"Heavens, with what graceful majesty he treads!
"Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
"The future consort of her bridal hour;
"Or rather some descendant of the skies;
"Won by her prayers, th' aerial bridegroom flies.
"Heaven on that hour his choicest influence shed,
"That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!
"All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
"This realm, she flies: Phæacia is her scorn."
And just the blame: for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence.
Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
Till our consenting fires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.
But would'st thou soon review thy native plain,
Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars
crown'd,
To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
We bend our way; a bubbling fount distils
A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.

There wait embower'd, while I aſcend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.
Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every dome by pomp ſuperior known;
A child may point the way. With earneſt gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of ſtate;
Her royal hand a wonderous work deſigns,
Around a circle of bright damſels ſhines,
Part twiſt the threads, and part the wood diſpoſe,
While with the purple orb the ſpindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
My royal father ſhares the genial hours:
But to the queen thy mournful tale diſcloſe,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So ſhalt thou view with joy thy natal ſhore,
Though mountains riſe between, and oceans roar.
She added not, but waving as ſhe wheel'd
The ſilver ſcourge, it glitter'd o'er the field:
With ſkill the virgin guides th' embroid
rein,
Slow rolls the car before the attending train.
Now whirling down the heavens, the golden
Shot through the weſtern clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the ſacred
To Pallas thus the penſive hero pray'd:
Daughter of Jove! whoſe arms in th
wield
Th' avenging bold, and ſhake the dreadful ſhi
Forſook by thee, in vain I ſought thy aid
When booming billows cloſ'd above my head
Attend, unconquer'd Maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes.
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the ſky:
Stern God! who rang'd with vengeance
ſtrain'd,
Till great Ulyſſes hail'd his native land.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Court of Alcinous.

The Princeſs Nauſicaä returns to the city, and Ulyſſes ſoon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to addreſs the Queen Arette. She then involves him in a miſt, which cauſes him to paſs inviſible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous deſcribed. Ulyſſes falling at the feet of the queen, the miſt diſperſes, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with reſpect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates her and Alcinous his departure from Calypſo, and his arrival on their dominions.
The ſame day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE patient, heavenly man thus ſuppliant pray'd;
While the ſlow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Through the proud ſtreets ſhe moves, the public gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace ſtays,
With ready love her brothers gathering round,
Receiv'd the veſtures, and the mules unbound.
She ſeeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The riſing fire ſupplies with buſy care,
Whoſe charms in youth the father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymeduſa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her ſweet native ſhore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom beſtow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a God:
Nurſe of Nauſicaa from her infant years,
And tender fecond to a mother's cares.
Now from the ſacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulyſſes took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to ſecure her care,
Around him ſpread a veil of thicken'd air;
To ſhun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Inſulting ſtill, inquiſitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His ſtep a virgin met, and ſtood before:
A poliſh'd urn the ſeeming virgin bore,
And youthful ſmil'd; but in the low diſguiſe
Lay hid the Goddeſs with the azure eyes.
Show me, fair daughter, (thus the chief
mands)
The houſe of him who rules the happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I
To good Alcinous' hoſpitable dome.
Far from my native coaſt, I rove alone,
A wretched ſtranger, and of all unknown!
The Goddeſs anſwer'd, Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For faſt beſide it dwells my honour'd ſire;
But ſilent march, nor greet the common train
With queſtions needleſs, or inquiry vain,
A race of rugged mariners are theſe;
Unpoliſh'd men, and boiſterous as their ſeas:
The native iſlanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
Theſe did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main:
On canvas wings to cut the watery way;
No bird ſo light, no thought ſo ſwift, as they.
Thus having ſpoke, th' unknown celeſtial lead
The footſtep of the Deity he treads,
And ſacred moves along the crowded ſpace,
Unſeen of all the rude Phæacian race.

order'd, Pallas to their eyes
bjected, and condens'd the ſkies,
with wonder ſees th' extended ſtreets,
ling harbours, and the riſing fleets;
eir princeſs lofty domes admires,
: iſlands crown'd with riſing ſpires;
intrenchments and high walls of ſtone,
the city like a marble zone.
the kingly palace-gates he view'd:
pp'd the Goddeſs, and her ſpeech re-
w'd:
: is done; the manſion you inquire
efore you: enter, and admire.
i'd, and feaſting there thou ſhalt behold
'ed rulers. Fear not, but be bold;
oldneſs ever meets with friends,
ind ev'n a ſtranger recommends,
e queen prefer a ſuppliant's claim,
ueen, Arete is her name,
her parents, and her power the ſame.
from Ocean's God Nauſithous ſprung,
æa, beautiful and young
on's laſt hope, who rul'd of old
of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
ie nation in unrighteous war,
ie prince, and left his only heir),
, by Neptune's amorous power compreſt.
i monarch that his people bleſt,
d prince of the Phæacian name;
Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
his nuptials, hapleſs youth! expir'd.
rviv'd: Arete heir'd his ſtate,
Alcinous choſe his royal mate.
ours yet to womenkind unknown,
n he graces, and divides the throne:
enderneſs her ſons conſpire,
ie children emulate their ſire.
ough the ſtreets ſhe gracious deigns to
ove,
lic wonder and the public love)
ues of all with tranſport found her praiſe
of all, as on a Goddeſs, gaze.
the triumph of a generous breaſt:
liviſions, to relieve th' oppreſt;
richi; in bleſſing others, bleſt.
ecure, they humble ſuit prefer,
thy country and thy friends to her.
hat the Goddeſs deign'd no longer ſtay,
he world of waters wing'd her way:
Scheria's ever-pleaſing ſhore,
ls to Marathon the virgin bore,
where proud Athens rears her towery
ning ſtreets and ſhining ſtructures ſpread,
delighted with the well-known ſeats;
rectheus' ſacred dome retreats.
while Ulyſſes at the palace waits,
ps, and anxious with his ſoul debates,
maze before the royal gates.
: appear'd with radiant ſplendors gay,
the lamp of night, or orb of day,
; were maſſy braſs; the cornice high
als crown'd, in colours of the ſky:
es of gold the folding doors incaſe;
rs ſilver, on a brazen baſe;
; lintels deep projecting o'er,
, the ringlets that command the door.

Two rows of ſtately dogs on either hand,
In ſculptur'd gold and labour'd ſilver ſtand.
Theſe Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And ſtill to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from ſpace to ſpace were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: theſe the princeſs preſt,
Day following day, a long continued feaſt.
Refulgent pedeſtals the walls ſurround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The poliſh'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty hand maids form the houſehold train;
Some turn the mill, or ſift the golden grain:
Some ply the loom: their buſy fingers move
Like poplar leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's iſle,
For ſailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female ſkill their women's pride,
The flying ſhuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to theſe her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and induſtrious arts.
Cloſe to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defending and inclement ſkies.
Four acres was the allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green incloſure all around,
Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe:
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening cluſters in the ſun,
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join,
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
And there in autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd;
This through the garden leads its ſtreams around,
Viſits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows;
And thence its current on the town beſtows;
To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
The people one, and one ſupplies the king.
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted ſcene ſurpriſe and rapture drew;
In pleaſing thought he ran the proſpect o'er
Then haſty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace ſtand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land:

Prepar'd for reſt, and offering to the † God
Who bears the virtue of the ſleepy rod.
Unſeen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkneſs circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And proſtrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropt the veil of night;
Sudden he ſhines, and manifeſt to ſight,
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppreſt;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike gueſt.
Daughter of great Rhexenor! (thus began
Low at her knees the much enduring man)
To thee, thy conſort, and this royal train,
To all that ſhare the bleſſings of your reign,
A ſuppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increaſe,
And all your joys deſcend on all your race,
So reign for ever on your country's breaſt,
Your people bleſſing, by your people bleſt!
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the aſhes took his place.
Silence enſued. The eldeſt firſt began,
Echenus ſage, a venerable man!
Whoſe well-taught mind the preſent age ſurpaſt,
And join'd to that th' experience of the laſt.
Fit words attended on his weighty ſenſe,
And mild perſuaſion flow'd in eloquence.
O ſight (he cry'd) diſhoneſt and unjuſt!
A gueſt, a ſtranger, ſeated in the duſt!
To raiſe the lowly ſuppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle gueſt to grace,
And ſeat him fair in ſome diſtinguiſh'd place.
Let firſt the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way:
Then ſet the genial banquet in his view,
And give the ſtranger gueſt a ſtranger's due.
His ſage advice the liſtening king obeys,
He ſtretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raiſe,
And from his ſeat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offſpring, and his beſt belov'd);
There next his ſide the godlike hero ſate;
With ſtars of ſilver ſhone the bed of ſtate.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings,
Whoſe poliſh'd vaſe with copious ſtreams ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize,
The table next in regal order ſpread,
The glittering caniſters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
Thus feaſting high, Alcinous gave the ſign,
And bade the herald pour the roſy wine.
Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way.
He ſaid. Pontonous heard the king's command:
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Earth drinks the juice that glads the heart of man,
Alcinous then, with aſpect mild, began;
Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and ſatiate from the ſocial rite
Repair we to the bleſſings of the night;
But with the riſing day, aſſembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious obſerve our hoſpitable laws,
And Heaven propitiate in the ſtranger's cauſe.
Then, join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to tranſport him to the wiſh'd-for ſhore
(How diſtant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour but relieve the woe).
Mean time, nor harm nor anguiſh let him bear.
This interval, Heaven truſts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge reſign'd,
Heaven 's his life to come, and all the woe
Then muſt he ſuffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain
And twins ev'n from the birth are miſery and man!
But if, deſcended from th' Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us ſome immortal power;
If in that form thou con'ſt a gueſt divine:
Some high event the conſcious Gods deſign.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feaſt,
The ſolemn ſacrifice call'd down the gueſt;
Then manifeſt of heaven the viſion ſtood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with ſome favour'd traveller they ſtray,
And ſhine before him all the deſert way:
With ſocial intercourſe, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celeſtial kind,
By juſtice, truth, and probity of mind:
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the Giant-ſons of earth.
Let no ſuch thought (with modeſt grace join'd
The prudent Greek) poſſeſs the royal mind,
Alas! a mortal, like thyſelf, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure ſky:
In form, ah how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! moſt oppreſt of thoſe
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes:
By a ſad train of miſeries alone
Diſtinguiſh'd long, and ſecond now to none!
By Heaven's high will compell'd from ſhore to ſhore;
With Heaven's high will prepar'd to ſuffer more.
What hiſtories of toil could I declare!
But ſtill long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and ſhrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt.
Howe'er the noble, ſuffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguiſh, and diſdain to live;
Neceſſity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is inſolent, and will be fed.
But finiſh, oh ye peers! what you propoſe,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I ſuffer all the Gods ordain,
To ſee my ſoil, my ſon, my friends, again.
That view vouchſaf'd, let inſtant death ſurpriſe
With ever-during ſhade theſe happy eyes!
Th' aſſembled peers with general praiſe
His pleaded reaſon, and the ſuit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gift of balmy ſleep repairs.
Ulyſſes in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beſide him, on a ſplendid throne
Divine Arete and Alcinous ſhone.

† Mercury.

n, on nearer view, the gueſt ſurvey'd,
the garments her own hands had made;
out wonder ſeen. Then thus began,
ls addreſſing to the godlike man:
thou not hither, wondrous ſtranger! ſay,
ls remote, and o'er a length of ſea!
whence art thou? whence that princely
r?
s like theſe, ſo recent and ſo fair?
the taſk, oh princeſs! you impoſe:
hing ſpoke the man of many woes)
the mournful ſcries to relate
ſorrows ſent by Heaven and Fate!
you aſk, attend. An iſland lies
eſe tracts, and under other ſkies,
m'd, in Ocean's watery arms;
'ells Calypſo, dreadful in her charms!
om Gods or men ſhe holds her reign,
terrors of the rolling main.
me, the hand of fortune bore
to tread that interdicted ſhore:
e tremendous in the ſable deeps
his red lightning at our ſcatter'd ſhips:
ny fleet, and all my followers loſt,
)lank, on boiling ſurges toſt,
rove my wreck th' Ogygian iſle to
l,
days floating to the wave and wind.
: Goddeſs there with open arms
my ſtay with more than human charms;
is'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
life, exempt from age and woe:
blandiſhments ſucceſsleſs prove,
from my breaſt my country's love.
ſtant ſeven continued years,
her ambroſial couch with tears.
ı ſhe voluntary moves to part,
y Jove, or her own changeful heart.
form'd, to croſs the ſurging ſea;
ıply'd the ſtores and rich array,
he gales to waft me on the way.
n days appear'd your pleaſing coaſt,
r mountains half in vapours loſt.
l my ſoul; my ſoul was joy'd in vain,
Neptune rous'd the raging main;
rinds whiſtle, and the billows roar;
ıg raft the furious tempeſt tore;
ı vindictive intercept the ſhore.
ir rage ſubſides, the ſeas I brave
l force, and ſhoot along the wave,
this iſle: but there my hopes were
,
mpell'd me on a craggy coaſt.
ſafer ſea, and chanc'd to find
ıouth impervious to the wind,
of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
the ſhelter of the neighbouring wood.
ıt; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
'd my ſenſes in the death of ſleep.
ſlept, oblivious of my pain:
ın'd and Phœbus ſhin'd in vain,
lique he ſlop'd his evening ray,
ıs dry'd the balmy dews away.
e voices from the ſhore I heard:
ıidſt them, goddeſs-like, appear'd:
ed, ſhe pity'd my diſtreſs;
ı beauty, nor in virtue leſs.

Who from ſuch youth could hope conſiderate care
In youth and beauty wiſdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with juſt ſupplies
My wants, and lent theſe robes that ſtrike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh, ye Powers on high!
Forbid that want ſhould ſink me to a lie,
To this the king: Our daughter but expreſt
Her cares imperfect to our godlike gueſt.
Suppliant to her, ſince firſt he choſe to pray,
Why not herſelf did ſhe conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?
Hero and king! (Ulyſſes thus reply'd)
Nor blame her faultleſs, nor ſuſpect her pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my ſteps detain,
Leſt raſh ſuſpicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and miſtaking kind.
Far from my ſoul (he cry'd) the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and ſuſpicion baſe!
Whate'er is honeſt, ſtranger, I approve;
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my ſon.
In ſuch alliance could'ſt thou wiſh to join,
A palace ſtor'd with treaſures ſhould be thine.
But, if reluctant, who ſhall force thy ſtay!
Jove bids to ſet the ſtranger on his way,
And ſhips ſhall wait thee with the morning ray.
Till then, let ſlumber cloſe their careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners ſhall watch the ſkies,
And ſeize the moment when the breezes riſe;
Then gently waft thee to the pleaſing ſhore,
Where thy ſoul reſts, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ſhips with eaſe tranſport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's ‖ giant-ſon to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning courſe begun,
Saw them returning with the ſetting ſun.
Your eyes ſhall witneſs and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our ſail.
When juſtly tim'd with equal ſweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below.
Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
But thus to heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes)
O, Jove! O, father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! ſacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory ſhine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!
Mean time Arete, for the hour of reſt,
Ordains the fleecy couch and covering veſt;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets ſpread with buſy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they paſt;
And finiſh'd all the queen's command with haſte:
Then gave the ſignal to the willing gueſt:
He roſe with pleaſure, and retir'd to reſt.
There, ſoft-extended, to the murmuring ſound
Of the high porch, Ulyſſes ſleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinous lies,
And faſt beſide were cloſ'd Arete's eyes.

‖ Tityus.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Alcinous calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which, sp entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the They next proceed to the games; the race, the wrestling, discus, &c.; where Ulysses casts a prodigious to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the li Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest, his name, part and fortunes.

NOW fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day;
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council-seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.
Mean while Minerva in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries:
Nobles and chiefs who rule Phæacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A Prince of Grace Divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores.
She spoke and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shores rebounds;
At once the seats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe
With strength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose:
Attend, he cry'd, while we our will disclose.
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Toss'd by rude tempest through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.
Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Launch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers ascend:
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim:
Be there Demodocus, the Bard of Fame,
Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings.
Thus spoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,
In state they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise:
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;
Then to the palace move: A gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all accesses to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd
Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock
bring
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous ki
The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song;
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty w
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ra
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate:
With silver shone the throne; his lyre well st
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung
Before his seat a polish'd table shines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines
His food a herald bore: and now they fed:
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.
Then, fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of Demi-gods and Kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For Heaven foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic God,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.
Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head
And, lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Transported with the song, the listening trai
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
Again, unmann'd, a shower of sorrow shed:
Conceal'd he wept: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmo
string;
Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the powe
Of heavenly song has crown'd the genial hour
Incessant in the games your strength display;
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day:

eas'd, th' admiring ſtranger may proaim
regions the Phæacian fame:
ld the gauntlet with ſo dire a ſway,
r in the race devour the way;
he leap ſpring with ſo ſtrong a bound,
, in the wreſtling, preſs the ground.
oke the king; th' attending peers obey:
ey move, Alcinous leads the way:
n lyre Demodocus unſtrung,
a column in the palace hung:
led by a herald's guardian cares,
to the liſts of Fame repairs.
warms the populace; a countleſs throng,
d hoar age: and man drives man along:
es begin; ambitious of the prize,
, Thoon, and Erectmus riſe;
: Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
s and Ponteus, chiefs of Fame:
oreus, Neates, Eratreus appear,
'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir:
like Mars terrific roſe,
d in wrath he withers hoſts of foes:
es with grace unequall'd ſhone,
'd by Laodamas alone.
ſe came forth Ambaſſineus the ſtrong;
e brave ſons, from great Alcinous ſprung.
l in a line the ready racers ſtand,
n the goal, and vaniſh'd o'er the ſtrand:
on wings of winds aborne they fly,
s of riſing duſt involve the ſky:
e race, what ſpace the hinds allow
the mule and ox from plough to plough;
s ſprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
: th' unrivall'd honours of the day.
ce embrace the brawny wreſtlers join:
queſt, great Euryalus is thine.
us ſprung forward with a bound,
in the leap, a length of ground:
treus' ſtrong arm the diſcus flies,
s with unmatch'd force along the ſkies.
dam whirls high, with dreadful ſway,
res of death, victorious in the fray.
thus the peerage in the games contends,
ſpeak, Laodamas aſcends;
nds, he cries, the ſtranger ſeems well
till'd
h' illuſtrious labours of the field:
him brave: then grant the brave man's
e hero to his ſhare of Fame.
rvous arms he boaſts! how firm his tread!
s how turn'd! how broad his ſhoulders
pread -
nbroke!---but all-conſuming care
, perhaps, that ſtrength that time would
he ocean, dread in all its forms!
ſt decay, when man contends with ſtorms.
haſt thou ſpoke (Euryalus replies):
the gueſt, invite him thou to riſe.
the word advancing from the crowd
e obeiſance, and thus ſpoke aloud:
hſafes the reverend ſtranger to diſplay
ly worth, and ſhare the glorious day?
ariſe! for thee thy port proclaims
o conquer in the ſolemn games.
: ariſe! for what more fame can yield
e ſwift race, or conflict of the field?

Steal from corroding care one tranſient day,
To glory give the ſpace thou haſt to ſtay;
Short is the time, and, lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
To whom with ſighs Ulyſſes gave reply;
Ah! why th' ill-ſuiting paſtime muſt I try?
So gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay ſports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much-afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who ſuppliant to the king and peers implores
A ſpeedy voyage to his native ſhores.
Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The ſports of glory to the brave belong
(Retorts Euryalus): he boaſts no claim
Among the great, unlike the ſons of Fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main:
Some mean ſea-farer in purſuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well ſkill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.
Incens'd Ulyſſes with a frown replies.
O forward to proclaim thy ſoul unwiſe!
With partial hands the Gods their gifts diſpenſe;
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:
This man with energy of thought controls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our ſouls,
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' ætherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward ſhow Heaven gives thee to excel,
But Heaven denies the praiſe of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous ſoul reſents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exerciſe, I claim
A poſt of honour with the ſons of Fame:
Such was my boaſt while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care ſurrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In ſcenes of death, by tempeſt and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.---Slander ſtings the brave.
Then, ſtriding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's ſons diſcharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the ſhaded air it ſings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempeſtuous as it flies.
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the ſkies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down ruſhing, it up-turns a hill of ground.
That inſtant Pallas, burſting from a cloud,
Fix'd a diſtinguiſh'd mark, and cry'd aloud:
Ev'n he who ſightleſs wants his viſual ray
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy ſignal throw tranſcends the utmoſt bound
Of every champion by a length of ground.
ecurely bid the ſtrongeſt of the train
Ariſe to throw: the ſtrongeſt throws in vain.
She ſpoke; and momentary mounts the ſky:
The friendly voice Ulyſſes hears with joy;

Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
Riſe, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
If with this throw the ſtrongeſt caſter vie,
Still, further ſtill, I bid the diſcuſs fly,
Stand forth, ye champions who the gauntlet wield,
Or ye, the ſwifteſt racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wreſtlers, who theſe paſtimes grace,
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
In ſuch heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone;
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is ſacred, and I ſtyle him friend.
Ungenerous were the man, and baſe of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man in foreign realms confin'd,
Baſe to his friend, to his own intereſt blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man that we our might may try.
Expert in every art I boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
Should a whole hoſt at once diſcharge the bow,
My well-aim'd ſhaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone ſuperior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the ſhaft to fly.
From all the ſons of earth, unrival'd praiſe
I juſtly claim; but yield to better days,
To thoſe fam'd days when great Alcides roſe,
And Eurytus, who bade the Gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whoſe art became his crime,
Swept from the earth, he periſh'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durſt defy the Bowyer-God).
In fighting fields as far the ſpear I threw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the conteſt I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints, and I reſign;
By ſtorms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When ſtorms and hunger both at once aſſail.
Abaſh'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:
Well haſt thou ſpoke, and well thy generous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong;
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, ſecure in men of ſenſe:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
In diſtant realms our glorious deeds diſplay,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When bleſt with eaſe thy woes and wanderings
Teach them thy conſort, bid thy ſons attend!
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our ſires with praiſe,
How we their offſpring dignify our race.
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boaſt the glories of th' athletic field;
We in the courſe unrivall'd ſpeed diſplay,
Or through cærulean billows plough the way;
To dreſs, to dance, to ſing, our ſole delight,
The feaſt or bath by day, and love by night:
Raiſe then, ye ſkill'd in meaſures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a diſtant air:
And faithful ſay, to you the powers belong
To race, to ſail, to dance, to chant the ſong:
But, herald, to the palace ſwift repair,
And the ſoft lyre to grace our paſtimes bear.

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up roſe nine ſeniors, choſen to ſurvey
The future games, the judges of the day.
With inſtant care they mark a ſpacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay,
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band
Graceful before the heavenly minſtrel ſtand:
Light bounding from the earth, at once they riſe
Their feet half viewleſs quiver in the ſkies:
Ulyſſes gaz'd, aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey
The glancing ſplendours as their ſandals play.
Mean time the bard, alternate to the ſtrings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea ſings;
How the ſtern God, enamour'd with her charms,
Claſp'd the gay panting Goddeſs in his arms,
By bribes ſeduc'd: and how the ſun, whoſe eye
Views the broad heavens, diſclos'd the lawleſs joy.
Stung to the ſoul, indignant through the ſkies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Arriv'd, his ſinewy arms inceſſant place
Th' eternal anvil on the maſſy baſe.
A wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers as entwin'd they lay,
Indiſſolubly ſtrong! Then inſtant bears
To his immortal dome the finiſh'd ſnares.
Above, below, around, with art diſpread,
The ſure encloſure folds the genial bed;
Whoſe texture ev'n the ſearch of Gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the ſpider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the ſtarry bowers,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian ſhores,
His favourite iſle! obſervant Mars deſcries
His wiſh'd receſs, and to the Goddeſs flies:
He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd Queen of Love
Deſcends ſmooth gliding from the courts of Jove,
Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he preſs'd
With eager joy, and with a ſigh addreſt:
Come, my belov'd, and taſte the ſoft delights:
Come, to repoſe the genial bed invites:
Thy abſent ſpouſe, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms:
Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led
And ſunk tranſported on the conſcious bed.
Down ruſh'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
The careleſs lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they ſtrive, th' entangling ſnares deny
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly;
Warn'd by the God who ſheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the ſtarry way.
Arriv'd, he ſees, he grieves, with rage he burns:
Full horrible he roars, his voice all heaven turns:
O Jove, he cry'd, oh all ye powers above,
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love!
Me, aukward me, ſhe ſcorns; and yields to charms
To that fair letcher, the ſtrong God of arms.
If I am lame, that ſtain my natal hour
By Fate impoſ'd; ſuch me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O ſight tormenting to an huſband's eyes!
But yet I truſt, this once ev'n Mars would fly
His fair-one's arms—he thinks her, once, too ni

t remain, ye guilty in my power,
: refunds his ſhameleſs daughter's dower.
: I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
nchaſte is beauty in diſgrace.
while the Gods the dome of Vulcan
hrong,
omes, and Neptune comes along;
:ſe gay Hermes trod the ſtarry plain;
ɛſty withheld the Goddeſs-train.
ren beholds impriſon'd as they lie,
xtinguiſh'd laughter ſhakes the ſky.
mutual, thus they ſpoke: Behold on
wrong [ſtrong!
engeance waits; and art ſubdues the
here a God on all th' Olympian brow
ift than Mars, and more than Vulcan ſlow?
can conquers, and the God of arms
r the penalty for lawleſs charms.
ſerious they; but he who gilds the ſkies,
Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
t thou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
r the ſhame, like Mars, to ſhare the joy?
y'd ſhame! (the ſmiling youth rejoin'd),
ice the chains, and thrice more firmly
ind;
ye Gods, and every Goddeſs gaze,
:r would I bleſs the ſweet diſgrace.
laugh the reſt, even Neptune laugh'd
loud,
importunate to looſe the God:
:, he cries, O Vulcan! free from ſhame
tives; I inſure the penal claim.
Neptune (Vulcan then) the faithleſs truſt?
rs who gives ſurety for th' unjuſt:
if that lewd ſcandal of the ſky,
ty reſtor'd, perfidious fly;
t thou bear the mulct? He inſtant cries,
lct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies.
hom appeas'd: No more I urge delay;
'eptune ſues, my part is to obey.
the ſnares his force the God applies;
rſt; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
ſoft Cyprian ſhores the Goddeſs moves,
Paphos and her blooming groves;
o the Power an hundred altars riſe,
athing odours ſcent the balmy ſkies;
'd ſhe bathes in conſecrated bowers,
ices unguents ſhed, ambroſial ſhowers.
ts that charm the Gods! ſhe laſt aſſumes
ondrous robes; and full the Goddeſs
olooms.
ſung the bard: Ulyſſes hears with joy,
d applauſes rend the vaulted ſky.
to the ſports his ſons the king commands,
ɔoming youth before the monarch ſtands,
: unmatch'd! A wondrous ball is brought
ork of Polypus, divinely wrought);
uth with ſtrength enormous bids it fly,
nding backward whirls it to the ſky;
ther, ſpringing with an active bound,
nce intercepts it from the ground:
l diſmiſs'd, in dance they ſkim the ſtrand,
id return, and ſcarce imprint the ſand.
nbly gazes with aſtoniſh'd eyes,
ds in ſhouts applauſes to the ſkies.
thus Ulyſſes: Happy king, whoſe name
ghteſt ſhines in all the rolls of Fame:
In ſubjects happy! with ſurpriſe I gaze!
Thy praiſe was juſt; their ſkill tranſcends thy
praiſe. [tears,
Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch
And thus benevolent accoſts the peers:
Since Wiſdom's ſacred guidance he purſues,
Give to the ſtranger-gueſt a ſtranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion ſhare
O'er whom ſupreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A veſt, a robe, and imitate your king:
Be ſwift to give; that he this night may ſhare
The ſocial feaſt of joy, with joy ſincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a ſlanderous tongue.
Th' aſſenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haſte their heralds ſend the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: O prince, whoſe ſway
Rules this beſt realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this ſword, whoſe blade of braſs diſplays
A ruddy gleam; whoſe hilt a ſilver blaze;
Whoſe ivory ſheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's ſide.
He ſaid: and to his hand the ſword conſign'd;
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind thoſe words, yo whirlwinds,
bear,
And ſcatter them, ye ſtorms, in empty air:
Crown, O ye Heavens! with joy his peaceful
hours,
And grant him to his ſpouſe and native ſhores!
And bleſt be thou, my friend, Ulyſſes cries;
Crown him with every joy, ye favouring ſkies!
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never may'ſt thou want this ſword!
He ſaid; and o'er his ſhoulder flung the blade.
Now o'er the earth aſcends the evening ſhade:
The precious gifts th' illuſtrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' ſons unfold
The veſts, the robes, and heaps of ſhining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in ſtate:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial ſate.
Then to the queen: O partner of our reign,
O ſole belov'd! command thy menial train
A poliſh'd cheſt and ſtately robes to bear,
And healing waters for the bath prepare:
That, bath'd, our gueſt may bid his ſorrows ceaſe,
Hear the ſweet ſong, and taſte the feaſt in peace.
A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourſelf we give, memorial of our name:
To raiſe in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every God that treads the courts above.
Inſtant the queen, obſervant of the king,
Commands her train a ſpacious vaſe to bring,
The ſpacious vaſe with ample ſtreams ſuffice.
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames ariſe.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herſelf the cheſt prepares; in order roll'd
The robes, the veſts are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dreſs inwrought with art,
A gift expreſſive of her bounteous heart,
Thus ſpoke to Ithacus: To guard with bands
Inſolvable theſe gifts, thy care demands:
Leſt, in thy ſlumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king aſcends
(Unraſted joy, ſince that diſaſtrous hour
He fail'd ill-fated from Calypſo's bower):
Where, happy as the Gods that range the ſky,
He feaſted every ſenſe with every joy.
He bathes: the damſels, with officious toil,
Shed ſweets, ſhed unguents, in a ſhower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he ſpreads,
And to the feaſt magnificently treads,
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Nauſicaa blooming as a Goddeſs ſtands,
With wondering eyes the hero ſhe ſurvey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid:
Hail, godlike ſtranger! and when Heaven reſtores
To thy fond wiſh thy long-expected ſhores,
This ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'ſt, to me, the vital air.
O royal Maid! Ulyſſes ſtraight returns,
Whoſe worth the ſplendors of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whoſe arm in vengeance forms)
The writhen bolt, and blackens heaven with ſtorms,
Reſtore me ſafe, through weary wanderings toſt,
To my dear country's ever-pleaſing coaſt,
As, while the ſpirit in this boſom glows,
To thee, my Goddeſs, I addreſs my vows:
My life, thy gift I boaſt! He ſaid, and ſate
Faſt by Alcinous on a throne of ſtate.
Now each partakes the feaſt, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion ſhares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeiſance as he moves along:
Beneath a ſculptur'd arch he ſits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then, from the chine, Ulyſſes carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
This, let the maſter of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the ſpacious ſkies,
Who ſacred honours to the bard denies?
The Muſe the bard inſpires, exalts his mind;
The Muſe indulgent loves th'harmonious kind.
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praiſe.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the Lyriſt wiſe Ulyſſes ſaid:
Oh more than man! thy ſoul the Muſe inſpires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and ſing ſo well the woe?
Juſt to the tale, as preſent as the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day?
The ſong recalls paſt horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her aſhes riſe.
Once more harmonious ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Th'Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, ſing:
How ſtern Ulyſſes, furious to deſtroy,
With latent heroes ſack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of Fame,
The God himſelf inſpires thy breaſt with flame:
And mine ſhall be the taſk, henceforth to raiſe
In every land, the monument of praiſe.

Full of the God, he rais'd his lofty ſtrain,
How the Greeks ruſh'd tumultuous to the main
How blazing tents illumin'd half the ſkies,
While from the ſhores the winged navy flies:
How, ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the ſtern Greeks by Troy's aſſiſting hands
All Troy up-heav'd the ſteed; of differing mind
Various the Trojans counſel'd; part conſign'd
The monſter to the ſword, part ſentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th'unwiſe prevail, they lodge it in the towers,
An offering ſacred to th'immortal Powers:
Th'unwiſe award to lodge it in the walls,
And by the Gods decree proud Ilion falls;
Deſtruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful ſlaughter, fierce for human blood.
He ſung the Greeks ſtern iſſuing from the ſteed
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! aſcends
The Spartan king: how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars), and how with dire alarms
He fights, ſubdues: for Pallas ſtrings his arms.
Thus while he ſung, Ulyſſes' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew;
As ſome fond matron views in mortal fight
Her huſband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through claſhing ſwords ſhe runs, ſhe flies
As ghaſtly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Cloſe to his breaſt ſhe grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound
She cries, ſhe ſhrieks; the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mock her violence of woe:
To chains condemn'd, as wildly ſhe deplores:
A widow, and a ſlave on foreign ſhores.
So from the ſluices of Ulyſſes' eyes
Faſt fell the tear, and ſighs ſucceeded ſighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the King obſerv'd alone
The ſilent tear, and heard the ſecret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O ceaſe to ſing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful ſtring
To every note his tears reſponſive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe
Thy lay too deeply moves: then ceaſe the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This ſocial rite demands: for him the ſails,
Floating in air, invite th'impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: the wiſe and good
Receive the ſtranger as a brother's blood.
But, friend, diſcover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour diſtinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:
Say from what city, from what regions toſt,
And what inhabitants thoſe regions boaſt?
So ſhalt thou inſtant reach the realms aſſign'd,
In wonderous ſhips ſelf-mov'd, inſtinct with mind
No helm ſecures their courſe, no pilot guides,
Like man, intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conſcious of every coaſt, and every bay,
That lies beneath the ſun's all-ſeeing ray;
Though clouds and darkneſs veil th' encumber'd ſky,
Fearleſs through darkneſs and through clouds they fly

empeſts rage, though rolls the ſwelling
ain,
nay roll, the tempeſts rage in vain;
ſtern God, that o'er the waves preſides,
y paſs, and ſafe repaſs the tides,
burns; while careleſs they convey
us every gueſt to every bay,
have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
l ſtory big with future woes,
tune rag'd, and how, by his command,
ed in a furge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
ent of wrath: how mound on mound
ry theſe proud towers beneath the ground.
e Gods may fruſtrate or fulfill,
e purpoſe of th' Eternal Will.

But ſay through what waſte regions haſt thou ſtray'd,
What cuſtoms noted, and what coaſts ſurvey'd;
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy boſom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Juſt are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven proceed
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to bleed:
A theme of future ſong! Say then if ſlain
Some dear lov'd brother preſs'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled ſome friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Adventures of the Cicons, Lotophagi, and Cyclops.

is the relation of his adventures; how, after the deſtruction of Troy, he with his companions made an on the Cicons, by whom they were repulſed; and meeting with a ſtorm, were driven to the coaſt of the i. From thence they ſailed to the land of the Cyclops, whoſe manners and ſituation are particularly cha- . The giant Polyphemus and his cave deſcribed; the uſage Ulyſſes and his companions met with there; the method and artifice by which he eſcaped.

thus Ulyſſes: Thou, whom firſt in ſway,
ſt in virtue, theſe thy realms obey;
the products of a peaceful reign!
-taught poet, and enchanting ſtrain;
ll'd palace, the perpetual feaſt,
icing, and a people bleſt!
y ſeems it ever to employ
l days in union and in joy;
ous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
e foaming bowl the laughing wine!
heſe joys, why ſeeks thy mind to know
py ſcries of a wanderer's woe:
nce ſad, whoſe image to review,
t open all my wounds anew!
what firſt, what laſt ſhall I relate,
nnumber'd ſent by Heaven and Fate?
rſt the man (though now a wretch diſ-
t)
thee, monarch, for his future gueſt,
ffes! no ignoble name,
ds my wiſdom, and high heaven my
ve ſoil is Ithaca the fair, [ſame.
h Neritus waves his woods in air:
, Same and Zacynthus crown'd
mountains, ſpread their iſles around
he north and night's dark regions run,
urora and the riſing ſun).
ur iſle, yet bleſt in fruitful ſtores;
her ſons, though rocky are her ſhores;
ah! none ſo lovely to my ſight,
e lands that Heaven o'erſpreads with
it!

In vain Calypſo long conſtrain'd my ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe ſtrove,
And added magic, to ſecure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My abſent parents roſe before my ſight,
And diſtant lay contentment and delight.
Hear then the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my paſſage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' ſhore,
Beneath cold Iſmarus our Veſſels bore.
We boldly landed on the hoſtile place,
And ſack'd the city, and deſtroy'd the race;
Their wives made captive, their poſſeſſions ſhar'd,
And every ſoldier found a like reward.
I then adviſ'd to fly; not ſo the reſt,
Who ſtay'd to revel, and prolong the feaſt:
The fatted ſheep and ſable bulls they ſlay,
And bowls flow round, and riot waſtes the day.
Mean time the Cicons to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country ſwarms,
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or riſing flowers
O'erſpread the land, when ſpring deſcends in ſhowers:
All expert ſoldiers, ſkill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courſer urge the war.
Now fortune changes (ſo the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taſte our ſhare of pain.

Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er heavens pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly th'unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life,
Yet as we fled our fellows rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.
Mean while the God whose hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven with storms!
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors toss't,
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess the place.
The went and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate ribts in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th'enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep
The seas smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.
By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.
Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats through pathless thickets
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintery
Pursue their flight: but leave them safe to
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermillion prore,
Or bark of traffic glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast; nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground.
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful
A port there is, enclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd,
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green,
The blushing alders form a shady scene.
Hither some favouring God, beyond our
Through all-surrounding shade our navy
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in the æthereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown
With wonder seiz'd, we view the pleasing
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early
The mountain goats come bounding o'er the
In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous God affords a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supply'd (for twelve were all the
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian

Cyclops lay in prospect near;
goats and bleating flocks we hear.
eir mountains rising smokes appear,
he sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
things: along the sea-beat shore
eep: but when the sacred dawn
er'd o'er the dewy lawn,
fellows, and these words address:
ociates, here indulge your rest:
my single ship, adventurous I
e manners of yon men to try;
race unjust, of barbarous might,
unconscious of a stranger's right;
harbour pity in their breast,
Gods, and succour the distrest?
, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side:
ey'd me, and the ship unty'd.
ed on their banks, they sweep [deep.
smooth face, and cleave the yielding
e nearest verge of land we drew,
sea a lonely cave we view,
with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
ep and goats lay slumbering round the
e.
a fence of marble from the rock.
o'er-arching pine and spreading oak,
pherd here his flock maintains
e rest, and solitary reigns,
hick of horrid shade reclin'd;
y mischiefs labour in his mind.
rmous! far unlike the race
birth, in stature, or in face;
e mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
th rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
ssel at the point of land,
o guard it, gave our crew command:
twelve, the boldest and the best,
lventure, and forsake the rest.
goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
Maron of Evantheus' line
of Phœbus at th' Ismarian shrine).
ade his honour'd mansion stood
ollo's consecrated wood;
is house, Heaven mov'd my mind to save
presents in return he gave;
en talents to perfection wrought,
wl that held a copious draught,
e large vessels of unmingled wine,
, undecaying, and divine!
r, some ages from his race conceal'd,
fire in gratitude reveal'd;
he wine: to quench whose fervent steam,
nty measures from the living stream
e cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
romatic fragrancies around.
ample vase we heav'd aboard,
ht another with provisions stor'd.
reboded I should find the bower
ll Monster, fierce with barbarous power,
e wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's despight,
g laws, and trampling on the right.
we found, but vacant all within
the giant tended on the green):
the grot we gaze; and all we view,
ing'd, our admiration drew:
ng shelves with loads of cheeses pressed,
d flocks each separate from the rest
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies):
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaded shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore.
And cast the ponderous burden at the door,
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den. [rock,
Now driven before him, through the arching
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind):
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate
(Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars compact and strong,
The massy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hardening cheese he prest,
And high in wicker-baskets heap'd the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd the nightly feast.
His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
What are ye, guests; on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Pirates perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own?
His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds;
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wanderers o'er the main.
Behold the relics of the Grecian train!
Through various seas by various perils tost,
And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast:
Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command!
Not what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides' friends (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow;
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.

'Tis what the Gods require: thoſe Gods revere,
The poor and ſtranger are their conſtant care;
To Jove their cauſe, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.
Fools that ye are! (the ſavage thus replies,
His inward fury bluzing at his eyes)
Or ſtrangers, diſtant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know then, we, Cyclops, are a race above
Thoſe air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourſelves incline.
But anſwer, the good ſhip that brought ye o'er,
Where lies ſhe anchor'd? near or off the ſhore?
Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Vers'd in the turns of various human kind);
And, cautious, thus: Againſt a dreadful rock,
Faſt by our ſhore the gallant veſſel broke,
Scarce with theſe few I 'ſcap'd; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main;
The ſcatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.
He anſwer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And daſh'd like dogs againſt the ſtony floor:
The pavement ſwims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he ſpreads his horrid feaſt,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beaſt:
He ſucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, fleſh, nor ſolid bone remains.
We ſee the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant ſwill'd;
Then ſtretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay ſenſeleſs, and ſupine, amidſt the flock.
To ſeize the time, and with a ſudden wound
To fix the ſlumbering monſter to the ground,
My ſoul impels me: and in act I ſtand
To draw the ſword; but wiſdom held my hand.
A deep to rath had finiſh'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeleſs grief we lay,
And ſigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rofy finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats ſubmits the lambs.
The talk thus finiſh'd of his morning hours,
Two more he ſnatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd, and whiſtling, drives his flock before:
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And ſhuts again: with equal eaſe replaces,
As a light quiver's lid is oft'd and cloſed.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, forſook all the hills.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Revolv'd in doubt, and cautious work'd my
[illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] ſtraight for [illegible]
This ſhorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to ſhape it and to plane;
The narrower end I ſharpen'd to a ſpire;
Whoſe point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the duſt that ſtrew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who firſt the venturous deed ſhould try
In the broad orbit of his monſtrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood
When ſlumber next ſhould tame the man of blood.
Juſt as I wiſh'd, the lots were caſt on four;
Myſelf the fifth. We ſtand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female ſtay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or ſo ſome God deſign'd).
Then heaving high the ſtone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
Firſt down he ſits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next ſeiz'd two wretches more, and headlong dire repaſt.
Brain'd on the rock; his ſecond
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:
Cyclop! ſince human fleſh has been thy feaſt,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digeſt:
Know hence what treaſures in our ſhip we lo
And what rich liquors other climates boaſt.
We to thy ſhore the precious freight ſhall bear
If home thou ſend us, and vouchſafe to ſpare.
But oh! thus furious, thirſting thus for gore,
The ſons of men ſhall ne'er approach thy ſh
And never ſhalt thou taſte this nectar more.
He heard, he took, and pouring down his
Delighted, ſwill'd the large luxurious draught
More! give me more, he cry'd: the boon be
Whoe'er thou art that bear'ſt celeſtial wine!
Declare thy name; nor mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unbleſt Cyclopean climes produce
Though ſure our vine the largeſt cluſter yie
And Jove's ſcorn'd thunder ſerves to drench
fields).
But this deſcended from the bleſt abodes,
A rill of nectar, ſtreaming from the Gods.
He ſaid, and greedy graſp'd the heady bow
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his
His senſes lay ſoſt'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my ſmoothſt ſpeech I reaſſume:
Thy promiſ'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title: Noman is my name.
So that dear title my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.
The giant then: Our promiſ'd grace receive
The proffer'd boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have left my pow
Noman ſhall be the laſt I will devour.
He ſaid: then, ſmiling with the fumes of w
Dropp'd his huge head, and ſtretching lay ſupine
His neck obliquely o'er his ſhoulders hung,
Prevail'd with the weight of deep that tames
[illegible]
There lay the mingled ſtreams of wine
And human fleſh, a filthy mixed food.
Sudden I fix the embers and ſupine
With a [illegible] ſtrength the ſtake of fire;
Each [illegible] with bold words repair,
[illegible] the [illegible] deed to dare.

now glow'd beneath the burning bed
it was) and ſparkled fiery red.
the vengeful inſtrument I bring;
ng hearts my fellows form a ring.
ome preſent God, they ſwift let fall
'd torment on his viſual ball.
ve them from a riſing ground
ſharp ſtake, and twirl it round and
nd.
ſhipwright ſtands his workmen o'er,
the wimble, ſome huge beam to bore;
ll hands, it nimbly ſpins about,
deep-piercing till it ſcoops it out:
id eye ſo whirls the fiery wood;
r pierc'd pupil ſpouts the boiling blood;
e his brows; the ſcorching lids grow
ubbles, and the fibres crack. [black,
ien armourers temper in the ford
edg'd pole axe, or the ſhining ſword,
ot metal hiſſes in the lake,
s eye-ball hiſs'd the plunging ſtake.
dreadful groan: the rocks around
ll their inmoſt winding caves reſound.
ecoded. Forth, with frantic hand,
id daſh'd on earth the gory brand:
the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
e like thunder, and a direful yell.
heir dens the one-ey'd race repair
d rocks and mountains bleak in air.
ſſembled, at his well-known roar,
e cauſe, and crowd the cavern-door.
urns thee, Polypheme? what ſtrange af-
ght,
ks our ſlumbers, and diſturbs the night?
mortal, in th' unguarded hour
ppreſs thee, or by fraud or power?
inſidious the fair flock ſurpriſe?
the Cyclop from his den replies:
, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
ppreſſes me with fraudful power.
an hurt thee, but the hand divine
iſeaſe, it fits thee to reſign:
e or to thy father Neptune pray,"
ren cry'd, and inſtant ſtrode away.
ch'd my ſecret ſoul and conſcious heart,
ith th' effect of conduct and of art.
ie the Cyclop raging with his wound,
is wide arms, and ſearches round and
und:
e ſtone removing from the gate,
ds extended in the midſt he ſate:
h'd each paſſing ſheep, and felt it o'er,
ſeize us ere we reach'd the door
is ſhallow-wit he deem'd was mine):
I revolv'd the deep deſign;
our lives my labouring boſom wrought;
ieme I turn'd, and ſharpen'd every
ought;
and that I caſt to ſave my friends,
reſolve my varying counſels ends.
were the rams, with native purple
ir,
and largeſt of the fleecy care.
ee and three, with ozier bands we ty'd.
ning bands the Cyclop's bed ſupply'd)
moſt bore a man: the outward two
ach ſide: ſo bound we all the crew.

One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my graſping hands I lock,
And faſt beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When roſy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to paſture all the luſty males:
The ewes ſtill folded, with diſtended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in diſtreſsful cries.
But heedleſs of thoſe cares, with anguiſh ſtung,
He felt their fleeces as they paſs'd along,
(Fool that he was) and let them ſafely go,
All unſuſpecting of their freight below.
The maſter ram at laſt approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulyſſes fate.
Him while he paſt the monſter blind beſpoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
Firſt thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
Firſt to the field and river's bank to lead,
And firſt with ſtately ſtep at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows uſher to their bower.
Now far the laſt, with penſive pace and ſlow
Thou mov'ſt, as conſcious of thy maſter's woe!
Seeſt thou theſe lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didſt thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but Fate the power of ſpeech afford,
Soon might'ſt thou tell me, where in ſecret here
The daſtard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and daſh'd from rock to
rock,
His batter'd brains ſhould on the pavement ſmoke.
No eaſe, no pleaſure, my ſad heart receives,
While ſuch a monſter as vile Noman lives.
The giant ſpoke, and through the hollow rock
Diſmiſs'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No ſooner freed, and through th' incloſure paſt,
Firſt I releaſe myſelf, my fellows laſt:
Fat ſheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our veſſel on the winding ſhore.
With joy the ſailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd,
Big tears of tranſport ſtand in every eye:
I check their fondneſs, and command to fly.
Aboard in haſte they heave the wealthy ſheep,
And ſnatch their oars, and ruſh into the deep.
Now off at ſea, and from the ſhallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear:
With taunts the diſtant giant I accoſt:
Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious hoſt!
'Twas no coward, no ignoble ſlave,
Thou meditat'ſt thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the inſtrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hoſpitable bands,
The God, the God revenges by my hands.
The words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock,
High o'er the billows flew the miſſy load,
And near the ſhip came thundering on the flood.
It almoſt bruſh'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole ſea ſhook, and refluent beat the ſhore.
The long concuſſion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the veſſel to the iſland's ſide:
Again I ſhov'd her off, our fate to fly,
Each nerve we ſtretch, and every oar we ply.
Juſt 'ſcap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main.

Once more I rais'd my voice: my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design diſſuade,
What boots the godleſs giant to provoke,
Whoſe arms may ſink us at a ſingle ſtroke?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old ocean ſhook, and back his ſurges flew,
Thy ſounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'ſcap'd in vain.
But I, of mind elate, and ſcorning fear,
Thus with new taunts inſult the monſter's ear.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy diſgrace,
Aſk who diſfigur'd thus that eyeleſs face?
Say 'twas Ulyſſes, 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulyſſes, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whoſe arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſavage with a roar replies:
O heavens! O faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty ſeer who on theſe hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long ſince he menac'd ſuch was Fate's command;
And nam'd Ulyſſes as the deſtin'd hand.
I deem'd ſome godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean deſign,
Who not by ſtrength ſubdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's bleſſing on the watery way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own:
Th' immortal father no leſs boaſts the ſon.
His power can heal me, and re-light my eye:
And only his, of all the Gods on high.
Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vaſt bulk diſlodge thy bloody mind,
And ſend thee howling to the realms of night!
As ſure, as Neptune cannot give thee ſight.
Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the ſtarry ſkies:
Hear me, O Neptune! thou whoſe arms are hurl'd
From ſhore to ſhore, and gird the ſolid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth diſown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy ſon;
Let not Ulyſſes breathe his native air,
Laertes' ſon, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and ſufferings long and late;
His loſt companions let him firſt deplore;
Some veſſel, not his own, tranſport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign ſufferings freed,
More near and deep, domeſtic woes ſucceed!
With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard the unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it ſung acroſs the main:
It fell, and bruſh'd the ſtern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the ſhore.
With all our force we kept aloof to ſea,
And gain'd the iſland where our veſſels lay.
Our ſight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There diſembarking on the green ſea-ſide,
We land our cattle, and the ſpoil divide:
Of theſe due ſhares to every ſailor fall;
The maſter ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulyſſes' fate)
With pious mind to Heaven I conſecrate.
But the great God, whoſe thunder rends the ſkies,
Averſe, beholds the ſmoking ſacrifice;
And ſees me wandering ſtill from coaſt to coaſt,
And all my veſſels, all my people, loſt!
While thoughtleſs we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the ſhore in careleſs eaſe we reſt,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the eaſt.
Then from their anchors all our ſhips unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we ſweep
With haſty ſtrokes the hoarſe reſounding deep;
Blind to the future, penſive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Leſtrigons, and Circe.

Ulyſſes arrives at the iſland of Æolus, who gives him proſperous winds, and encloſes the adverſe ones in a bag which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they ſail to the Leſtrigons where they loſe eleven ſhips, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the iſland of Circe. Eurylochus is firſt with ſome companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are tranſformed into ſwine. Ulyſſes then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantreſs, and procures the reſtoration of his men. After a year's ſtay with her, he prepares, at her inſtigation, for his voyage to the infernal ſhades.

AT length we reach'd Æolia's ſea-girt ſhore
Where great Hippotades the ſceptre bore,
A floating iſle! High-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of braſs the rocky coaſt confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And ſix fair daughters grac'd the royal bed:
Theſe ſons their ſiſters wed, and all remain
Their parents pride, and pleaſure of their reign.

hey feaſt, all day the bowls flow round,
nd muſic through the iſle reſound:
each pair on ſplendid carpets lay,
n'd with love the pleaſures of the day.
y port affords our wandering fleet
's reception, and a ſafe retreat.
e monarch urg'd me to relate
of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
told; at length for parting mov'd;
with mighty gifts my ſuit approv'd.
rſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
'd their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling
the mighty Sire of Gods aſſign'd [blaſt:
eſt's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;
alone the liſtening ſtorms obey,
th the deep, or ſwell the ſoamy ſea.
my hollow ſhip the monarch hung,
ſetter'd by a ſilver throng;
yrus exempt, with friendly gales
'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
roſperous days we ply'd the labouring oar;
n preſents our welcome native ſhore:
diſplay the beacon's friendly light,
g mountains gain upon our ſight.
t my eyes, by watchful toils oppreſt,
l to take the balmy gifts of reſt;
t my hands did from the rudder part
the love of home poſſeſs'd my heart);
! on board a fond debate aroſe;
e device thoſe veſſels might encloſe?
n, what prize from Æolus I brought?
his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought:
hence, ye Gods, contending nations ſtrive
t ſhall pleaſe, who moſt our hero give?
e his coffers groan'd with Trojan ſpoils;
e, the wretched partners of his toils,
'd by want, our fruitleſs labours mourn,
rich in barren fame return.
lus, ye ſee, augments his ſtore:
, my friends, theſe myſtic gifts explore.
d: and (oh curſt fate) the thongs un-
ound:
ing tempeſt ſweeps the ocean round;
in the whirl, the hurry'd navy flew,
n widen'd, and the ſhores withdrew.
rom my fatal ſleep, I long debate
live, or deſperate plunge to Fate:
ubting, proſtrate on the deck I lay,
he coward thoughts of death gave way.
while our veſſels plough the liquid
lain
the known Æolian coaſt regain
ns the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
on ſhore, and with a ſcanty feaſt
l and hunger haſtily repreſs'd;
e, two choſen heralds ſtraight attend
nd progreſs to my royal friend:
amidſt his jovial ſons we found;
uet ſteaming, and the goblets crown'd:
imbly ſtopp'd with conſcious ſhame and
we,
er than the gate preſum'd to draw.
his ſons their well-known gueſt deſcry'd
ing from their couches loudly cry'd:
ere! what dæmon could'ſt thou meet
rt thy paſſage, and repel thy fleet?
Waſt thou not furniſh'd by our choiceſt care
For Greece, for home, and all thy ſoul held dear!
Thus they: in ſilence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length theſe words with accent low return'd:
Me, lock'd in ſleep, my faithleſs crew bereſt
Of all the bleſſings of your godlike gift!
But grant, oh grant our loſs we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.
Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their ſtern ſire replied:
Vile wretch, begone! this inſtant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful ſuit pollutes theſe bleſs'd abodes,
Whoſe fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.
Thus fierce he ſaid: we ſighing went our way,
And with deſponding hearts put off to ſea.
The ſailors, ſpent with toils, their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no proſpect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful courſe we ſteer,
The next proud Lamos' ſtately towers appear,
And Leſtrigonia's gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
The ſhepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to ſucceed his cares, the watchful ſwain;
But he that ſcorns the chains of ſleep to wear,
And adds the herdſman's to the ſhepherd's care.
So near the paſtures, and ſo ſhort the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.
Within a long receſs a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the ſkies;
The jutting ſhores that ſwell on either ſide
Contract its mouth, and break the ruſhing tide.
Our eager ſailors ſeize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the ſinking billows ſleep,
And ſmiling calmneſs ſilver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halſers to the ſhore.
From thence we climb'd a point, whoſe airy brow
Commands the proſpect of the plains below:
No tracts of heaſts, or ſigns of men, we found,
But ſmoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With ſpeed to learn what men poſſeſs'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's ſmooth beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beſide a cryſtal ſpring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's ſilver ſtreams came down
(Artacia's ſtreams alone ſupply the town):
The damſel they approach'd, and aſk'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary ſtrangers heard,
And ſhow'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but as they entering ſaw the queen
Of ſize enormous, and terrific mien
(Not yielding to ſome bulky mountain's height),
A ſud'den horror ſtruck their aching ſight.
Swift ſhe her call her huſband ſcour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the deſtin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton ſlew.
But two ruſh'd out, and to the navy flew.
Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monſter flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;

Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
O thou of fraudful heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me, cold and impotent!
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain.
The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and led
To the sweet transports of the genial bed.
Ministrant to their queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden flaskets grac'd
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and plac'd me on the sovereign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs:
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread!
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Circe in vain invites, the feast to share:
Absent I ponder, and absorb in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The queen beheld me, and those words address't:
Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain?
I answer'd: Goddess! human is thy breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me would'st thou please? For them thy cares employ,
And them to me restore, and me to joy.
With that she parted; in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then hastening to the sties, set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before;
Unwieldy, out they rush'd with general cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter charms, they change again
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.
Those hairs, of late that bristled every part,
Fall off; miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eye.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.
Son of Laertes! (then the queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much experienc'd man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harm,
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms.
She said: obedient to her high command,
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd:
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
Ah, master! ever honour'd, ever dear!
('These tender words on every side I hear)
What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn,
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath,
But, ah! relate our lost companions death.
I answer'd chearful: Haste, your galley moor,
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise, and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.
With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah! whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl, away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclop, and his bloody dead;
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.
I heard incens'd, and first revolv'd to speed
My flying faulchion at the rebels head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground.
But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.
This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.
Mean while the Goddess, with indulgent care
And social joys, the late transform'd repairs;

the feaſt, their fainting ſoul renews;
fulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
ig with joy their eager eyes behold
r's face, and each his ſtory told;
ing tears the narrative confound,
their ſobs the vaulted roofs reſound.
h'd their paſſion, thus the Goddeſs
ught by labours to b· wiſe, [cries:
ort memory of grief ſuffice.
known the various woes ye bore,
by ſea, in perils on the ſhore;
atever was in Fortune's power.
the pleaſures of this genial hour.
our minds as ere ye left your coaſt,
l to ſorrow for a country loſt.
wanderers now, where-e'er ye go
ul memory renews your woe;
remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
ûl ſaddens by the uſe of pain.
id entreaty mov'd the general breaſt;
a long toil, we willing ſunk to reſt.
the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
ll circle of the year came round.
the ſeaſons, following in their train,
back the months, the days, and hours
lethargy at once they riſe, [again;
their chief with animating cries:
Ulyſſes, our inglorious lot?
e name of Ithaca forgot?
r the dear land in proſpect riſe,
r'd palace glitter in our eyes?
z I heard; yet till the ſun's decline
the feaſt, and quaff'd the roſy wine:
the ſhades came on at evening hour,
y ſlumbering in the duſky bower;
ſuppliant to fair Circe's bed,
r moment ſeiz'd, and thus I ſaid:
dful, Goddeſs, of thy promiſe made;
Ulyſſes ever be delay'd?
eir lord my ſad companions mourn,
ſt beats homeward, anxious to return:
oment parted from thy eyes,
rs flow round me, and my heart complies.
n, (ſhe cry'd) ah, go! yet think, not I,
e, but the Fates, your wiſh deny.
not yet to breathe thy native air!
journey firſt demands thy care;
th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
the realms of darkneſs and of death.
k the Theban bard, depriv'd of ſight:
rradiate with prophetic light;
a Perſephone, entire and whole,
retain th' unſeparated ſoul:
are forms, of empty æther made;
ſemblance, and a flitting ſhade.
at the word, my very heart was dead:
ſate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
he light and life my ſoul begun,
that all was grief beneath the ſun.
d at length, the guſhing tears ſuppreſt,
toſt limbs now weary'd into reſt:
ll I tread (I cry'd) ah, Circe! ſay,
s deſcent, and who ſhall guide the way?
ig eyes behold the realms below?
rk to waft me, and what wind to blow?
ated road (the magic power reply'd)
Ulyſſes! aſks no mortal guide.

Rear but the maſt, the ſpacious ſail diſplay,
The northern winds ſhall wing thee on thy way.
Soon ſhalt thou reach old Ocean's utmoſt ends,
Where to the main the ſhelving ſhore deſcends;
The barren trees of Proſerpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy veſſel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegethon's loud torrents, ruſhing down,
Hiſs in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, ſlow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters ſpread:
Where the dark rocks o'erhang th' infernal lake,
And mingling ſtreams eternal murmurs make.
Firſt draw thy faulchion, and on every ſide
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the ſhades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients ſtrew the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living waters from the cryſtal ſpring.
Then the wan ſhades and feeble ghoſts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native ſhore;
A barren cow, the ſtatelieſt of the iſle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
Theſe to the reſt; but to the ſeer muſt bleed
A ſable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
Theſe ſolemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the ſable ſheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden ſhall ſkim along the duſky glades
Thin airy ſhoals, and viſionary ſhades,
Then give command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Let the ſlay'd victims in the flame be caſt,
And ſacred vows and myſtic ſong apply'd
To griſly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy faulchion wav'd around
Shall drive the ſpectres from forbidden ground:
The ſacred draught ſhall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the ſhades ariſe the ſeer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, diſplay,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.
So ſpeaking, from the ruddy orient ſhone
The morn, conſpicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddeſs with a radiant tunic dreſs'd
My limbs, and o'er me caſt a ſilken veſt.
Long flowing robes of pureſt white array
The nymph, that added luſtre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waiſt was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth iſſuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Riſe, riſe, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haſte, and quit the ſand.
All riſe and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for ſenſe, nor much for courage fam'd:
The youngeſt of our band, a vulgar ſoul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careleſs, on a turret's height
With ſleep repair'd the long debauch of night:

The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.
The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:
Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore:
Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,
Far other journey first demands our cares;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkness and of death:
To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.
My sad companions heard in deep despair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found,
The sable ewe and ram, together bound,
For swift as thought the Goddess had been the
And thence had glided viewless as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion? who shall trace way?

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Descent into Hell.

Ulysses continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he pe to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with E and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroines, after the heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distan disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sisyphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

NOW to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares opprest,
And solemn horror saddens every breast.
A freshening breeze the * Magic Power supplied,
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;
Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
Now sunk the sun from his aerial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during mounds.
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.
The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
Disbark the sheep, an offering to the Gods;
And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry
The dolesome passage to th' infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean Power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.
Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;
And, trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we b
Then living waters from the crystal spring;
O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.
Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal G
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the flo
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn
So shall a ram the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.
Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
Then dy'd the sheep: a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blo
When, lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids,
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades;
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors sla
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er ground,
And all their dire assembly shriek'd around.
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering through my bloo
Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the slay'd victims to the flames are cas

* Circe.

r'd vows, and myſtic ſong applied
'luto, and his gloomy bride.
ft I wave my faulchion o'er the blood;
d the pale throngs, and trembling ſtood.
black trench the gore untaſted flows,
from the ſhades Tireſias roſe.
andering through the gloom I firſt ſur-
'd,
: realms of death, Elpenor's ſhade:
mains all naked to the ſky,
ſhores unwept, unburied lie.
ſight I ſtand, deep fix'd in woe,
ſpoke the tears began to flow:
hat angry power Elpenor led
ı ſhades, and wander with the dead?
. thy ſoul, by realms and ſeas disjoin'd,
ıe nimble ſail, and leave the lagging
ıd?
ſt replied: To hell my doom I owe,
:curſt, dire miniſters of woe!
ırough wine unfaithful to their weight,
ıe tumbling from a towery height,
I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
neck-joint—my ſoul deſcends to hell.
ıe aid, I now conjure thee lend
: tie and ſacred name of friend!
d conſort! by thy father's cares!
'elemachus's blooming years!
know that ſoon the heavenly Powers
thee back to day, and Circe's ſhores:
.s on my cold remains attend,
to mind thy poor departed friend.
'e of a tear is all I crave,
oſſeſſion of a peaceful grave.
ıeard, in vain compaſſion plead,
: Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
ong the watery margin raiſe,
with manly arms and trophies grace,
oſterity Elpenor was.
h in air, memorial of my name,
ıooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
ım with tears: Theſe rites, O mournful
ıde,
y ghoſt, ſhall to thy ghoſt be paid.
ſpoke, the phantom ſeem'd to moan,
w'd tear, and groan ſucceeded groan.
r waving ſword the blood ſurrounds,
: withdrew, and mutter'd empty ſounds.
as the wondrous viſions I ſurvey'd,
ſcends my royal mother's ſhade:
to Troy ſhe ſaw our legions paſs;
in form is all Anticlea was!
the ſight, I melt with filial woe,
n my cheek the pious ſorrows flow,
hook my faulchion o'er the blood,
ıs of her ſon the parent ſtood.
lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
his ſteps he bore a ſtaff of gold;
trod! majeſtic was his look!
ı his holy lips theſe accents broke:
mortal, wandereſt thou from cheerful
ıy,
the downward, melancholy way?
ery Gods to theſe dark regions led
alive, companion of the dead?
.he thy poignard, while my tongue relate
ı ſtedfaſt purpoſe, and thy future fates.

While yet he ſpoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the ſcabbard plung'd the glittering blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then expreſt
Dark things to come, the counſels of his breaſt:
Weary of light, Ulyſſes here explores
A proſperous voyage to his native ſhores;
But know—by me unerring Fates diſcloſe
New trains of dangers, and new ſcenes of woes;
I ſee! I ſee thy bark by Neptune toſt,
For injur'd Cyclop, and his eye-ball loſt!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou pleaſe, and how to pleaſe attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Graze numerous herds along the verdant ſhores;
Though hunger preſs, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are ſacred to the God of Day,
Who all ſurveys with his extenſive eye
Above, below, on earth, and in the ſky!
Rob not the God; and ſo propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy ſails:
But, if his herds ye ſeize, beneath the waves
I ſee thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulyſſes ſcarce ſurvives!
Ulyſſes at his country ſcarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes ariſe, domeſtic ends attend!
There ſoul adulterers to thy bride reſort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance haſtes amain! Theſe eyes behold
The deathful ſcene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from ſea explore,
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Or ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!
Bear on thy back an oar: with ſtrange amaze
A ſhepherd meeting thee, the oar ſurveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the watery reign;
A three-fold offering to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean-King.
But, home return'd, to each æthereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful ſhalt thou end thy bliſsful days,
And ſteal thyſelf from life by ſlow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age reſign thy breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft with death:
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt,
Thy people bleſſing, by thy people bleſt!
Unerring truths, O man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.
To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare;
What Heaven ordains, the wiſe with courage bear.
But ſay, why yonder on the lonely ſtrands,
Unmindful of her ſon, Anticlea ſtands?
Why to the ground ſhe bends her downcaſt eye?
Why is ſhe ſilent, while her ſon is nigh?
The latent cauſe, O ſacred ſeer, reveal!
Nor this, replies the ſeer, will I conceal.
Know, to the ſpectres, that thy beverage taſte,
The ſcenes of life recur, and actions paſt:
They, ſeal'd with truth, return the ſure reply;
The reſt, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.
The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and ſunk from ſight
To the black palace of eternal night.
Still in the dark abodes of death I ſtood,
When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood

Straight all the mother in her ſoul awakes,
And, owning her Ulyſſes, thus ſhe ſpeaks:
Com'ſt thou, my ſon, alive, to realms beneath,
The doleſome realms of darkneſs and of death;
Com'ſt thou alive from pure, æthereal day?
Dire is the region, diſmal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppoſe their waves,
There the wide ſea with all his billows raves!
Or (ſince to duſt proud Troy ſubmits her towers)
Com'ſt thou a wanderer from the Phrygian ſhores?
Or ſay, ſince honour call'd thee to the field,
Haſt thou thy Ithaca, thy bride beheld?
Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly,
To ſeek Tireſias in the nether ſky,
To learn my doom; for, toſt from woe to woe,
In every land Ulyſſes finds a foe;
Nor have theſe eyes beheld my native ſhores,
Since in the duſt proud Troy ſubmits her towers,
But, when thy ſoul from her ſweet manſion fled,
Say what diſtemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by ſlow decays,
Or ſwift expir'd it in a ſudden blaze?
Say if my ſire, good old Laertes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my ſon, ſurvives?
Say, by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or cruſh'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say if my ſpouſe maintains her royal truſt;
Though tempted, chaſte, and obſtinately juſt!
Or if no more her abſent lord ſhe wails,
But the falſe woman o'er the wife prevails?
Thus I, and thus the parent-ſhade returns:
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful conſort mourns:
Whether the night deſcends, or day prevails,
Thee ſhe by night, and thee by day bewails,
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In ſacred groves celeſtial rites he pays;
And ſhares the banquet in ſuperior ſtate,
Grac'd with ſuch honours as become the great.
Thy ſire in ſolitude foments his care:
The court is joyleſs, for thou art not there!
No coſtly carpets raiſe his hoary head,
No rich embroidery ſhines to grace his bed:
Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the ſkies,
Rank'd with his ſlaves, on earth the monarch lies:
Deep are his ſighs, his viſage pale, his dreſs
The garb of woe, and habit of diſtreſs.
And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours ſcattering on the ground;
Regardleſs of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the ſkies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days conſume,
And bow his age with ſorrow to the tomb!
For thee, my ſon, I wept my life away;
For thee through hell's eternal dungeons ſtray:
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and ſlow,
Nor bent the ſilver-ſhafted Queen her bow;
No dire diſeaſe bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou, my ſon, wert my diſeaſe and death;
Unkindly with my love my ſon conſpir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for abſent thee expir'd.
Thrice in my arms I ſtrove her ſhade to bind,
Thrice through my arms ſhe ſlipp'd like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illuſions of the mind.
Wild with deſpair, I ſhed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with ſighs reply'd;
Fly'ſt thou, lov'd ſhade, while I thus ſo mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers that ſmile at human harms!
Too great a bliſs to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's Queen an empty image ſent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament!
O ſon of woe, the penſive ſhade rejoin'd,
Oh moſt inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the Queen of hell who thee deceives,
All, all are ſuch, when life the body leaves;
No more the ſubſtance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
Theſe the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impaſſive ſoul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream to theſe infernal ſkies.
But from the dark dominions ſpeed thy way,
And climb the ſteep aſcent to upper day;
To thy chaſte bride the wondrous ſtory tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, in ſwarms hell's brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings
Thick and more thick they gather round the
Ghoſt throng'd on ghoſt (a dire aſſembly) ſh
Dauntleſs my ſword I ſeize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flaſh'd along the gloom, withdrew
Then ſhade to ſhade in mutual forms ſucceed
Her race recounts, and their illuſtrious deeds.
Tyro began, whom great Salmoneus bred
The royal partner of ſam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his watery ſtore, the virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle ſtream with wanton
And in ſoft mazes rolls a ſilver tide.
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous God deſcends into her arms:
Around, a ſpacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain roſe:
Thus in ſurrounding floods conceal'd he prov
The pleaſing tranſport, and completes his lov
Then, ſoftly ſighing, he the fair addreſs'd,
And as he ſpoke, her tender hand he preſs'd:
Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow
To the proliſic raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her h
Two brother heroes ſhall from thee be-born:
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breaſt th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the ſecret of a God reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'ſt! and at my no
Earth trembles, and the waves confeſs their G
He added not, but mounting ſpurn'd the pl
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.
Now in the time's full proceſs forth ſhe bri
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings;
O'er proud Icolos Pelias ſtretch'd his reign,
And godlike Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain;
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and ſam'd Æſon bred:
From the ſame fountain Amythaon roſe,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble ſh
foes.

v'd Antiope with haughty charms,
r' Almighty Thunderer in her arms:
g Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Thebes, and men of mighty name;
d in open field, they yet surround
ith walls, and mound inject on mound;
rts stor'd, there towers rose high in air,
hrough seven wide portals rush'd the

:h soft step the fair Alemena trod
Alcides to the Thundering God:
a, who charm'd the son of Jove,
l his stern soul to tender love.
d sour with discontented mien
n'd, th' incestuous Theban queen:
vn son she join'd in nuptial bands,
her's blood imbrued his murderous
ls:
nd men the dire offence detest,
vith all their furies rend his breast:
ebes he wore th' imperial crown,
wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
lf-murder'd from a beam depends;
l soul to blackest hell descends;
er son the choicest plagues she brings,
ds haunt him with a thousand stings.
the beauteous Chloris I descry,
ade, Amphion's youngest joy!
nnumber'd Neleus fought her arms,
o dearly for unequal'd charms;
rchomenos, in Pylos great,
the sceptre with imperial state.
nt sons the joyful monarch told,
r, Periclimenus the bold,
nius last; but of the softer race,
alone, a miracle of grace.
eir thrones for lovely Pero burn;
nies, and kings rejected mourn.
ne the beauteous prize he yields,
should ravish from Phylacian fields
of Iphiclus, detain'd in wrong;
us herbs, unconquerably strong!
a seer, but nought a seer prevails,
cause illustriously he fails;
ons the foe the captive youth detains
ungeons, and coercive chains;
last, from durance where he lay,
ering, gave him back to day;
ophetic knowledge, to fulfil
t purpose of th' Almighty will.
steful port advancing now I spy'd
ir, the godlike Tyndar's bride:
ux-sprung, who wields with furious sway
ul gauntlet matchless in the fray;
glorious on th' embattled plain
proud steed, reluctant to the rein:
ey visit this æthereal sky,
lternate, and alternate die:
eath, on earth, in heaven above,
twin gods, the favourite sons of Jove.
phimedia trod the gloomy plain,
n'd the Monarch of the boundless main;
ialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
e than giants, more than giants strong;
o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their
ght,
Orion e'er surpass'd their height:

The wonderous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head,
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies:
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
Such were they youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But, ere the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd; at once they found,
And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.
There mournful Phædra with sad Procris moves,
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd; from Crete with Theseus fled;
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And tow'rds his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.
There Clymenè and Mera I behold:
There Eriphylè weeps, who loosely sold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-composing rest my nature craves;
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulysses on his native shores.
He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
Till, rising up, Aretè silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:
What wonderous man Heaven sends us in our guest!
Through all his woes the hero shines confest;
His comely port, his ample frame express
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
You share the pleasure, then in bounty share;
To worth in misery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay;
For, since kind Heaven with wealth our realm has blest,
Give it to Heaven, by aiding the distrest.
Then sage Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow
The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,
Mature in wisdom rose: Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous act; our part is to obey.
While life informs these limbs, (the king reply'd)
Well to deserve be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal guest detain,
Till the sun flames along th' æthereal plain:
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores:
Tread you my steps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The first in glory as the first in place.
To whom the prince: This night with joy I stay,
O, monarch great in virtue as in sway!

If thou the circling year my ſtay control,
To raiſe a bounty noble as thy ſoul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler ſtores
And fitter pomp to hail my native ſhores;
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!
O king! for ſuch thou art, and ſure thy blood
Through veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike thoſe vagrants who on falſehood live,
Skill'd in ſmooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better ſoul abhors the liar's part,
Wiſe is thy voice, and noble is thy heart;
Thy words like muſic every breaſt control,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the ſoul;
Soft, as ſome ſong divine, thy ſtory flows,
Nor better could the Muſe record thy woes.
But ſay, upon the dark and diſmal coaſt,
Saw'ſt thou the worthies of the Grecian hoſt?
The godlike leaders who, in battle ſlain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly preſt the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening ſtars ſtill mount th' æthereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wondrous ſcenes in hell,
Till in the vault of Heaven the ſtars decay.
And the ſky reddens with the riſing day.
O worthy of the power the Gods aſſign'd
(Ulyſſes thus replies) a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for diſcourſe, and time for ſoft repoſe,
If ſcenes of miſery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woe a diſmal train.
Prepare to hear of murder and of blood:
Of godlike heroes who uninjur'd ſtood
Amidſt a war of ſpears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
Now ſummon'd Proſerpine to hell's black hall
The heroine ſhades; they vaniſh'd at her call.
When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes ſlain
By ſtern Ægiſthus, a majeſtic train;
And high above the reſt, Atrides preſt the plain.
He quaff'd the gore: and ſtraight his ſoldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he ſtretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His ſubſtance vaniſh'd, and his ſtrength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty ſhade.
Mov'd at the ſight, I for a ſpace reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all my manly mind;
At laſt with tears—O what relentleſs doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say, while the ſea, and while the tempeſt raves,
Has fate oppreſs'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly ſeiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms?
The ghoſt returns: O chief of human-kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the ſea, nor while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly ſeiz'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithleſs bride;
Riv'n in my mirth and at the friendly feaſt,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor ſtabb'd his gueſt;
Thus by the gory arm of ſlaughter falls
The ſtately ox, and bleeds within the ſtalls.
But not with me the direful murder ends,
Theſe, theſe expir'd! their crime, they were my friends!
Thick as the boars, which ſome luxurious lord
Kills for the feaſt, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudeſt ſtorms,
Death thou haſt ſeen in all her ghaſtly forms;
In duel met her, on the liſted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound
But never have thy eyes aſtoniſh'd view'd
So vile a deed, ſo dire a ſcene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens every ſoul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide
Her breaſt all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Caſſandra dies!
Then though pale death froze cold in every vein
My ſword I ſtrive to wield, but ſtrive in vain.
Nor did my traitreſs wife theſe eye-lids cloſe,
Or decently in death my limbs compoſe.
O woman, woman, when to i'l thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
And ſuch was mine! who baſely plung'd her ſword
Thro' the fond boſom where ſhe reigu'd ador'd
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet ſoft quiet and repoſe at home;
Deluſive Hope! O wife, thy deeds diſgrace
The perjur'd ſex, and blacken all the race;
And ſhould poſterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemneſtra, they will curſe the kind.
O injur'd ſhade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman roſe!
By woman here thou tread'ſt this mournful ſtrand
And Greece by woman lies a deſert land.
Warn'd by my ills be ware, the ſhade replies,
Nor truſt the ſex that is ſo rarely wiſe:
When earneſt to explore thy ſecret breaſt;
Unfold ſome trifle, but conceal the reſt.
But in thy conſort ceaſe to fear a foe,
For thee ſhe feels ſincerity of woe:
When Troy firſt bled beneath the Grecian arms
She ſhone unrival'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant ſon her fragrant boſom preſs'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breaſt;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes ſhall ſee him burn with noble fire,
The ſire ſhall bleſs his ſon, the ſon his ſire:
But my Oreſtes never met theſe eyes,
Without one look the murder'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wiſdom learn
Ev'n to thy queen diſguis'd, unknown, return
For ſince of womankind ſo few are juſt,
Think all are falſe, not ev'n the faithful truſt.
But ſay, reſides my ſon in royal port,
In rich Orchomenus, or Sparta's court?
Or ſay in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom thro' the realms of night
Then I: thy ſuit is vain, nor can I ſay
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day:
Or pale or wan beholds theſe nether ſkies:
Truth I revere: for Wiſdom never lies.
Thus in a tide of tears our ſorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;

y ſide along the dreary coaſt
Achilles' and Patroclus' ghoſt,
pair! near theſe the † Pylian ſtray'd,
ing Ajax, an illuſtrious ſhade!
is joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
Pelides brighter ſhone in arms.
e thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
ſpeaks the tears deſcend in dew.
hou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
van ſpectres walk eternal rounds;
the dark and diſmal waſte to tread,
with pale ghoſts familiar with the dead?
m with ſighs: I paſs theſe dreadful gates
: Theban, and conſult the Fates:
ſtreſt, I rove from coaſt to coaſt,
friends, and to my country loſt,
e eye of Time beholds no name
thine in all the rolls of fame;
ail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
thou rul'ſt a king in theſe abodes.
t ruling in this dolorous gloom,
vain words (he cried) can eaſe my doom.
hooſe laboriouſly to bear
of woes, and breathe the vital air,
ſome poor hind that toils for bread;
n the ſceptred monarch of the dead.
in my ſteps my ſon proceeds,
ites his godlike father's deeds?
aſh of arms, and ſhout of foes,
bold heart, his boſom nobly glows?
ſire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
is Phthia, and his throne maintains:
and old, my youthful arm demands,
ſceptre ſtedfaſt in his hands?
the lamp of life rekindled burn,
releaſe me from the ſilent urn!
that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
l'd the ground with mountains of the
ndicate my injur'd father's fame,
proud rebel, and aſſert his claim.
us ſhade, (I cried) of Peleus' fates
ſtance the voice of Fame relates:
with pleas'd attention the renown,
and wiſdom of thy gallant ſon:
from Scyros to the field of fame
n arms the blooming hero came.
eece aſſembled all her hundred ſtates,
counſels, and decide debates;
how he charm'd us with a flow of
nſe,
the heart with manly eloquence!
vas ſeen of all the peers to riſe,
in wiſdom where they all were wiſe;
, to try the fortune of the day,
'd tow'rd hoſt in terrible array,
e van, impatient for the fight,
rtial port he ſtrode, and ſtern delight;
trew'd on heaps beneath his faulchion
roan'd;
numents of dead deform'd the ground.
would fail, ſhould I in order tell
es were vanquiſh'd, and what numbers
t thro' love, Eurypylus was ſlain,
nd him bled his bold Cetæan train.
no hero came of nobler line;
nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

Antilochus.

When Ilion in the horſe receiv'd her doom,
And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' impriſon'd war:
Then when the boldeſt boſom beat with fear,
When the ſtern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce is his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Fluſh'd in his cheek, or ſallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark receſs he ſtands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He graſp'd his ſword, and ſhook his glittering ſpear,
And when the Gods our arms with conqueſt crown'd,
When Troy's proud bulwarks ſmok'd upon the ground,
Greece to reward her ſoldier's gallant toils,
Heap high his navy with unnumber'd ſpoils.
Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd without one hoſtile ſcar;
Though ſpears in iron tempeſt rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltleſs of a wound.
While yet I ſpoke, the ſhade with tranſport glow'd,
Roſe in his majeſty, and nobler trod;
With haughty ſtalk he ſought the diſtant glades
Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illuſtrious ſhades.
Now without number ghoſt by ghoſt aroſe,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in diſcontented mood,
A gloomy ſhade, the ſullen Ajax ſtood;
For ever ſad with proud diſdain he pin'd,
And the loſt arms for ever ſtung his mind;
Though on the conteſt Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cauſe.
O why was I victorious in the ſtrife;
O dear-bought honour with ſo brave a life!
With him the ſtrength of war, the ſoldier's pride,
Our ſecond hope to great Achilles died!
Touch'd at the ſight, from tears I ſcarce refrain,
And tender ſorrow thrills in every vein;
Penſive and ſad I ſtand, at length accoſt
With accents mild th' inexorable ghoſt.
Still burns thy rage? and can brave ſouls reſent
Ev'n after death? Relent, great ſhade, relent!
Periſh thoſe arms which by the Gods decree
Accurs'd our army with the loſs of thee!
With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapleſs fates;
And ſhook aſtoniſh'd through her hundred ſtates;
Not more, when great Achilles preſs'd the ground,
And breath'd his manly ſpirit thro' the wound.
Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and puniſh'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
And calm the raging tempeſt of thy ſoul.
While yet I ſpeak, the ſhade diſdains to ſtay,
In ſilence turns, and ſullen ſtalks away.
Touch'd at his ſour retreat, thro' deepeſt night.
Thro' hell's black bounds I had purſued his flight,
And forc'd the ſtubborn ſpectre to reply;
But wondrous viſions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burniſh'd gold;
Around ten thouſand thouſand ſpectres ſtand
Thro' the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.

† Antilochus.

There huge Orion, of portentous ſize,
Swift through the gloom a giant hunger flies;
A ponderous mace of braſs with direful ſway
Aloft he whirls, to cruſh the ſavage prey;
Stern beaſts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grifly forms, ſhoot o'er the lawns of hell.
There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erſpreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Inceſſant gore the liver in his breaſt,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal feaſt.
For as o'er Panope's enamel'd plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monſter ſtrove
To force the Goddeſs, and to rival Jove.
There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell reſounds)
Ev'n in the circling floods refreſhment craves,
And pines with thirſt amidſt a ſea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapleſs head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage ſpread;
There figs ſky-dyed, a purple hue diſcloſe,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted ſcents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he ſtrives to ſeize: but blaſts ariſe,
Toſs it on high, and whirl it to the ſkies.
I turn'd my eyes, and as I turn'd ſurvey'd
A mournful viſion! the Siſyphian ſhade;
With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone;
The huge round ſtone, reſulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and ſmokes along the ground.
Again the reſtleſs orb his toil renews,
Duſt mounts in clouds, and ſweat deſcends in dews.
Now I the ſtrength of Hercules behold,
A towering ſpectre of gigantic mould.
A ſhadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods;
There, in the bright aſſemblies of the ſkies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghoſts, like fowl, his ſhade ſurround,
And clang their pinions with terrific ſound!
Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breaſt a wonderous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monſters grin in fretted gold;
There ſullen lions ſternly ſeem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the duſky boar,
There war and havoc and deſtruction ſtood,
And vengeful murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures ſhine,
Inimitably wrought with ſkill divine.
The mighty ghoſt advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim viſage, ſternly ſpoke:
O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of baſe mankind!
Such, ſuch was I! ſtill toſt from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I, who from the Lord of Thunders roſe,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes,
To a baſe monarch ſtill a ſlave confin'd,
(The hardeſt bondage to a generous mind!)
Down to theſe worlds I trod the diſmal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day.
Ev'n hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the Martial Maid.
Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to ſtay,
But, turning, ſtalk'd with giant ſtrides away.
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endleſs praiſe,
Reſolv'd I ſtand; and haply had ſurvey'd
The godlike Theſeus, and Pirithous' ſhade;
But ſwarms of ſpectres roſe from deepeſt hell,
With bloodleſs viſage, and with hideous yell,
They ſcream, they ſhriek; ſad groans and dire laments reſounds
Stun my ſcar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmoſt bounds.
No more my heart the diſmal din ſuſtains,
And my cold blood hangs ſhivering in my veins.
Left Gorgon, riſing from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hiſſing ſnakes,
Should fix me, ſtiffen'd at the monſtrous ſight,
A ſtony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coaſt to purer air
I ſpeed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates aſcend the ſhip; they ſtrike their oars;
The mountains leſſen, and retreat the ſhores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freſhening gale
Sing through the ſhrouds, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis.

He relates, how, after his return from the ſhades, he was ſent by Circe on his voyage, by the coaſt of the Sirens and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he eſcaped thoſe dangers: how, being caſt on the iſland Trinacria, his companions deſtroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how periſh'd by ſhipwreck except himſelf, who, ſwimming on the maſt of the ſhip, arriv'd on the iſland of Calypſo. With which his relation concludes.

o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
from th' waves th' Æean hills arise.
ay morn resides in radiant bowers,
s her revels with the dancing Hours;
bus rising in th' ætherial way,
eavens bright portals pours the beamy
r:
e fix our hallers on the sand,
escend and press the desert land;
orn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep,
arise murmurs of the rolling deep
the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
honours to Elpenor's shade.
ne axe the rushing forest bends,
uge pile along the shore ascends.
e stand a melancholy train,
d groan re-echoes from the main.
the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
ry flame devours the silent dead.
omb, the silent dead to grace,
e roarings of the main we place;
tomb a lofty column bore,
above it rose the tapering oar.
ime the † Goddess our return survey'd
pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.
descends: A train of nymphs divine
ich viands and the generous wine:
peak the † Power of Magic stands,
ful thus accosts the listening bands:
of woe! decreed by adverse fates
pass through hell's eternal gates!
or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
etched you! twice number'd with the
ad!
adjourn your cares, exalt your souls,
ne taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:
n the morn unveils her saffron ray,
our broad sails, and plough the liquid
ay;
s night, your faithful guide, explain
es by land, your dangers on the main.
oddess spoke: in feasts we waste the day,
bus downward plung'd his burning ray;
le night ascends, and balmy rest
y eye, and calms the troubled breast.
ious she commands me to relate
dful scenes of Pluto's dreary state:
silence while the tale I tell,
drous visions, and the laws of hell.
hus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;
are past: now hear thy future woes.
attend! some favouring Power be kind,
t th' important story on thy mind!
where the Sirens dwell, you plough the
as;
g is death, and makes destruction pleasc.
he man, whom music wins to stay
curst shore, and listen to the lay;
that wretch shall view the joys of life,
ning offspring, or his beauteous wife!
nt meads they sport; and wide around
an bones, that whiten all the ground;
ind polluted floats with human gore,
ian carnage taints the dreadful shore.
the dangerous coast; let every ear
'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
irce.

Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
These seas o'erpast, be wise! but I restrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage through the tide.
High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to th' ætherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks; in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies:
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.
High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around, and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glows with th' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
And the dire passage down to hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiends dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the watery way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.

Close, by a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous
strait:
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunder she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly.
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.
I then: O nymph propitious to my prayer,
Goddess divine! my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?
Then she: O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away,
From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your
way,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious Source of Day!
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred plains;
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains:
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay;
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung.
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.
She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up-sprung a brisker breeze; with freshning gales,
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.
When, rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:
O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms disclose.
Hear all. Fate hangs o'er all: on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!
In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to
While yet I speak the winged galley flies,
And, lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds: the air above,
And waves below, at once forget to move!
Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth
deep,
Hush'd th loud winds, and charm'd the w
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply; [fle
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments
Th' aerial region now grew warm with da
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray!
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrensy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters ro
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fol
Then, bending to the stroke, the active trai
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the
While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren choir descries:
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:
Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, sta
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hea
The song instructs the soul, and charms the e
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the
We know whate'er the kings of mighty n
Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lie
Oh stay and learn new wisdom from the w
Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er
main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly stra
I give the sign, and struggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea
New chains they add, and rapid urge the w
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then, scudding swiftly from the dangerous gr
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbou
Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows ro
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we sto
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wa
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brav
Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man t
With looks serene I turn'd, and thus began:
O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.

ɔurage hence! and in my care confide:
l the ſame Ulyſſes is your guide!
ny words! your oars inceſſant ply;
very nerve, and bid the veſſel fly.
yon juſtling rocks and wavy war
:ty grants; he grants it to your care.
u whoſe guiding hand directs our way,
tentive liſten and obey!
:de thy courſe, nor plough thoſe angry
ɔlls yon ſmoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
ɔy the higher rock; leſt whirl'd around
, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.
yet I ſpeak, at once their oars they ſeize,
o the ſtroke; and bruſh the working ſeas.
the name of Scylla I ſuppreſt;
:adful ſound had chill'd the boldeſt breaſt.
time forgetful of the voice divine,
dful bright my limbs in armour ſhine;
the deck I take my dangerous ſtand,
ttering javelins lighten in my hand.
I to whirl the whizzing ſpear I ſtay,
fell fiend ariſe to ſeize her prey.
the dungeon, ſtudious to behold
eous peſt! my labouring eyes I roll'd;
the diſmal dungeon dark as night
e dire monſter, and confounds the ſight.
through the rocks, appall'd with deep diſ-
nay,
d our courſe, and ſtem the deſperate way;
ɔlla there a ſcene of horror forms,
:e Charybdis fills the deep with ſtorms.
he tide ru[illegible]es from her rumbling caves
gh rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
ɔſs, they foam, a wild confuſion raiſe,
tters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
miſts obſcure th' aerial plain,
:h above the rock ſhe ſpouts the main!
n her gulfs the ruſhing ſea ſubſides,
ins the ocean with the refluent tides:
k rebellows with a thundering ſound;
vondrous deep below, appears the ground.
k with deſpair, with trembling hearts we
view'd
vning dungeon, and the tumbling flood:
lo! fierce Scylla ſtoop'd to ſeize her prey,
d her dire jaws, and ſwept ſix men away;
f renown! loud echoing ſhrieks ariſe:
nd view them quivering in the ſkies;
all, and aid with out-ſtretch'd arms im-
plore:
they call; thoſe arms are ſtretch'd no more.
. ſome rock that over-hangs the flood,
nt fiſher calls th' inſidious food,
audful care he waits the finny prize,
lden lifts it quivering to the ſkies:
oul monſter liſts her prey on high,
the wretches, ſtruggling in the ſky;
vide dungeon ſhe devours her food,
: fleſh trembles while ſhe churns the blood.
s I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
I never, ſcene ſo dire ſurvey'd;
ering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
I ſtood, a monument of woe!
from the rocks the rapid veſſel flies,
hoarſe din like diſtant thunder dies;
s bright iſle our voyage we purſue,
w the glittering mountains riſe to view.

There ſacred to the radiant God of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiſcuous ſtray;
Then ſuddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the wholly train;
Straight to my anxious thoughts the ſound con-
The words of Circe and the Theban ſhade;
Warn'd by their awful voice theſe ſhores to ſhun,
With cautious fears oppreſt, I thus begun:
O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye
hear!
To fly theſe ſhores the prefcient Theban ſhade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentleſs Heaven forbodes:
Fly the dire regions, and revere the Gods!
While yet I ſpoke, a ſudden ſorrow ran
Through every breaſt, and ſpread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
O cruel thou! ſome fury ſure has ſteel'd
That ſtubborn ſoul, by toil untaught to yield!
From ſleep debarr'd, we ſink from woes to woes:
And cruel enviеſt thou a ſhort repoſe?
Still muſt we reſtleſs rove, new ſeas explore,
The ſun deſcending, and ſo near the ſhore?
And, lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds ariſe,
Laſh the wild ſurge, and bluſter in the ſkies:
Oh! ſhould the fierce ſouth-weſt his rage diſplay,
And toſs with riſing ſtorms the watery way,
Though Gods deſcend from Heaven's aerial plain
To lend us aid, the Gods deſcend in vain:
Then while the night diſplays her awful ſhade,
Sweet time of ſlumber: be the night obey'd?
Haſte ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, purſue the deſtin'd way.
A ſudden joy in every boſom roſe:
So will'd ſome demon, miniſter of woes;
To whom with grief—Oh! ſwift to be undone,
Conſtrain'd I act what wiſdom bids me ſhun,
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;
Atteſt the heavens, and call the Gods to hear:
Content an innocent repaſt diſplay,
By Circe given, and fly the dangerous prey.
Thus I: and while to ſhore the veſſel flies,
With hands uplifted they atteſt the ſkies;
Then, where a fountains gurgling waters play,
They ruſh to land, and end in feaſts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger
fed)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
Nor ceaſe the tears, till each in ſlumber ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And ſetting ſtars roll'd down the azure plain,
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds riſe,
And clouds and double darkneſs veil the ſkies;
The moon, the ſtars, the bright æthereal hoſt,
Seem as extinct, and all their ſplendors loſt;
The furious tempeſt roars with dreadful ſound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd: when morning roſe, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the ſtrand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool receſs
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas.
There while the wild winds whiſtled o'er the
Thus careful I addreſt the liſtening train:

O friends, be wise, nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heaven's unmeasur'd height.
And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blustering with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming hunt the watery way.
Till now, from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre, want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus arising said;
O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then t' implore the Powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove!
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And, if the Gods ordain a safe return.
To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But, should the Powers that o'er mankind preside
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!
Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake supply'd.
With prayer they now address th' ætherial train,
Slay the selected beeves, and flay the slain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with mortals cut from every part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dress't,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.
'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I speed along the main.
When, lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales:
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus obtesting Heaven I mourn'd aloud:
O Sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
Oh, all ye blissful Powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
O fatal slumber paid with lasting woes:
A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms!
Mean time Lampetie mounts th' aerial way,
And kindles into rage the God of Day;
Vengeance, ye powers, (he cries) and [illegible] whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen band
Slain are those herds which I with pride surve
When through the ports of Heaven I pour [illegible] day.
Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of Heaven to shades below
To whom the Thundering Power: O Sour
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way, [
Still may thy beams through heaven's bright [illegible] tals rise,
The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.
To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.
Mean time from man to man my tongue claims,
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.
Now Heaven gave signs of wrath; along t ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sou
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entri groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the to floods:
With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sa
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gale
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When, lo! a murky cloud the Thunderer fo
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven w storms.
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the m
The mast gives way and, crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends;
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the mai
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole.
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flas
Full on the bark it fell; now high now low:
Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphurous odours rose, and smouldering smok
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, th rise, [cri
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadf
And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the mai
Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sid
Again impetuous drove the furious blast, [tw
Snap the strong helm, and bore to sea the mas
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind, s
And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,
Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind

nk the West, and now a Southern breeze
dful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
e rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
I drove; and at the dawn of day,
e rocks beheld the desperate way:
the sea within her gulfs subsides,
e roaring whirlpools rush the tides,
n the float I vaulted with a bound,
fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around.
beam the bat tenacious clings,
ant round it clasps his leathern wings.
be air the tree its boughs display'd,
he dungeon cast a dreadful shade,
ain'd between the wave and sky,
ty feet the whirling billows fly,
e the judge forsakes the noisy bar
passt, and stills the wordy war;
Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
Sudden I dropt amidst the flashing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread Sire of men and gods).
Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,
Heav'd by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth sun descended to the main.
There, in Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refresh'd, I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.
My following fates to thee, O King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice told tale?

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca.

es his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, e changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddess, appearing in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the s to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectual hanges him into the figure of an old beggar.

eas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
eful conference then the king resumes:
ever toils the great Ulysses past,
this happy roof they end at last;
er now from shore to shore to roam,
seas and gentle winds invite him home.
r me, princes! whom these walls enclose,
m my chanter sings, and goblet flows
nes unmix'd (an honour due to age,
r the grave, and warm the poet's rage);
labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
'd already for our godlike guest;
new treasures let him not remove,
nd expressive of the public love:
r a tripod, each peer a vase bestow,
al tribute, which the state shall owe.
entence pleas'd: then all their steps address
ate mansions, and retir'd to rest.
did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
d her sacred light along the skies.
the haven and the ships in haste
re the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
g himself the vases rang'd with care:
de his followers to the feast repair.
A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaven with showers)
The flames ascend: till evening they prolong
Thy rites, more sacred made by heavenly song:
For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,
The lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He sate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imag'd in his soul.
As the tir'd ploughman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repast (the day's labour done):
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun.
Then instant to Alcinous and the rest
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus address'd:
O thou, the first in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.

Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Be all thoſe bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings ceaſe,
My conſort blameleſs, and my friends in peace.
On you be every bliſs; and every day,
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away:
Yourſelves, your wives, your long-deſcending race,
May every God enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation ſtand,
And public evil never touch the land!
His words, well-weigh'd, the general voice approv'd
Benign, and inſtant his diſmiſſion mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the ſign,
To fill the goblet high with roſy wine:
Great Jove the Father firſt (he cry'd) implore;
Then ſend the ſtranger to his native ſhore.
The luſcious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the manſion flow'd the purple draught;
Each from his ſeat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
Ulyſſes ſole with air majeſtic ſtands,
The bowl preſenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: O Queen, farewell! be ſtill poſſeſt
Of dear remembrance, bleſſing ſtill and bleſt!
Till age and death ſhall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys ſucceſſive ever ſpring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!
Thus he; then parting prints the ſandy ſhore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinous; of Arete's train
Three chooſen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white veſt convey,
A various caſket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates
Safe in the hollow poop diſpoſe the cates:
Upon the deck ſoft painted robes they ſpread,
With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty ſtern! then gently preſt
The ſwelling couch, and lay compos'd to reſt.
Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables looſe, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and ſtrike their equal oars,
And leave the ſinking hills, and leſſening ſhores.
While on the deck the chief in ſilence lies,
And pleaſing ſlumbers ſteal upon his eyes.
As fiery courſers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the duſty ſpace,
Toſs their high heads, and ſcour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding veſſel o'er the main.
Back to the ſtern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with ſpread ſails the winged galley flies;
Leſs ſwift an eagle cuts the liquid ſkies;
Divine Ulyſſes was her ſacred load,
A man, in wiſdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
In ſtorms by ſea, and combats on the ſhore:
All which ſoft ſleep now baniſh'd from his breaſt,
Wrapt in a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt.
But when the morning ſtar with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like diſtant clouds the mariner deſcries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills ariſe.

Far from the town a ſpacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whoſe name it bears
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempeſtuous rage reſtrain;
Within, the waves in ſofter murmurs glide,
And ſhips ſecure without their halſers ride;
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with ſhady boughs
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool receſs
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas,
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living ſtone;
And maſſy beams in native marble ſhone;
On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the cluſtering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend,
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either ſide;
Sacred the ſouth, by which the Gods deſcend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ſhip to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand);
Ulyſſes ſleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky ſhore.
His treaſures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented ſhade,
Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again
Reſum'd their oars, and meaſur'd back the main.
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread ſupreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeleſs Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he ſtood;
And ſought the ſecret counſels of the God:
Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods, be mine
The rights and honours of a Power divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh! ſevere diſgrace
By ſoft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Againſt yon deſtin'd head in vain I ſwore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his ſhore
To reach his natal ſhore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who ſhall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careleſs and aſleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo! where he lies, amidſt a ſhining ſtore
Of braſs, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native iſle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble ſpoil.
To whom the Father of th' immortal Powers
Who ſwells the clouds, and gladdens earth with ſhowers:
Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundleſs main!
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chaſtiſe.
He ſaid: the Shaker of the earth replies:
This then I doom; to fix the gallant ſhip
A mark of vengeance on the ſable deep:
To warn the thoughtleſs ſelf-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a ſhady hill ſhall riſe.
If ſuch thy will—We will it, Jove replies:
Even when, with tranſport blackening all the ſtrand,
The ſwarming people hail their ſhip to land,

r ever, a memorial ſtone :
:r ſeem to fail, and ſeem alone ;
bling crowds ſhall ſee the ſudden ſhade
ing mountains overhang their head!
hat the God, whoſe earthquakes rock
e ground,
Phæacia croſs'd the vaſt profound.
ſwallow ſweeps the liquid way,
ed pinnace ſhot along the ſea.
arreſts her with a ſudden ſtroke,
her down an everlaſting rock.
e Scherians ſtand in deep ſurpriſe ;
to ſpeak, all queſtion with their eyes.
ids unſeen the rapid bark reſtrain !
t ſwims, or ſeems to ſwim, the main!
r, unconſcious of the deed divine :
Alcinous riſing own'd the ſign.
the long predeſtin'd day ! (he cries)
ain faith of ancient prophecies !
a have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
l ſtory, big with future woes ;
e'd with wrath, that careleſs we convey
ous every gueſt to every bay,
ptune rag'd ; and how by his command
ted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
ment of wrath) ; and mound on mound
ide our walls, or whelm beneath the
round.
ites have follow'd as declar'd the ſeer.
led, nations ! and your monarch hear.
unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
ry ſtranger paſs from ſhore to ſhore ;
r Neptune now for mercy call :
gh name let twelve black oxen fall.
ne God reverſe his purpos'd will,
our city hang the dreadful hill.
ionarch ſpoke : they trembled and obey'd :
the ſands the victim oxen led :
ier'd tribes before the alte ſtand,
fs and rulers, a majeſtic band.
g of Ocean all the tribes implore ;
ing altars redden all the ſhore.
while Ulyſſes in his country lay,
from ſleep, and round him might ſurvey
ary ſhore, and rolling ſea.
his mind through tedious abſence loſt
r remembrance of his native coaſt ;
Minerva, to ſecure her care,
around a veil of thicken'd air :
ne Gods ordain'd, to keep unſeen
l perſon from his friends and queen ;
proud ſuitors for their crimes afford
le vengeance to their injur'd lord.
all the land another proſpect bore,
port appear'd, another ſhore,
g-continued ways, and winding floods,
known mountains, crown'd with unknown
and ſlow with ſudden grief oppreſt [woods.
g aroſe, and beat his careful breaſt,
ng look o'er all the coaſt and main,
ight around, his native realm in vain :
ith erected eyes ſtood fix'd in woe,
he ſpoke, the tears began to flow :
ods! he cry'd, upon what barren coaſt,
new region, is Ulyſſes toſt ?
d by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
whoſe boſom tender pity warms ?

Where ſhall this treaſure now in ſafety lie !
And whither, whither, its ſad owner fly ?
Ah ! why did I Alcinous' grace implore ?
Ah ! why forſake Phæacia's happy ſhore ?
Some juſter prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And ſafe reſtor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd long-expected coaſt,
And this the faith Phœacia's rulers boaſt ?
O righteous Gods ! of all the great how few
Are juſt to Heaven, and to their promiſe true !
But he, the Power to whoſe all-ſeeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without diſguiſe.
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear :
For ſtill th' oppreſt are his peculiar care.
To count theſe preſents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine : the reſt belongs to Jove.
Then on the ſands he rang'd his wealthy ſtore,
The gold, the veſts, the tripods, number'd o'er :
All theſe he found, but ſtill in error loſt
Diſconſolate he wanders on the coaſt,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarſe-reſounding main.
When, lo ! the guardian Goddeſs of the wiſe,
Celeſtial Pallas, ſtood before his eyes ;
In ſhow a youthful ſwain, of form divine,
Who ſeem'd deſcended from ſome princely line,
A graceful robe her ſlender body dreſt,
Around her ſhoulders flew the waving veſt,
Her decent hand a ſhining javelin bore,
And painted ſandals on her feet ſhe wore.
To whom the king : Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'ſt in this deſert place !
With joy to thee, as to ſome God, I bend,
To thee my treaſures and myſelf commend.
Oh ! tell a wretch in exile doom'd to ſtray,
What air I breathe, what country I ſurvey ?
The fruitful continent's extremeſt bound,
Or ſome fair iſle which Neptune's arms ſurround ! [fame,
From what fair clime (ſaid ſhe) remote from
Arriv'ſt thou here a ſtranger to our name ?
Thou ſeeſt an iſland, not to thoſe unknown
Whoſe hills are brighten'd by the riſing ſun,
Nor thoſe that plac'd beneath his utmoſt reign
Behold him ſinking in the weſtern main.
The rugged ſoil allows no level ſpace
For flying chariots, or the rapid race ;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peaſant's pain,
Suffices fulneſs to the ſwelling grain :
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And cluſtering grapes afford a generous juice :
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and friſking heifers rove :
Soft rains and kindly dews refreſh the field,
And riſing ſprings eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to thoſe ſhores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majeſtic ruins ſtrow the ground.
At this the chief with tranſport was poſſeſt,
His panting heart exulting in his breaſt :
Yet, well diſſembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plauſible diſguiſe,
Thus, with an air ſincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told :
Oft have I heard in Crete this iſland's name ;
For 'twas from Crete my native ſoil I came,
Self-baniſh'd thence. I ſail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.

From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew,
(With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
For Pylè or Elis bound: but tempests tost
And raging billows drove us on your coast.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
But here the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abanden'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore.
Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to sight;
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
Oh, still the same Ulysses! she rejoin'd,
In useful craft successfully refin'd!
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past,
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well;
To me, whose wit exceeds the power divine,
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Through ten years wandering, and through ten years war:
Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid:
And now appear thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from Fate expect.
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn.
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.
Goddess of Wisdom! Ithacus replies,
He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
Against proud Ilion's well-defended towers;
Ulysses was thy care, celestial Maid!
Grat'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery way;
Our fleet dispers'd and driven from coast to coast,
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost:
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus replies:
How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the wise!
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering show,
And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.
Others, long absent from their native place,
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.
Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love:
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
And waste the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coast.
Yet how could I with adverse Fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore:
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd:
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas!
Whose now neglected altars in thy reign
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides.
So spake the Goddess; and the prospect clear'd,
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his mother earth:
Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the sea-green Sisters sends his prayer:
All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful offerings on your altars laid.
Then thus Minerva: From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to Heaven the rest.
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult—she spoke, and trod
The shady grot that brighten'd with the God.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd,
The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.
Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,
Confer the hero and the Martial Maid.
The Goddess of the azure eyes began:
Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
To this Ulysses: O, celestial maid!
Prais'd be thy counsel; and thy timely aid;

I ſeen my native walls in vain,
at Atrides juſt reſtor'd and ſlain.
ſe the means of vengeance to debate,
1 with all thy arts the ſcene of fate.
ien be preſent, and my ſoul inſpire,
we wrapp'd Troy's heaven-built walls in
re.
leagued againſt me hundred heroes ſtand,
ls ſhall fall, if Pallas aids my hand.
ıſwer'd: in the dreadful day of fight
am with thee, ſtrong in all my might.
ɔut equal to thyſelf be found,
;aſping numbers then ſhall preſs the
round?
ıman victims ſtain the feaſtful floor!
de the pavements float with guilty gore!
ee now to wear a dark diſguiſe,
ret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
my hand ſhall wither every grace,
ry elegance of form and face,
ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
ar the auburn honours of thy head,
e every limb with coarſe attire,
:hy eyes extinguiſh all the fire;
the wants and the decays of life;
: thee from thy own; thy ſon, thy wife:
e loath'd object every ſight ſhall turn,
blind ſuitors their deſtruction ſcorn.
ſt the maſter of thy herds to find,
his charge, a loyal ſwain and kind:
he ſighs: and to the royal heir
ıſte Penelope extends his care.
Doracian rock he now reſides,
Arethuſa's ſable water glides;
le water and the copious maſt
ıe fat herd; luxuriant, large repaſt!
m, reſt peaceful in the rural cell,
you aſk his faithful tongue ſhall tell;
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, ſtill with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offſpring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.
At this the father, with a father's care.
Muſt he too ſuffer? he, O Goddeſs! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched ſhare?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his houſe a prey?
Why would'ſt not thou, O all enlighten'd Mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?
To whom Minerva: Be thy ſoul at reſt;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is beſt.
To fame I ſent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he ſits, near great Atrides plac'd!
With friendſhips ſtrengthen'd, and with honours
But lo! an ambuſh waits his paſſage o'er; [grac'd.
Fierce foes inſidious intercept the ſhore:
In vain! for ſooner all the murderous brood
This injur'd land ſhall fatten with their blood.
She ſpake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand:
The ſkin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A ſwift old age o'er all his members ſpread;
A ſudden froſt was ſprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which ſpots indelible beſmear,
In rags diſhoneſt flutters with the air:
A ſtag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged ſtaff his trembling hand ſuſtains;
And at his ſide a wretched ſcrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
So look'd the chief, ſo mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miſeries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide field of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Converſation with Eumæus.

rrives in diſguiſe at the houſe of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmoſt lity. The ſeveral diſcourſes of that faithful old ſervant, with the feigned ſtory told by Uliſſes to conceal him- d other converſations on various ſubjects, take up this entire Book.

he, deep-muſing, o'er the mountains ſtray'd
ough mazy thickets of the woodland ſhade,
vern'd ways, the craggy coaſt along,
liffs and nodding foreſts over-hung.
s at his ſylvan lodge he ſought,
ful ſervant, and without a fault.
found him buſied, as he ſate
the threſhold of his ruſtic gate;
the manſion in a circle ſhone
portico of rugged ſtone.
ence of his Lord, with honeſt toil
n induſtrious hands had rais'd the pile).
The wall was ſtone from neighbouring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of naked thorn,
And ſtrong with pales, by many a weary ſtroke
Of ſtubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the ſpace we rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a ſmaller race) remain;
Doom'd to ſupply the ſuiters' waſteful feaſt,
A ſtock by daily luxury decreas'd!

Now ſcarce four hundred left. Theſe to defend,
Four ſavage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here ſate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form ſtrong buſkins of well-ſeaſon'd hide.
Of four aſſiſtants who his labour ſhare,
Three now were abſent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the ſuitor train;
But he, of ancient faith, a ſimple ſwain,
Sigh'd, while he furniſh'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wiſhes for his lord.
Soon as Ulyſſes near th' encloſure drew,
With open mouths the furious maſtiffs flew:
Down ſate the ſage, and cautious to withſtand,
Let fall th' offenſive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the maſter runs; aloud he calls;
And from his haſty hand the leather falls;
With ſhowers of ſtones he drives them far away;
The ſcattering dogs around at diſtance bay.
Unhappy ſtranger! (thus the faithful ſwain
Began with accent gracious and humane,)
What ſorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a ſhameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my maſter's ſorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful taſk!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawleſs rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, ſupported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapleſs lord!
Or ſigh'd in exile forth his lateſt breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal ſhade of death!
But enter this my homely roof, and ſee
Our woods not void of hoſpitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the ſhare
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?
He ſaid, and, ſeconding the kind requeſt,
With friendly ſtep precedes his unknown gueſt.
A ſhaggy goat's ſoft hide beneath him ſpread,
And with freſh ruſhes heap'd an ample bed;
Joy touch'd the hero's tender ſoul, to find
So juſt reception from a heart ſo kind:
And oh, ye Gods! with all your bleſſings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!
The ſwain reply'd: It never was our guiſe
To ſlight the poor, or aught humane deſpiſe;
For Jove unfolds our hoſpitable door,
'Tis Jove that ſends the ſtranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppreſs'd, dependent, yet a man:
Accept ſuch treatment as a ſwain affords,
Slave to the inſolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his ſlave enjoys is ſtow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been beſtow'd:
But Fate condemns him to a foreign ſhore;
Much have I ſorrow'd, but my maſter more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace reſign'd:
Ah, periſh Helen! periſh all her kind!
For whoſe curs'd cauſe, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod ſo fatally the paths of Fame.
His veſt ſuccinct then girding round his waiſt,
Forth ruſh'd the ſwain with hoſpitable haſte,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers ſlept beneath the ſun;
Of two, his cutlas launch'd the ſpouting blood;
Their quarter'd, ſing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All haſty on the hiſſing coals he threw:
And ſmoking back the taſteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board diſplay'd
The ready meal, before Ulyſſes laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet ſw
And luſcious as the bees nectareous dew:
Then ſate companion of the friendly feaſt,
With open look; and thus beſpoke his gueſt:
Take with free welcome what our hands prep
Such food as fall to ſimple ſervants ſhare;
The beſt our Lords conſume; thoſe thoughtleſs pe
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet ſure the Gods their impious acts deteſt,
And honour juſtice and the righteous breaſt.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and ſcourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Even theſe, when of their ill-got ſpoils poſſeſs'd
Find ſure tormentors in the guilty breaſt:
Some voice of God cloſe whiſpering from with
"Wretch! this is vilany, and this is ſin."
But theſe, no doubt, ſome oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulyſſes is no more.
Hence ſprings their confidence, and from our ſl
Their rapine ſtrengthens, and their riots riſe:
Conſtant as Jove the night and day beſtows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who r
O'er the fair iſlands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whoſe far-dreaded ſway
The wide extended continents obey:
Firſt, on the main land, of Ulyſſes' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin fe
As many ſtalls for ſhaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tuſky herd;
Theſe foreign keepers guard; and here are ſeen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmoſt gree
To native paſtors is their charge aſſign'd;
And mine the care to feed the briſly kind:
Each day the fatteſt bleeds of either herd,
All to the ſuitors waſteful board preferr'd.
Thus he, benevolent: his unknown gueſt
With hunger keen devours the ſavoury feaſt;
While ſchemes of vengeance ripen in his breaſt.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with ſmiling looks his joy expreſs'd,
And thus the kind inviting hoſt addreſs'd:
Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd
So rich, ſo potent, whom you ſtyle your lord;
Late with ſuch affluence and poſſeſſions bleſt,
And now in honour's glory's bed at reſt?
Whoever was the warrior, he muſt be
To fame no ſtranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a ſea, and many a land.
Small is the faith, the prince and queen aſcribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy ſtrangers ſtill to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image riſe
And calls the ſpringing ſorrows from her eyes.

u may'ſt be. But he whoſe name you
in earth, or welters on the wave, [crave
or fiſh or dogs his relicks lie,
y birds are ſcatter'd through the ſky.
d he: and left (for ever loſt)
e to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
maſter never ſhall I find;
the parents whom I left behind,
my mother, leſs my father kind.
ſuch tranſport would my eyes run o'er,
hail them in their native ſhore;
Ulyſſes once more to embrace,
and breathing in his natal place.
ie for ever dread, yet ever dear,
is abſence I pronounce with fear:
ſpect, he bears a prince's part;
a very brother in my heart.
ſpoke the faithful ſwain; and thus re-
in'd
er of his grief, the man of patient mind:
riend! ſhall view his old abodes
ful as thou art); nor doubt the Gods.
k I raſhly, but with faith aver'd,
t I ſpeak, atteſting Heaven has heard.
loke and veſture be my meed:
eturn, no title ſhall I plead,
ain be my news, and great my need.
rant itſelf can force untruths to tell,
deteſts him as the gates of hell.
firſt be witneſs, hoſpitable Jove!
y God inſpiring ſocial love;
ieſs every houſehold power that waits
f theſe fires, and angel of theſe gates!
next moon increaſe, or this decay,
nt realms Ulyſſes ſhall ſurvey,
and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn,
loſt glories of his houſe return.
all that meec be thine, nor ever more
d Ulyſſes hail this happy ſhore
Eumæus): to the preſent hour
rn thy thoughts, and joys within our
l reflection let my ſoul repoſe: [power.
e of him awakes a thouſand woes.
d him, Gods! and to theſe arms reſtore!
rue conſort can deſire him more;
aertes, broken with deſpair:
ig Telemachus, his blooming heir.
emachus! my ſorrows flow
r thee, my ſecond cauſe of woe!
ie fair plant ſet by a heavenly hand,
, he flouriſh'd, and he bleſt the land;
youth the father's image ſhin'd,
his perſon, brighter in his mind.
an, or God, deceiv'd his better ſenſe,
he ſwelling ſeas to wander hence?
it Pylos hapleſs is he gone,
his father's fate and find his own!
ors wait his way, with dire deſign
t once the great Arceſian line.
s leave him to their wills above;
s of men are in the hand of Jove.
r, my venerable gueſt! declare
ne, your parents, and your native air.
rom whence begun your courſe relate,
what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
he: and thus (with prompt invention
ious chief his ready ſtory told; [bold)

On dark reſerve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But moſt, the kind inviter's cheerful face?
Thus might we ſit, with ſocial goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round;
Not the whole circle of the year would cloſe
My long narration of a life of woes.
But ſuch was Heaven's high will! Know then, I came
From ſacred Crete, and from a ſire of fame:
Caſtor Hylacides (that name he bore)
Belov'd and honour'd in his native race:
Bleſt in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung from a handmaid, from a bought embrace.
I ſhar'd his kindneſs with his lawful race:
But when that fate, which all muſt undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the ſhades below;
The large domain his greedy ſons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas! was left my wretched ſhare,
Except a houſe, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth ſupplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The ſex is ever to a ſoldier kind).
Now waſting years my former ſtrength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the ſtubble you may gueſs the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial ſtorm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform:
Me, Mars inſpir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night.
Let ghaſtly death in all his forms appear,
I ſaw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the reſt I rais'd my ready ſteel;
The firſt I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my ſoul diſdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domeſtic care.
To raiſe the maſt, the miſſile dart to wing,
And ſend ſwift arrows from the bounding ſtring,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind:
Thoſe Gods, who turn (to various ends deſign'd,
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I ſpread my glory far,
Great in the praiſe, rich in the ſpoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
Our ſtates myſelf and Idomen employ [bleed;
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth ſaw Ilion fall;
Homeward we ſail'd, but Heaven diſpers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my ſtay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ſhips I mann'd, equipp'd with ready ſtores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian ſhores;
In feaſt and ſacrifice my choſen train
Six days conſum'd; the ſeventh we plough'd the
Crete's ample fields diminiſh to our eye; [main.
Before the Boreal blaſts the veſſels fly;

Safe through the level seas we sweep our way;
The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
The fifth fair morn we stem th' Ægyptian tide:
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.
But, sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.
The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with brisly spears, and glancing shields.
Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove;
(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove,
Oh! had he left me to that happier doom,
And sav'd a life of miseries to come!)
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
I met the monarch with a suppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side;
My state he pity'd, and my tears he dried,
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty blest,
I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest,
On seven bright years successive blessings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to human kind,
With semblance fair invites me to his home;
I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
To Libya then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a stranger to betray,
And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
Aloof of Crete, from the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast,
When all was wild expanse of sea and air;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread);
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight
Drop headlong: scarr'd and black with sulph'rous hue:
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found! but Jove's intent
Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent
Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal strife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore.
The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
The sire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulysses to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he stay'd
And here his whole collected treasure lay'd;
I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
Of steel elaborate, and refulgent ore,
And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;
Immense supplies for ages yet to come!
Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might best his safe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail!
Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
Attesting solemn all the Powers divine,
That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd,
But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
But other counsels pleas'd the sailors mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
And misery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave
With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me round,
(Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ship arriv'd: forth issuing on the sand
They sought repast; while to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.
Soft I descended, to the sea applied
My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,
And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.
Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wife,
To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear.
Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind
(Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
For real sufferings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with failacies the springing tear;
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him, whom Heaven has destin'd to destroy.
Oh! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles, to record his praise:
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost!
While pensive in this solitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when the constant queen commands my care;
Or when to taste her hospitable board,
Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;

ıese indulge their want, and those their woe,
re the tears, and there the goblets flow.
y such I have been warn'd; but chief
Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
hap it was to this our roof to roam;
rder banish'd from his native home.
ore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
it a season to refit his fleet;
revolving months should waft him o'er,
t with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
! whom age has taught to understand,
eaven has guided with a favouring hand!
d or mortal to obtrude a lie
', and dread to flatter as to die.
such ends my house and heart are free,
ar respect to Jove, and charity.
why, O swain of unbelieving mind!
quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)
ou my oath? yet more my faith to try,
ın compact let us ratify,
itness every Power that rules the sky!
Ulysses from his labours rest,
ı my prize a tunic and a vest;
here my hopes invite me, straight transport
y to Dulichium's friendly court.
he greets not thy desiring eye,
ıe from yon dread precipice on high;
e reward of fraud and perjury.
otless, O guest! great land and praise were mine
'd the swain for spotless faith divine)
r social rites and gifts bestow'd,
l my hospitable hearth with blood,
ould the Gods my righteous toils succeed,
ess the hand that made a stranger bleed?
e—th' approaching hours of silent night
aim refection, then to rest invite;
ı our humble cottage let us haste,
re, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.
commun'd these; while to their lowly dome
ll-fed swine return'd with evening home;
l'd, reluctant, to the several sties,
n obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.
› the slaves.—Now from the herd the best
n honour of our foreign guest:
m let us the genial banquet share,
at and many are the griefs we bear:
those who from our labours heap their board,
me their feeder, and forget their lord.
speaking, with dispatchful hand he took
ıty axe, and cleft the solid oak;
the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed,
years age, before the pile was led:
ıin, whom acts of piety delight,
nt of the Gods, begins the rite;
ars the forehead of the bristly boar,
pliant stands, invoking every Power
d Ulysses to his native shore.
y stake then aiming at his head,
repp'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
·ching flames climb round on every side:
e sing'd members they with skill divide;
:, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
icest morsels lay from every part.

Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw:
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
These while on several tables they dispose,
As priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dispart
In seven just portions, pure of hand and heart,
One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of May:
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
Who sate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
Oh! be thou dear (Ulysses cry'd) to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain reply'd)
Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.
This said, the first fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He sate, and sweet reflection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave,
(Eumæus proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord)
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.
Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar:
The driving storm the watery west wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke:
Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense.
Once I was strong (would Heaven restore those days!
And with my betters claim'd my share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own command);
A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
There clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had these shoulders covering but of steel,
Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blast, and gathering glaz'd our shields,
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.

Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
When now was wasted more than half the night,
And the stars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
Fast by my side, and shivering thus I said:
Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
And die asham'd (O wisest of mankind)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.
He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
(That wit, which, or in council or in fight,
Still met th' emergence and determin'd right.)
Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft-whispering in my ear)
Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
Hear me, companions? (thus aloud he said)
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye,
And sure the warning vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift courier rise,
Haste to the general, and demand supplies,
Upstarted Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant in his cloak I wrapp'd me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly dawning shone
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
Oh, were my strength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours and the offices of men:
Some master, or some servant would allow
A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now!
Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attent swain)
Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside
Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy clothes again,
For here one vest suffices every swain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But, when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
With better hand shall grace with fit attires
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.
The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide:
He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide
With store to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the king and all the rest supine;
All, but the careful master of the swine:
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:
Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air;
His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder tied:
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tusky herd he bends his way.
Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-ar
they lay.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Return of Telemachus.

The Goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take lea Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having receiva board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains U with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast, and, sending the sel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

NOW had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaus reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was lay'd;
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
When, O Telemachus! (the Goddess said)
Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore;
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands
Through both Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own ren
Thou know'st the practice of the female train
Lost in the children of the present spouse
They slight the pledges of their former vows
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
Till Heaven decrees to bliss thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a Power divine:

their snares the suitor lords shall lay
' sands, or straits of Ithaca :
thy life shall lurk the murderous band,
ıy footsteps press thy native land.
ıer far their riot and their lust
ing earth shall bury deep in dust !
ant from the scatter'd islands steer,
he night retard thy full career ;
enly guardian shall instruct the gales,
h thy passage, and supply thy sails :
n at Ithaca thy labour ends,
ıe town thy vessel with thy friends ;
thou first the master of thy swine
to thee his loyal thoughts incline) :
s the night : while he his course pursues
Penelope the wish'd-for news,
u, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
: to bless her in thy native land.
poke the Goddess, and resum'd her flight,
ire regions of eternal light.
ile Pisistratus he gently shakes, [wakes :
h these words the slumbering youth a-
on of Nestor ! for the road prepare,
the harness'd coursers to the car.
cause, he cried, can justify our flight,
t the dangers of forbidden night ?
t we rather, till approaching day
mpt our speed, and point the ready way.
k of flight, before the Spartan king
farewell, and bounteous presents bring ;
nich, to distant ages safely stor'd,
ed act of friendship shall record. [east,
he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the
from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
as his approach the hero knew,
ndid mantle round him first he threw,
r his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
ul met the monarch, and besp..e :
reat Atrides, favour'd of high Jove !
hy friends in vain for licence move.
us measure back the watery way,
ck our speed, impatient of delay.
h desire so strong thy bosom glows,
the king, should I thy wish oppose ;
n others freely I reprove
tim'd efforts of officious love ;
e too much, hate in the like extreme,
h the golden mean alike condemn.
: thwarts the hospitable end,
ives the free, or stays the hasty friend ;
endship's laws are by this rule express'd,
ıe the coming, speed the parting guest.
, my friends, and in your chariot take
lest presents that our love can make :
me commit we to our women's care,
oice domestic viands to prepare ;
veller, rising from the banquet gay,
the labours of the tedious way.
a wider course shall rather please
h spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece.
in his chariot shall attend ;
thy convoy to each royal friend.
ce will let Ulysses' heir remove
t some pledge, some monument of love ;
rill the caldron, these the tripod give,
ose the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
l emboss'd whose golden figures live.

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, replied :
O monarch, care of Heaven ! thy people's pride !
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes :
My stores expos'd, and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand ;
Lest, in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.
His purpose when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boethœdes Eteonus come ;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Mean time the king, his son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.
The king selected from the glittering rows
A bowl ; the prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her fairest textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest : with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part :
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd :
Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thundering Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve !
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine ;
To me this present of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came ;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a God.
Then gave the cup ; while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said :
Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove :
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Mean time may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.
She said, and gave the veil ; with grateful look
The prince the variegated present took.
And now, when through the royal dome they pass'd,
High on a throne, the king each stranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs :
With copious streams the shining vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glittering canisters are crown'd with bread ;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour ; rich repast !
Whilst Eteonus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each seated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join'd, the polish'd car ascend.
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The king precedes ; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the powers divine)

His right-hand held: before the ſteeds he ſtands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters theſe commands:
Farewell, and proſper, youths! let Neſtor know
What grateful thoughts ſtill in this boſom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Through the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.
And oh! return'd might we Ulyſſes meet!
To him thy preſents ſhow, thy words repeat:
How will each ſpeech his grateful wonder raiſe!
How will each gift indulge us in thy praiſe!
Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the righ
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auſpicious ſight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domeſtic pamper'd at the floor.
Peaſants in vain with threatening cries purſue,
In ſolemn ſpeed the bird majeſtic flew
Full dexter to the car: the proſperous ſight
Fill'd every breaſt with wonder and delight.
But Neſtor's ſon the cheerful ſilence broke,
And in theſe words the Spartan chief beſpoke.
Say, if to us the Gods theſe omens ſend,
Or fates peculiar to thyſelf portend?
Whilſt yet the monarch paus'd with doubts oppreſs'd,
The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breaſt.
Hear me, ſhe cried, to whom the Gods have given
To read this ſign, and myſtic ſenſe of Heaven.
As thus the plumy ſovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So ſhall thy godlike father toſs'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundleſs main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From ſlaughter'd gluttons to releaſe the dome.
Oh! if this promis'd bliſs by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) ſtand fix'd in fate above;
To thee, as to ſome God, I'll temples raiſe,
And crown thy altars with the coſtly blaze.
He ſaid; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery ſteeds the ſmarting thong;
The bounding ſhafts upon the harneſs play,
Till night deſcending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Pheræ, they repair,
Whoſe boaſted ſire was ſacred Alpheus' heir;
With him all night the youthful ſtrangers ſtay'd,
Nor found the hoſpitable rites unpay'd.
But ſoon as morning from her orient bed
Had ting'd the mountains with her earlieſt red,
They join'd the ſteeds, and on the chariot ſprung;
The brazen portals in their paſſage rung.
To Pylos ſoon they came, when thus begun
To Neſtor's heir Ulyſſes' godlike ſon:
Let not Piſiſtratus in vain be preſt,
Nor unconſenting hear his friend's requeſt;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the ſame.
No farther from our veſſel, I implore,
The courſers drive: but laſh them to the ſhore.
Too long thy father would his friends detain;
I dread his proffer'd kindneſs urg'd in vain.
The hero paus'd and ponder'd this requeſt,
While love and duty warr'd within his breaſt.

At length reſolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And laſh'd his panting courſers to the ſtrand.
There, while within the poop with care he ſtor'd
The regal preſents of the Spartan lord;
With ſpeed begone (ſaid he); call every mate,
Ere yet to Neſtor I the tale relate:
For true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulſe, nor could thou ſoon depart;
Himſelf will ſeek the here, nor wilt thou find,
In word alone, the Pylian monarch kind:
But when, arriv'd, he thy return ſhall know,
How will his breaſt with honeſt fury glow!
This ſaid, the ſounding ſtrokes his horſes fire,
And ſoon he reach'd the palace of his ſire.
Now (cried Telemachus) with ſpeedy care
Hoiſt every ſail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And ſeize their ſeats, impatient for the ſea:
Mean time the prince with ſacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When lo! a wretch ran breathleſs to the ſhore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A ſeer he was, from great Melampus ſprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flouriſh'd long,
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he choſe,
Far from the hateful cauſe of all his woes.
Neleus his treaſures one long year detains;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus's chains:
Mean time, what anguiſh, and what rage, combin
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'ſcap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquiſh'd, and conſign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he ſought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he choſe,
There form'd his empire; there his palace roſe.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came;
The firſt begot Oïclus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's ſaviour, and divinely wiſe,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the ſkies,
Yet ſhort his date of life! by female pride he die
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd from his beauty to the thrones above;
And Polyphides on whom Phœbus ſhone
With fulleſt rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hypereſia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counſels of the God.
From him ſprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The ſacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to Heaven he preſs'd
His ardent vows, the ſtranger thus addreſs'd:
O thou! that doſt thy happy courſe prepare
With pure libations, and with ſolemn prayer;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are paid:
By all the lives of theſe; thy own dear head,
Declare ſincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.
Prepare then, ſaid Telemachus, to know
A tale from falſehood free, not free from woe,
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulyſſes (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my ſire: though now for ever loſt
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
Whoſe fate inquiring through the world we rove;
The laſt, the wretched, proof of filial love.

ſtranger then : Nor ſhall I aught conceal,
dire ſecret of my fate reveal.
wn tribe an Argive wretch I ſlew ;
owerful friends the luckleſs deep purſue
relenting rage, and force from home
od ſtain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
, O bear me o'er yon azure flood ;
the ſuppliant ! ſpare my deſtin'd blood !
er (replied the prince) ſecurely reſt
in our faith ; henceforth our gueſt.
able, Ulyſſes' godlike heir
om the ſtranger's hand the glittering ſpear :
os the ſhip, aſcends the ſtern with haſte,
his ſide the gueſt accepted plac'd.
f his orders gives : th' obedient band
e obſervance wait the chief's command ;
ed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
ious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
calls ; the ready gales obey
id ſpeed to whirl them o'er the ſea.
hey paſs'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
ickening darkneſs clos'd the doubtful day ;
r Phæa's glittering rills they loſt,
m'd along by Elis' ſacred coaſt.
atious through the rocky reaches wind,
ning ſudden, ſhun the death deſign'd.
time the king, Eumœus, and the reſt,
he cottage, at their rural feaſt :
quet paſt, and ſatiate every man,
is hoſt, Ulyſſes thus began :
ne night more, my friends, indulge your
ueſt ;
l purpoſe in your walls to reſt
ow for myſelf I muſt provide,
y aſk your counſel, and a guide :
o roam the ſtreet, by hunger led,
's the friendly hand that gives me bread.
Ulyſſes' roof I may relate
wanderings to his royal mate :
gling with the ſuitors' haughty train,
eſerving ſome ſupport obtain.
to me his various gifts imparts,
f induſtry and manual arts :
with me in dextrous works contend,
to build, the ſtubborn oak to rend ;
the taſteful viand o'er the flame ;
the goblet with a purple ſtream.
the taſks of men of mean eſtate,
ortune dooms to ſerve the rich and great.
(Eumæus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
rung a thought ſo monſtrous in thy mind !
it godleſs race thou would'ſt attend,
es thee ſure a miſerable end !
rongs and blaſphemies aſcend the ſky,
l deſcending vengeance from on high.
, my friend, the ſervants of their feaſt ;
ing train in rich embroidery dreſt,
rth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
ling round celeſtial youth attends.
n : no eye aſkance beholds thee here :
thy converſe to each ſocial ear ;
eas'd, and pleaſing, in our cottage reſt,
d Telemachus accepts his gueſt
nial gifts, and change of fair attires,
e conveys thee where thy ſoul deſires.
im the man of woes : O gracious Jove !
this ſtranger's hoſpitable love !

Who knows the ſon of ſorrow to relieve,
Cheers the ſad heart, nor lets affliction grieve,
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greateſt woe :
On all their weary paths wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To ſuch a man ſince harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord ;
What cares his mother's tender breaſt engage,
And ſire forſaken on the verge of age ;
Beneath the ſun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the houſe of darkneſs and of death ?
To whom the ſwain : Attend what you inquire ;
Laertes lives, the miſerable ſire
Lives, but implores of every Power to lay
The burden down, and wiſhes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortleſs, he waſtes away
Old age, untimely poſting ere his day,
She too, ſad mother ! for Ulyſſes loſt
Pin'd out her bloom, and vaniſh'd to a ghoſt.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods ! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart !)
While yet ſhe was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleaſing converſe miniſter'd relief ;
With Ctimene, her youngeſt daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the ſoftly-ſtealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' iſle ſhe ſent the wedded fair ;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care ;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor leſs the darling object of her love.
Her hapleſs death my brighter days o'ercaſt,
Yet Providence deſerts me not at laſt ;
My preſent labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleaſure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear ;
Black and diſcountenanc'd the ſervants ſtand,
Nor dare to queſtion where the proud command :
No profit ſprings beneath uſurping powers :
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns :
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the ſwains.
The ſuffering chief at this began to melt ;
And, O Eumæus ! thou (he cries) haſt felt
The ſpite of fortune too ! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land !
Snatch'd from thy parent's arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants ! a man of miſeries !
Thy whole ſad ſtory, from its firſt, declare.
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt ? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and ſheep ?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates ſeiz'd, and ſhipp'd thee o'er the main ?
Doom'd a fair prize to grace ſome prince's board,
The worthy purchaſe of a foreign lord.
If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A ſtory fruitful of events attend :
Another's ſorrows may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd internals employ.
Long nights the now declining year beſtows ;
A part we conſecrate to ſoft repoſe,

A part in pleaſing talk we entertain;
For too much reſt itſelf becomes a pain.
Let thoſe, whom ſleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares reſuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feaſt, and to the feaſt be join'd
Diſcourſe, the ſweeter banquet of the mind;
Review the ſcries of our lives, and taſte
The melancholy joy of evils paſt:
For he who much has ſuffer'd, much will know;
And plea'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
Above Ortygia lies an iſle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
(There curious eyes inſcrib'd with wonder trace
The ſun's diurnal, and his annual race);
Not large, but fruitful; ſtor'd with graſs, to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating ſheep;
Her ſloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know.
Nor ſink by ſickneſs to the ſhades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the ſilver bow with tender ſkill,
And, void of pain, the ſilent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities riſe with equal pride.
But both in conſtant peace one prince obey,
And Cteſius there, my father, holds the ſway.
Freighted, it ſeems, with toys of every ſort
A ſhip of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
To waſh her robes deſcending to the main,
A ſmooth-tongued ſailor won her to his mind
(For loves deceives the beſt of woman-kind).
A ſudden truſt from ſudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all ſhe knew.
I too (ſhe cried) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But, ſnatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians ſold me to this man's embrace.
Haſte then (the falſe deſigning youth reply'd)
Haſte to thy country; love ſhall be thy guide;
Haſte to thy father's houſe, thy father's breaſt,
For ſtill he lives, and lives with riches bleſt,
"Swear firſt (ſhe cry'd) ye ſailors! to reſtore
"A wretch in ſafety to her native ſhore."
Swift as ſhe aſk'd, the ready ſailors ſwore.
She then proceeds: Now let our compact made
Be not by ſignal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew deſcried
By road frequented, nor by fountain ſide.
Be ſilence ſtill our guard. The monarch's ſpies
(For watchful age is ready to ſurmiſe)
Are ſtill at hand; and this, reveal'd, muſt be
Death to yourſelves, eternal chains to me.
Your veſſel loaded, and your traffic paſt,
Diſpatch a wary meſſenger with haſte:
Then gold and coſtly treaſures will I bring,
And more, the infant offspring of the king.
Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead away,
(A noble prize!) and to your ſhip convey.
Thus ſpoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffic, and their veſſel load,
Their ſtores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A ſpy was ſent their ſummons to convey:
An artiſt to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame:
Each female eye the glittering links employ,
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy,
He took th' occaſion as they ſtood intent,
Gave her the ſign, and to his veſſel went.
She ſtraight purſued, and ſeiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd ſmiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch ſhe found
(The gueſts not enter'd, but the table crown'd);
Hid in her fraudful boſom, theſe ſhe bore:
Now ſet the ſun, and darkened all the ſhore,
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted veſſel rides;
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and ſweep
With level oar along the glaſſy deep.
Six calmy days and ſix ſmooth nights we ſail,
And conſtant Jove ſupplied the gentle gale.
The ſeventh, the fraudful wretch, (no cauſe cried
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corſe, a worthleſs load
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce ſea-wolves, and monſters of the flood.
An helpleſs infant, I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laertes by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.
To him the king: Reciting thus thy cares,
My ſacred ſoul in all thy ſorrows ſhares:
But one choice bleſſing (ſuch is Jove's high will
Has ſweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapleſs end,
The Gods, have in a maſter, given a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
(For ſhe needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, ſo many wanderings paſt and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty beſtows.
So paſs'd in pleaſing dialogue away
The night; then down to ſhort repoſe they lay
Till radiant roſe the meſſenger of day,
While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
Their ſails they looſe'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And caſt their anchors, and the cables tied:
Then on the breezy ſhore deſcending join
In grateful banquet o'er the roſy wine.
When thus the prince: Now each his courſe
I to the fields, and to the city you.
Long abſent hence, I dedicate this day
My ſwains to viſit, and the works ſurvey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the ſkies
Our debt of ſafe return, in feaſt and ſacrifice.
Then Theoclymenus: But who ſhall lend,
Mean time, protection to thy ſtranger-friend?
Straight to the queen and palace ſhall I fly,
Or, yet more diſtant, to ſome lord apply?
The prince return'd; Renown'd in days of
Has ſtood our father's hoſpitable door;
No other roof a ſtranger ſhould receive,
No other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my abſence riot fills the place,
Nor beats the modeſt queen a ſtranger's face
From noiſeful revel far remote ſhe flies,
But rarely ſeen, or ſeen with weeping eyes.

Eurymachus receive my gueſt,
courteous, and by far the beſt ;
the queen with more reſpectful flame,
ilates her former huſband's fame :
at ſucceſs, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.
ſpeaking, on the right up-ſoar'd in air
k, Apollo's ſwift-wing'd meſſenger ;
nful pounces tore a trembling dove ;
ted feathers, ſcatter'd from above,
the hero and the veſſel pour
umage, mingled with a ſanguine ſhower.
bſerving augur took the prince aſide,
r the hand, and thus prophetic cried :
that dexter cuts th' aerial road,
inous, nor flies without a God :
but thine ſhall Ithaca obey.
, for ages, Heaven decrees the ſway.
the omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
ll my bounties ſpeak a grateful mind,
And ſoon each envied happineſs attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus—Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful ſervant, by thy prince belov'd !
Till we returning ſhall our gueſt demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.
To this Peiræus : Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hoſpitable rites to pay,
The preſence of thy gueſt ſhall beſt reward
(If long thy ſtay) the abſence of my lord.
With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the ſea.
All with obedient haſte forſake the ſhores,
And, plac'd in order, ſpread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his ſandals takes ;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin ſhakes.
They part ; while leſſening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew :
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the manſion of his faithful ſwain.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Telemachus.

Thus arriving at the lodge of Eumæus ſends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appears to Ulyſſes, commands him to diſcover himſelf to his ſon. The prince, who had lain in ambuſh to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

N as the morning bluſh'd along the plains
lyſſes and the monarch of the ſwains
the ſleeping fires, their meal prepare,
rth to paſture ſend the briſtly care.
rinces near approach the dogs deſcry,
wning round his feet confeſs their joy.
gentle blandiſhment the king ſurvey'd,
his reſounding ſtep, and inſtant ſaid :
well known friend, Eumæus, bends this
ps I hear; the dogs familiar play.
ile yet he ſpoke, the prince advancing drew
to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
ported from his ſeat Eumæus ſprung,
'd the full bowl, and round his boſom hung;
g his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
ears rain'd copious in a ſhower of joy.
me fond ſire, who ten long winters grieves,
foreign climes an only ſon receives,
d of his age) with ſtrong paternal joy
ard he ſprings, and claſps the favourite boy :
und the youth his arms Eumæus ſpread,
the grave had given him from the dead.
d is it thou ! my ever dear delight!
rt thou come to bleſs my long ng ſight!
r, I never hop'd to view this day,
n o'er the waves you plough'd the deſperate way.
r, my child! beyond my hopes reſtor'd,
ive theſe eyes to feaſt upon their lord !
r, oh ſeldom ſeen ! for lawleſs powers
much detain thee from thy ſylvan bowers.

The prince replied : Eumæus, I obey ;
To ſeek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But ſay, if in the court the queen reſide,
Severely chaſte, or if commenc'd a bride ?
Thus he, and thus the monarch of the ſwains :
Severely chaſte Penelope remains;
But, loſt to every joy, ſhe waſtes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.
He ended; and (receiving as they paſs
The javelin, pointed with a ſtar of braſs)
They reach'd the dome ; the dome with marble ſhin'd.
His ſeat Ulyſſes to the prince reſign'd.
Not ſo—(exclaim'd the prince with decent grace)
For me, this houſe ſhall find an humbler place :
T' uſurp the honours due to ſilver hairs
And reverend ſtrangers, modeſt youth forbears.
Inſtant the ſwain the ſpoils of beaſts ſupplies,
And bids the rural throne with oziers riſe.
There ſate the prince : the feaſt Eumæus ſpread,
And heap'd the ſhining caniſters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whoſe verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirſt and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulyſſes to Eumæus ſaid :
Whence, father, from what ſhore this ſtranger, ſay,
What veſſel bore him o'er the watery way ?
To human ſtep our land impervious lies,
And round the coaſt circumfluent oceans riſe.

The ſwain returns: A tale of ſorrows hear:
In ſpacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathleſs 'ſcaping to the land he flew
From Theſprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my ſon, the ſuppliant I reſign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.
Hard taſk, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can ſtrangers ſafely in the court reſide,
'Midſt the ſwell'd inſolence of luſt and pride?
Ev'n I unſafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed:
Perhaps ſhe weds regardleſs of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyſſæan name.
However, ſtranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give;
Sandals, a ſword, and robes, reſpect to prove,
And ſafe to ſail with ornaments of love.
Till then, thy gueſt amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to ſupply,
And clothe the naked from th' inclement ſky.
Here dwell in ſafety from the ſuitors wrongs,
And the rude inſults of ungovern'd tongues.
For ſhouldſt thou ſuffer, powerleſs to relieve,
I muſt behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompaſs'd by an hoſtile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.
To whom, while anger in his boſom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and reſent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood to ſee a ſoul ſo brave
Live to baſe inſolence of power a ſlave.
But tell me, doſt thou, prince, doſt thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd?
Say, do thy ſubjects in bold faction riſe,
Or prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe?
Or are thy brothers, who ſhould aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour?
Oh! that I were from great Ulyſſes ſprung,
Or that theſe wither'd nerves like thine were ſtrung;
Or, Heavens! might he return! (and ſoon appear
He ſhall, I truſt: a hero ſcorns deſpair!)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worſt foe, if that avenging day
Be not their laſt: but ſhould I loſe my life
Oppreſs'd by numbers in the glorious ſtrife,
I chooſe the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear diſhonour, worſe than death;
Than ſee the hand of violence invade
The reverend ſtranger, and the ſpotleſs maid;
Than ſee the wealth of kings conſum'd in waſte,
The drunkard revel, and the gluttons feaſt.
Thus he, with anger flaſhing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagued in factious arms my ſubjects riſe,
Nor prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe;
Nor are my brothers who ſhould aid my power
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boaſt no brother; Heaven's dread King
Gives from our ſtock an only branch to ſpring,
Alone Laertes reign'd Arceſius' heir,
Alone Ulyſſes drew the vital air.
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unbleſt offspring of a ſire unbleſt!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with ſhady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial ſceptre, and the regal bed:
The queen, averſe to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour!
Mean time their licence uncontrol'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:
But Heaven will ſure revenge, and Gods there
But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our ſafe return, and eaſe a mother's heart.
Yet ſecret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at leaſt I may in peace repoſe.
To whom the ſwain: I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee loſt: ſhall I my ſpeed employ
To bleſs his age: a meſſenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his ſon away
Sent the ſad ſire in ſolitude to ſtray;
Yet, buſied with his ſlaves to eaſe his woe,
He dreſs'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but ſince the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he taſtes; but ſunk in woes,
Wild ſprings the vine, no more the gard
blows;
Shut from the walks of men, to pleaſure loſt,
Penſive and pale he wanders, half a ghoſt.
Wretched old man! (with tears the prince
turns)
Yet ceaſe to go—what man ſo bleſt but mourns
Were every wiſh indulg'd by favouring ſkies,
This hour ſhould give Ulyſſes to my eyes.
But to the queen with ſpeed diſpatchful bear
Our ſafe return, and back with ſpeed repair:
And let ſome handmaid of her train reſort
To good Laertes in his rural court.
While yet he ſpoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his ſandals on, and ſtrode away:
Then from the Heavens the Martial Goddeſs flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves
In form a virgin in ſoft beauty's bloom, [ſkies;
Skill'd in th' illuſtrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus ſhe ſtood diſplay'd,
But unapparent as a viewleſs ſhade
Eſcap'd Telemachus (the Powers above,
Seen or unſeen, o'er earth at pleaſure move):
The dogs intelligent confeſs the tread
Of power divine; and howling, trembling, fled.
The Goddeſs, beckoning, waves her deathful
hands;
Dauntleſs the king before the Goddeſs ſtands.
Then why (ſhe ſaid) O favour'd of the ſkies!
Why to thy godlike ſon this long diſguiſe?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Againſt thy foes; be valiant, and deſtroy!
Lo! I deſcend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy ſide, thy guardian Power.
She ſaid, and o'er him waves her wand of
gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his frame improves:
At once with majeſty enlarg'd he moves:

lush'd his reddening cheek, and from his
brows
h of hair in sable ringlets flows;
kening chin receives a deeper shade;
om his eyes upsprung the Warrior Maid.
iero re-ascends: the prince o'er-aw'd
fts his eyes, and bows as to a God.
ith surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)
t thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!
r vests thy limbs majestic grace,
r glories lighten from thy face!
n be thy abode, with pious care
he ready sacrifice prepare:
ts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
thy grace: Oh save us, Power Divine!
re my days, Ulysses made reply,
las! descendant of the sky.
father. Oh my son! my son!
her, for whose sake thy days have run
e of woe: to endless cares consign'd,
rag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.
rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
strong raptures of a parent's joy.
athe his cheek, and tears the ground be-
low:
n'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
(exclaims the prince with fond desire)
t—no, thou can'st not be my sire
such illusion only can impose,
alse joy to aggravate my woes.
t a God can change the general doom,
e to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
worn with years, in weeds obscene you
rod;
oth'd in majesty, you move a God!
ar, he cry'd; for Heaven reserve that name,
thy father, but a father's claim:
lysses shalt thou never see,
ysses, I (my son) am he.
en sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,
en at length to view my native coast,
nconquer'd Maid, my frame surrounds
ace divine; her power admits no bounds:
my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;
rong as youth, magnificent I tread.
ls with ease frail man depress or raise,
e lowly, or the proud debase.
oke, and fate. The prince with transport
lew,
ound his neck, while tears his cheek be-
the father pour'd a social flood!
ept abundant, and they wept aloud.
old eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
it vulture, mourns her ravish'd young;
y, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a
rey
rude churl, and borne by stealth away;
aloud: and tears in tides had run,
ief unfinish'd with the setting sun:
king the full torrent in its flow,
ce thus interrupts the solemn woe.
ip transported thee, O father, say,
at bless'd hands have o'er'd thee on the way?
ll (Ulysses instant made reply)
e all, my child, my only joy!
ns bore me to the port assign'd,
ever to the stranger kind;

Wrapp'd in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign:
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of th' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force, or singly to destroy.
O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy name,
Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame,
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost;
Can we engage, nor decades, but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: from Dulichium came
Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name,
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast
Of Samos: twenty from Zacynthus' coast:
And twelve our country's pride; to these belong
Medon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.
Two sewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what assistant powers you boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.
Mark well my voice, Ulysses straight replies:
What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove.
Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
Against the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
Wither the strength of man, and awe the Gods.
Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might
We rise terrific to the task of fight.
But thou, when morn salutes th' aerial plain,
The court revisit and the lawless train:
Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
There, if base scorn insult my reverend age;
Bear it, my son! repress thy rising rage.
If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;
Bear it, my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain:
For wicked ears are deaf to Wisdom's call,
And vengeance strikes whom heaven has doom'd
to fall.
Once more attend: When * she whose power in-
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires;
I give the sign: that instant, from beneath,
Aloft convey the instruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil they truth in plausible disguise:
"These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to
"Troy,
"Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy;
"Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they shone:
"Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.
"I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)
"From the pollution of the fuming fires;
"Lest, when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
"Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood;

† Minerva.

" Oft ready ſwords in luckleſs hour incite
" The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."
Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a ſword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fenceleſs ſhield.
But by my blood that in thy boſom glows,
By that regard, a ſon his father owes;
The ſecret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy boſom from the houſehold train;
Hide it from all; even from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whoſe faith yet laſts among the menial crew;
And, nothing, ere we riſe in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince: for ſure you merit love.
To whom the youth: To emulate I aim
The brave and wiſe, and my great father's fame.
But re-conſider, ſince the wiſeſt err,
Vengeance reſolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time muſt we conſume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, induſtrious to deſtroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damſels that attend the throne:
Diſpers'd the youth reſides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou haſt ſpoke from Jove.
While in debate they waſte the hours away,
Th' aſſociates of the prince repaſs'd the bay;
With ſpeed they guide the veſſel to the ſhores;
With ſpeed debarking land the naval ſtores;
Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And truſt the preſents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies t'impart
Her ſon's return, and eaſe a parent's heart;
Leſt, a ſad prey to ever-muſing cares,
Pale grief deſtroy what time a while forbears.
Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud: Thy ſon, O Queen, returns:
Eumæus ſage approach'd th' imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then meaſur'd back the way—The ſuitor band,
Stung to the ſoul, abaſh'd, confounded, ſtand;
And iſſuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale aſſembly ſate.
At length Eurymachus: Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph ſails the main.
Haſte, rear the maſt, the ſwelling ſhroud diſplay;
Haſte, to our ambuſh'd friends the news convey.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when, turning to the ſtrand,
Amphinomus ſurvey'd th' aſſociate band;
Full to the bay within the winding ſhores
With gather'd ſails they ſtood, and lifted oars.
O friends! he cry'd, elate with riſing joy,
See to the port ſecure the veſſel fly!
Some God has told them, or themſelves ſurvey
The bark eſcap'd; and meaſure back their way.
Swift at the word deſcending to the ſhores,
They moor the veſſel and unlade the ſtores:
Then moving from the ſtrand, apart they ſate,
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
Lives then the boy? he lives (Antinous cries)
The care of Gods and favourite of the ſkies.
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eaſtern hills,
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad ſurvey:
Yet ſafe he ſails! the Powers celeſtial give
To ſhun the hidden ſnares of death, and live.
But die he ſhall, and thus condemn'd to bleed.
Be now the ſcene of inſtant death decreed:
Hope ye ſucceſs? undaunted cruſh the foe.
Is he not wiſe? know this, and ſtrike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averſe too juſtly to our cauſe?
Strike ere, the ſtates conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambuſh on the watery way.
Or chooſe ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcaſts of earth, to breathe an unknown ſky?
The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambuſh'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in ſolitude and ſhade:
And give the palace to the queen a dower,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal hour.
But if ſubmiſſive you reſign the ſway,
Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we inſtant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of Kings conſum'd in vain;
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen given
To ſome bleſt prince, the prince decreed by H
Abaſh'd, the ſuitor train his voice attends;
Till from his throne Amphinomus aſcends,
Who o'er Dulicium ſtretch'd his ſpacious reign,
A land of plenty, bleſt with every grain:
Chief of the numbers who the queen addreſs'd,
And though diſpleaſing, yet diſpleaſing leaſt.
Soft were his words: his actions wiſdom ſway'd;
Graceful a while he paus'd, then mildly ſaid:
O friends, forbear! and be the thought with ſtood:
'Tis horrible to ſhed imperial blood!
Conſult we firſt th' all-ſeeing powers above,
And the ſure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they aſſent, ev'n by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the ſkies.
He ſaid: The rival train his voice approv'd,
And riſing inſtant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noiſe they ſate,
Recumbent on the ſhining throne of ſtate.
Then Medon, conſcious of their dire debates,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful ſtory ſhe deſcends:
Her haſty ſteps a damſel-train attends.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers ſhe ſtands:
And, veiling decent with a modeſt ſhade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous ſaid:
O void of faith! of all bad men the worſt!
Renown'd for wiſdom, by th' abuſe accurs'd!
Miſtaking fame proclaims thy generous mind!
Thy deeds denote thee of the baſeſt kind.
Wretch! to deſtroy a prince that friendſhip gave
While in his gueſt his murderer he receives:
Nor dread ſuperior Jove, to whom belong
The cauſe of ſuppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Haſt thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
Who ſav'd thy father with a friendly part?

he ravag'd with his martial powers
lyan pirates on Theſprotia's ſhores;
his life, his treaſures they demand;
av'd him from th' avenger's hand.
Id'ſt thou evil for his good repay?
iſhonour, and his houſe betray?
s queen? and with a murderous hand
is heir?—but ceaſe, 'tis I command.
ace thoſe fears, (Eurymachus reply'd)
t princeſs! bid thy ſoul confide.
there a man who dares that hero ſlay,
behold the golden light of day?
the righteous Powers of Heaven I ſwear,
I in vengeance ſmokes upon my ſpear.
when my infant days I led,
e ſuffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
rous ſoul abhors th' ungrateful part,
friend's ſon lives deareſt to my heart.
r no mortal arm; if Heaven deſtroy,
reſign: for man is born to die. [ſpir'd:
ſmooth he ended, yet his death con-
rowing, with ſad ſtep the queen retir'd,
aming eyes all comfortleſs deplor'd,
with the dear remembrance of her lord:
'd till Pallas bid her ſorrows fly,
ſt ſlumber ſeal'd her flowing eye.
ow Eumæus, at the evening hour,
e returning to his ſylvan bower.
nd his ſon had dreſs'd with art
ng boar, and gave the Gods their part.

Holy repaſt! That inſtant from the ſkies
The Martial Goddeſs to Ulyſſes flies:
She waves her golden wand, and re-aſſumes
From every feature every grace that blooms;
At once his veſtures change; at once ſhe ſheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads;
Leſt to the queen the ſwain with tranſport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy. [claim
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth: Pro-
What tidings, friend? what ſpeaks the voice of Fame?
Say, if the ſuitors meaſure back the main,
Or ſtill in ambuſh thirſt for blood in vain?
Whether, he cries, they meaſure back the flood
Or ſtill in ambuſh thirſt in vain for blood,
Eſcap'd my care: where lawleſs ſuitors ſway,
Thy mandate borne, my ſoul diſdain'd to ſtay.
But from th' Hermæan height I caſt a view
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freighte a ſhining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his ſhield, and each advanc'd his ſpear:
And, if aright theſe ſearching eyes ſurvey,
Th' eluded ſuitors ſtem the watery way. [wiles,
The prince, well pleas'd to diſappoint their
Steals on his ſire a glance, and ſecret ſmiles.
And now, a ſhort repaſt prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled,
Then to repoſe withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in ſoft ſleep forgot the cares of day.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

ſ returning to the city relates to Penelope the ſum of his travels. Ulyſſes is conducted by Eumæus to lace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his maſter, after an abſence of twenty years, and dies ay. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulyſſes remains among the ſuitors, whoſe behaviour is d.

l as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
rinkled with roſeate light the dewy lawn;
the prince aroſe, prepar'd to part;
d impatient graſps the pointed dart;
his feet the poliſh'd ſandals ſhine,
s he greets the maſter of the ſwine:
nd, adieu; let this ſhort ſtay ſuffice;
d meet my mother's longing eyes,
her tears, her ſorrows, and her ſighs.
u, attentive, what we order heed;
pleſs ſtranger to the city lead;
ic bounty let him there be fed,
ſs the hand that ſtretches forth the bread.
the tears from all afflicted eyes.
may covet, but my power denies.
iſe anger in the ſtranger's thought,
n of anger puniſhes the fault:
y truth I undiſguis'd declare;
at ſo eaſy as to be ſincere?
ns Ulyſſes: What the prince requires
t removal, ſeconds my deſires.

To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field,
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or ſtoop to taſks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but, ſince this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours ſpace permit me here to ſtay;
My ſteps Eumæus ſhall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.
Thus he: nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the manſion with a lofty ſtride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breaſt elate,
Revolving deep the ſuitors ſudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his ſpear againſt the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threſhold bounds;
The marble pavement with his ſtep reſounds;
His eye firſt glanc'd where Eurycleа ſpreads
With furry ſpoils of beaſts the ſplendid beds.
She ſaw, ſhe wept, ſhe ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her maſter with a long embrace.

All crowded round the family appears
With wild entrancement, and ecſtatic tears.
Swift from above deſcends the royal fair
(Her beauteous cheeks the bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air);
Hangs o'er her ſon; in his embraces dies;
Rains kiſſes on his neck, his face, his eyes;
Few words ſhe ſpoke, though much ſhe had to ſay;
And ſcarce thoſe few, for tears, could force their way.
Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So ſnatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, haſt thou known
Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own.
O deareſt, moſt rever'd of woman kind!
Ceaſe with thoſe tears to melt a manly mind
(Replied the prince): nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treaſon to thy arms reſtor'd.
Go bathe, and, rob'd in white, aſcend the towers;
With all thy handmaids thank the immortal powers;
To every God vow hetacombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
While to th' aſſembled council I repair;
A ſtranger ſent by Heaven attends me there;
My new accepted gueſt I haſte to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge conſign'd.
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and, rob'd in white, with all her train,
To every God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance, the prince then paſs'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves;
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:
Him, gathering round, the haughty ſuitors greet
With ſemblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their falſe addreſſes generous he denied,
Paſs'd on, and ſate by faithful Mentor's ſide;
With Antiphus, and Halitherſes ſage
(His father's counſellors, rever'd for age).
Of his own fortunes, and Ulyſſes' fame,
Much aſk'd the ſeniors; till Piræus came.
The ſtranger-gueſt purſued him cloſe behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd,
He (when Piræus aſk'd for ſlaves to bring
The gifts and treaſures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful anſwer'd: Thoſe we ſhall not move,
Dark and unconſcious of the will of Jove;
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince muſt fall,
Us, and our houſe, if treaſon muſt o'erthrow,
Better a friend poſſeſs them, than a foe:
If death to theſe, and vengeance Heaven decree,
Riches are welcome then, not elſe, to me.
Till then retain the gifts.—The hero ſaid,
And in his hand the willing ſtranger led.
Then diſ-array'd, the ſhining bath they ſought.
(With unguents ſmooth) of poliſh'd marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with aſſiſtant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And freſh from bathing to their ſeats withdrew,
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Repleniſh'd from the pure tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious ſtreams that golden ewer ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize:
They waſh: the table, in fair order ſpread,
Is pil'd with viands and the ſtrength of bread.
Full oppoſite, before the folding gate,
The penſive mother ſits in humble ſtate:
Lowly ſhe ſate, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The prince and ſtranger ſhar'd the genial feaſt,
Till now the rage of thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
When thus the queen. My ſon! my only friend,
Say, to my mournful couch ſhall I aſcend?
(The couch deſerted now a length of years:
The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)
Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the ſuitor-crew
Return, and riot ſhakes our walls anew)
Say, wilt thou not the leaſt account afford?
The leaſt glad tidings of my abſent lord?
To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plain,
Where Neſtor, ſhepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderneſs to him are known,
Kind to Ulyſſes' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder graſp of joy
Strains to his boſom his long-abſent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulyſſes breathe,
Or glide a ſpectre in the realms beneath;
For farther ſearch, his rapid ſteeds tranſport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
Their Argive Helen I beheld, whoſe charms
(So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
My cauſe of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And ſtill his words live perfect in my mind.
Heavens! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Mean time returning, with remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulyſſes re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere!
And thou whoſe luſtre gilds the rolling ſphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the Martial-Maid!
Such to our wiſh the warrior ſoon reſtore,
As when, contending on the Leſbian ſhore,
His proweſs Philomelides confeſs'd,
And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love preſumptuous ſhall by death atone;
Now what you queſtion of my ancient friend,
With truth I anſwer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the * ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eyes can pierce the dark receſs of fate.
Sole in an iſle, impriſon'd by the main,
The ſad ſurvivor of his numerous train,
Ulyſſes lies; detain'd by magic charms.
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.
No ſailors there, no veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way—
This told Atrides: and he told no more,
Thence ſafe I voyag'd to my native ſhore.

* Proteus.

ɛas'd ; nor made the penſive queen reply,
op'd her head, and drew a ſecret ſigh.
Theoclymenus the ſeer began :
ing conſort of the ſuffering man !
uman knowledge could, thoſe kings might
e ſecrets of high Heaven reveal. [tell ;
he firſt of Gods be this declar'd,
he board whoſe bleſſing we have ſhar'd :
the genial rites, and witneſs all
uſe holds ſacred in her ample wall !
v this inſtant, great Ulyſſes lay'd
or wandering in his country's ſhade,
uilty deeds, in hearing and in view,
volves ; and plans the vengeance due :
ure auguries the Gods beſtow'd,
ſt our veſſel anchor'd in your road.
d thoſe omens, Heaven ! (the queen re-
in'd)
ur bounties ſpeak a grateful mind ;
ry envied happineſs attend
, who calls Penelope his friend.
ommun'd they : while in the marble court
(their inſolence) the lords reſort ;
the ſpacious ſquare each tries his art,
l the diſk, or aim the miſſile dart.
id the hour of ſweet repaſt arrive,
n the field the victim flocks they drive ;
he herald (one who pleas'd them beſt,
our'd with a portion of their feaſt)
he banquet, interrupts their play.
the hall they haſte ; aſide they lay
rments, and, ſuccinct, the victims ſlay.
ep and goats and briſtly porkers bled,
proud ſteer was o'er the marble ſpread.
thus the copious banquet they provide ;
e road converſing ſide by ſide,
Ulyſſes and the faithful ſwain :
us Eumæus, generous and humane :
wn, obſervant of our lord's beheſt,
us ſpeed : my friend, no more my gueſt!
myſelf I wiſh'd thee here preferr'd,
the flock or keeper of the herd.
h to raiſe my maſter's wrath I fear ;
th of princes ever is ſevere.
d his will, and be our journey made
e broad beams of Phœbus are diſplay'd,
own evening ſpreads her chilly ſhade.
y advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
as ſuits the dictate of my mind.
: but help me to ſome ſtaff, to ſtay
e ſtep, ſince rugged is the way.
his ſhoulders then the ſcrip he ſlung,
ch'd, and faſten'd by a twiſted thong:
mæus gave. Along the way
hey fare : behind, the keepers ſtay ;
th their watchful dogs (a conſtant guard)
is abſence, and attend the herd.
his city ſtrikes the monarch's eyes,
w chang'd! a man of miſeries ;
on a ſtaff, a beggar old and bare,
ſhoneſt fluttering with the air !
s'd the rugged road, they journey down
rn'd way deſcending to the town,
rom the rock, with liquid lapſe diſtils
l fount ; that, ſpreads in parting rills,
t thence to ſerve the city brings :
l w..k adorn'd by ancient kings.

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In ſculptur'd ſtone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove ;
Where ſilver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold ſtream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, ſequeſter'd to the nymphs, is ſeen
A moſſy altar, deep embower'd in green ;
Where conſtant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors ſolemnize the ſhade,
Here with his goats (not vow'd to ſacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came :
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the ſtranger, and imperious ſpoke :
The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is uſher to another ſtill.
Heaven with a ſecret principle endued
Mankind, to ſeek their own ſimilitude. [gueſt ?
Where goes the ſwine-herd with that ill-look'd
That giant glutton, dreadful at a feaſt ?
Full many a poſt have thoſe broad ſhoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with ſcorn ;
To no brave prize aſpir'd the worthleſs ſwain,
'Twas but for ſcraps he aſk'd, and aſk'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better underſtands ;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands,
For any office could the ſlave be good,
To cleanſe the fold, or help the kids to food;
If any labour thoſe big joints could learn,
Some whey, to waſh his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to ſpread,
Is all, by which that graceleſs maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I propheſy thy fare :
Dearly, full dearly, ſhalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footſtool thundering at thy head.
He thus : nor inſolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his ruſtic heel his king unknown ;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd : he like a pillar ſtood,
Nor ſtirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road :
Doubtful, or with his ſtaff to ſtrike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthleſs head.
Short was that doubt ; to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero ſtood ſelf-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obteſting, and this prayer conceiv'd :
Daughters of Jove ! who from th' æthereal bowers
Deſcend to ſwell the ſprings, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain : to whoſe ſacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames !
To whom Ulyſſes' piety preferr'd
The yearly firſtling of his flock and herd ;
Succeed my wiſh ; your votary reſtore :
Oh, be ſome God his convoy to our ſhore !
Due pains ſhall puniſh then this ſlave's offence,
And humble all his airs of inſolence.
Who, proudly ſtalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.
What matters he ? (Melanthius ſharp rejoins)
This crafty miſcreant big with dark deſigns !
The day ſhall come ; nay, 'tis already near,
When, ſlave! to ſell thee at a price too dear,
Muſt be my care ; and hence tranſport thee o'er,
(A load and ſcandal to this happy ſhore).
Oh ! that as ſurely great Apollo's dart,
Or ſome brave ſuitor's ſword, might pierce the heart.

Of the proud ſon; as that we ſtand this hour
In laſting ſafety from the father's power!
So ſpoke the wretch, but, ſhunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud ſtep, and left them on their way.
Straight to the ſeaſtful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet ſhar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Mean time they heard, ſoft-circling in the ſky,
Sweet airs aſcend, and heavenly minſtrelſy
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the ſtrain):
Ulyſſes hearken'd, then addreſs'd the ſwain:
Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and reſpondent to the maſter's fame!
Stage above ſtage th' imperial ſtructure ſtands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts encloſe,
And the ſtrong gueſts defy an hoſt of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd aſſembly, and the feaſt of joy:
I ſee the ſmokes of ſacrifice aſpire,
And hear (what graces every feaſt) the lyre.
Then thus Eumæus: Judge we which were beſt;
Amidſt yon revellers a ſudden gueſt
Chooſe you to mingle, while behind I ſtay?
Or I firſt entering introduce the way?
Wait for a ſpace without, but wait not long;
This is the houſe of violence and wrong:
Some rude inſult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawleſs lords the ſervants are.
Juſt is, O friend! thy caution, and addreſs'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheedful breaſt;
The wrongs and injuries of baſe mankind
Freſh to my ſenſe, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I paſs'd, and many a ſtern debate;
And now in humbler ſcene ſubmit to Fate.
What cannot Want? The bleſt ſhe will expoſe,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hoſts, and loud alarms,
The ſea, the land, and ſhakes the world with arms!
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient maſter knew;
He, not unconſcious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the ſound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulyſſes, nouriſh'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to pleaſe his lord!
To him, his ſwiftneſs and his ſtrength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every ſylvan chaſe renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth purſu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way;
And where in heaps the rich manure was ſpread,
Obſcene with reptiles, took his ſolid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and ſtrove to meet;
In vain he ſtrove to crawl, and kiſs his feet;
Yet (ſtill he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his maſter, and confeſs his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty maſter's ſoul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden ſtole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impaſſion'd cry'd:
What noble beaſt in this abandon'd ſtate
Lies here all helpleſs at Ulyſſes' gate?
His bulk and beauty ſpeak no vulgar praiſe;
If as he ſeems he was in better days,
Some care his age deſerves: or was he priz'd
For worthleſs beauty! therefore now deſpis'd?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of ſtate,
And always cheriſh'd by their friends, the Great.
Not Argus ſo (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But ſerv'd a maſter of a nobler kind,
Who never, never ſhall behold him more!
Long, long ſince periſh'd on a diſtant ſhore!
Oh! had you ſeen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a ſtag, and as a lion ſtrong;
Him no fell ſavage on the plain withſtood,
None 'ſcap'd him, boſom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his ſcent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt;
Nor years unnerve him, and his lord is loſt!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A ſleek and idle race is all their care:
The maſter gone, the ſervants what reſtrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.
This ſaid, the honeſt herdſman ſtrode before;
The muſing monarch pauſes at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a laſt look, and, having ſeen him, dies:
So cloſ'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the firſt of all,
Obſerv'd Eumæus entering in the hall;
Diſtant he ſaw, acroſs the ſhady dome;
Then gave a ſign, and beckon'd him to come:
There ſtood an empty ſeat, where late was plac'd
In order due, the ſteward of the feaſt.
(Who now was buſied carving round the board)
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him inſtant was the banquet ſpread,
And the bright baſket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulyſſes, lowly at the door,
A figure deſpicable, old, and poor,
In ſqualid veſts, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a ſtaff, and trembling as he went,
Then, reſting on the threſhold of the gate,
Againſt a cypreſs pillar lean'd his weight
(Smooth'd by the workman to a poliſh'd plain);
The thoughtful ſon beheld, and call'd his ſwain:
Theſe viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon mendicant our plenty ſhare:
Then let him circle round the ſuitor's board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord:
Bold let him act, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and ſhame agree!
His lord's command the faithful ſervant bears;
The ſeeming beggar anſwers with his prayers.
Bleſt be Telemachus! in every deed
Inſpire him, Jove! in every wiſh ſucceed!
This ſaid, the portion from his ſon convey'd
With ſmiles receiving on his ſcrip he lay'd.
Long as the minſtrel ſwept the ſounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when ſilence held the lyre.

the ſuitors from the banquet roſe,
a prompts the man of mighty woes
ut their bounties with a mighty art,
rn the generous from th' ignoble heart
ut his ſoul, reſentful as humane,
to full vengeance all the offending train);
eaking eyes, and voice of plaintive ſound,
e he moves, imploring all around.
ud feel pity, and relief beſtow,
ch an image touch'd of human woe;
g all, their wonder they confeſs,
r the man, majeſtic in diſtreſs.
thus they gaze and queſtion with their eyes
d Melanthius to their thought replies:
is! this ſtranger of gigantic port
od Eumæus uſher'd to your court.
ll I mark'd the features of his face,
all unknown his clime, or noble race.
is this preſent, ſwineherd! of thy hand?
thou theſe vagrants to infeſt the land?
s Antinous with retorted eye)
unconth! to check the genial joy.
of theſe our court already grace,
t ſtomach, and of famiſh'd face.
ieks Eumæus to his country brings,
e our feaſt, and lead the life of kings.
vhom the hoſpitable ſwain rejoin'd:
ſſion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
lls, from diſtant nations to his own,
or, diſtinguiſh'd by their wants alone?
the wide world are ſought thoſe men divine
ublic ſtructures raiſe, or who deſign;
o whoſe eyes the gods their ways reveal,
s with ſalutary arts to heal;
ef to poets ſuch reſpect belongs,
l nations courted for their ſongs;
tates invite, and mighty kings admire,
s the ſun diſplays his vital fire.
ſo with want! how few that feed
ch unhappy, merely for his need!
te me and all that ſerve the ſtate,
Ulyſſes is to raiſe thy hate.
, ſuffice the approbation won
great miſtreſs, and her godlike ſon.
im Telemachus: No more incenſe
n by nature prone to inſolence:
is minds juſt anſwers but provoke —
urning to Antinous, thus he ſpoke:
to thy care! whoſe abſolute command
rives the ſtranger from our court and land.
, bleſs its owner with a better mind!
nvy free, to charity inclin'd.
th Penelope and I afford:
prince! be bounteous of Ulyſſes' board.
e another's is thy hand ſo ſlow?
h more ſweet, to ſpoil, than to beſtow?
nce, great Telemachus! this lofty ſtrain?
ous cries with inſolent diſdain)
s like mine if every ſuitor gave,
ills this twelvemonth ſhould not ſee the ſlave.
ſpoke, and lifting high above the board
derous footſtool, ſhook it at his lord.
ſt with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
d his ſcrip, and to the threſhold ſped;
it before Antinous ſtopp'd and ſaid:

Beſtow, my friend! thou doſt not ſeem the worſt
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the firſt;
Then, as in dignity, be firſt in worth,
And I ſhall praiſe thee through the boundleſs earth!
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of ſtate
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, ſervants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hoſpitality was then my praiſe:
In every ſorrowing ſoul I pour'd delight,
And poverty ſtood ſmiling in my ſight.
But Jove, all-governing, whoſe only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to puniſh my purſuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Egyptian main;
By Egypt's ſilver flood our ſhips we moor;
Our ſpies commiſſion'd ſtraight the coaſt explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawleſs will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe:
The reddening dawn reveals the hoſtile fields,
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and gleaming ſhields:
Jove thunder'd on their ſide: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in ſervitude detain;
Death ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Demetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'ſcape his chains, my courſe I ſteer,
Still curs'd by fortune, and inſulted here!

To whom Antinous thus his rage expreſs'd;
What god has plagu'd us with this gormand gueſt?
Unleſs at diſtance, wretch! thou keep behind
Another iſle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Egypt, ſhalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'ſt, a bold audacious ſlave;
Nor all can give ſo much as thou can crave.
Nor wonder I, at ſuch profuſion ſhown;
Shameleſs they give, who give what's not their own.

The chief, retiring: Souls like that in thee
Ill ſuit ſuch forms of grace and dignity,
Nor will that hand to utmoſt need afford
The ſmalleſt portion of a waſteful board,
Whoſe luxury whole patrimonies ſweeps;
Yet ſtarving Want, amidſt the riot, weeps.
The haughty ſuitor with reſentment burns,
And, ſourly frowning, this reply returns:
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy ſlanderous tongue!
He ſaid, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His ſhoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle ſhock;
He ſtood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But ſhook his thoughtful head, nor more com-
Sedate of ſoul, his character ſuſtain'd, [plain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd ſcrip he threw,
And thus with ſemblance mild addreſs'd the crew:
May what I ſpeak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cauſe.
If, when the ſword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if, defending what is juſtly dear,
From Mars impartial ſome broad wound we bear;
The generous motive dignifies the ſcar.

But for mere want, how hard to ſuffer wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet, if injuſtice never be ſecure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods aſſert the poor,
Death ſhall lay low the proud aggreſſor's head,
And make the duſt Antinous' bridal bed.
Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The ſuitor cry'd) or force ſhall drag thee hence,
Scourge thro' the public ſtreet, and caſt thee there,
A mangled careaſe for the hounds to tear.
His furious deed the general anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worſt, condemn: and ſome reprov'd.
Was ever chief for wars like theſe renown'd?
Ill fits the ſtranger and the poor to wound.
Unbleſt thy hand; if in this low diſguiſe
Wander, perhaps, ſome inmate of the ſkies;
They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
In forms like theſe, to round the earth and main,
Juſt and unjuſt recording in their mind,
And with ſure eyes inſpecting all mankind.
Telemachus, abſorpt, in thought ſevere,
Nouriſh'd deep anguiſh, though he ſhed no tear;
But the dark brow of ſilent ſorrow ſhook:
While thus his mother to her virgins ſpoke:
"On him and his may the bright God of day
"That baſe, inhoſpitable blow repay!"
The nurſe replies: "If Jove receives my prayer,
"Not one ſurvives to breathe to-morrow's air."
All, all are foes, and miſchief is their end;
Antinous moſt to gloomy death a friend;
(Replies the queen) the ſtranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity ſoften'd every face;
From every other hand redreſs he found,
But fell Antinous anſwer'd with a wound.
Amidſt her maids thus ſpoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or liſtening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord?
Thus ſhe, and good Eumæus took the word.
A private audience if thy grace impart,
The ſtranger's words may eaſe thy royal heart.
His ſacred eloquence in balm diſtils,
And the ſooth'd heart with ſecret pleaſure fills.
Three days have ſpent their beams, three nights have run
Their ſilent journey, ſince his tale begun,
Unfiniſh'd yet! and yet I thirſt to hear,
As when ſome Heaven-taught poet-charms the ear,
(Suſpending ſorrow with a celeſtial ſtrain,
Breath'd from the gods to ſoften human pain)
Time ſteals away with unregarded wing,
And the ſoul hears him, though he ceaſe to ſing.
Ulyſſes late he ſaw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's gueſt) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundleſs treaſure, from Theſprotia's ſhore.
To this the queen: The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browzing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm, like thine, Ulyſſes! ſtrong,
To curb wild riot, and to puniſh wrong?
She ſpoke. Telemachus then ſneez'd aloud;
Conſtrain'd, his noſtrils echo'd through the crowd.
The ſmiling queen the happy omen bleſs'd:
"So may theſe impious fall, by fate oppreſs'd!"
Then to Eumæus: Bring the ſtranger, fly!
And if my queſtion meet a true reply,
Drac'd with a decent robe he ſhall retire,
A gift in ſeaſon which his wants require.
Thus ſpoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haſte, and to Ulyſſes cries:
The Queen invites thee, venerable gueſt!
A ſecret inſtinct moves her troubled breaſt,
Of her long abſent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and ſoothe her ſoul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a preſent has deſign'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her ſubject ſhall ſupply.
Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
My words ſhall dictate, and my lips ſhall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by Heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I ſtand: the hand of violence is here:
Her boundleſs wrongs the ſtarry ſkies invade,
And injur'd ſuppliants ſeek in vain for aid.
Let for a ſpace the penſive queen attend,
Nor claim my ſtory till the ſun deſcend;
Then in ſuch robes as ſuppliants may require,
Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawleſs riot ceaſe,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.
Swift to the queen returns the gentle ſwain:
And ſay, (ſhe cries,) does fear, or ſhame, detain
The cautious ſtranger? With the begging kind
Shame ſuits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
He only aſks a more propitious hour,
And ſhuns (who would not?) wicked men in power:
At evening mild (meet ſeaſon to confer)
By turns to queſtion, and by turns to hear,
Whoe'er this gueſt (the prudent queen replies)
His every ſtep and every thought is wiſe:
For men like theſe on earth he ſhall not find
In all the miſcreant race of human kind.
Thus ſhe: Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the ſuitor powers deſcends;
There ſeeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whiſpers breathes the fondneſs of his heart:
The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
Theſe ſons of murder thirſt thy life to take;
Oh guard it, guard it for thy ſervant's ſake!
Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go ſeek the rural bower:
But firſt refreſh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to Heaven's immortal Powers we truſt,
Safe in their care, for heaven protects the juſt.
Obſervant of his voice, Eumæus ſate
And fed recumbent on a chair of ſtate.
Then inſtant roſe, and as he mov'd along
Twas riot all amid the ſuitor throng,
They feaſt, they dance, and raiſe the mirthful ſong.
Till now, declining toward the cloſe of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhot his dewy ray.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Fight of Ulyſſes and Irus.

Irus inſults Ulyſſes; the ſuitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worſted, and miſerably handled. He deſcends, and receives the preſents of the ſuitors. The dialogue of Ulyſſes with Eurymachus.

ILE fix'd in thought the penſive hero ſate,
mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
vagrant of the giant kind,
n of manhood, of a coward mind:
aſt to feaſt, inſatiate to devour
, attendant on the genial hour.
his mother's knees when babe he lay,
'd Amœus on his natal day:
his aſſociates call'd the boy,
l the common meſſenger to fly;
ame expreſſive of th' employ.
his own roof, with meditated blows,
e to drive the man of mighty woes.
, dotard, hence! and timely ſpeed thy way,
gg'd in vengeance thou repent thy ſtay;
with nods aſſent yon princely train!
nouring age, in mercy I reſtrain!
away! leſt, if perſuaſions fail,
n with blows more eloquent prevail.
hom, with ſtern regard: Oh inſolence,
ly to rail without offence;
unty gives, without a rival ſhare;
hat harms not thee, to breathe this air:
alms we both precarious live:
ſt thou envy when the great relieve?
from the bounteous Heavens all riches
low,
at man gives, the Gods by man beſtow;
thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
nprint my vengeance in thy blood;
am, ſhould once my fury burn,
uld'ſt thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?
woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
e ſo flippant, with a throat ſo wide!
ſe I, Gods! to daſh thoſe teeth away,
ne wild boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
the bearded corn? Riſe, try the fight,
ll thy loins, approach and feel my might:
defeat, before the peers engage;
fight! when youth contends with age!
in a wordy war their tongues diſplay
erce intents, preluding to the fray;
s hears, and, in a jovial vein,
ith loud laughter to the ſuitor-train:
happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
the Gods conſpire to crown our joy.
y for the fight, and hand to hand,
y mendicants contentious ſtand;
ge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they
ſpring
om their ſeats, and thickening form a ring.

To whom Antinous: Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (taſteful food),
On glowing embers lie; on him beſtow
The choiceſt portion who ſubdues his foe;
Grant him unrivall'd in theſe walls to ſtay,
The ſole attendant on the genial day.

The lords applaud: Ulyſſes then with art,
And fears well feign'd, diſguis'd his dauntleſs heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baſeneſs to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of diſgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But ſwear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to ſtand neutral, while we cope in fight.

The peers aſſent: when ſtraight his ſacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and ſternly ſaid:
Stranger, if prompted to chaſtiſe the wrong
Of this bold inſolent; confide, be ſtrong!
Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow,
That inſtant makes Telemachus his foe;
And theſe my friends † ſhall guard the ſacred ties
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.

Then, girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees, like well-turn'd columns, riſe:
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong.
(Attendant on her chief): the ſuitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing ſpeak aloud:
Irus! alas! ſhall Irus be no more?
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchleſs ſtrength proclaim,
Swell o'er his well-ſtrung limbs, and brace his frame?
Then, pale with fears, and ſickening at the fight,
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank viſage fled the coward blood,
And his fleſh trembled as aghaſt he ſtood.
Oh, that ſuch baſeneſs ſhould diſgrace the light!
O hide it, Death, in everlaſting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-conteſted day.
Inſtant thou ſail'ſt, to Echetus reſign'd;
A tyrant, fierceſt of the tyrant kind,

† Antinous and Eurymachus.

Who caſts thy mangled ears and noſe a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.
While with indignant ſcorn he ſternly ſpoke, 100
In every joint the trembling Irus ſhook;
Now front to front each frowning champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his adverſe hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the ſhades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow, 105
Or ſave his life; and ſoon his life to ſave
The king reſolves, for Mercy ſways the brave.
That inſtant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the ſhoulder the rude weight deſcends:
The ſage Ulyſſes, fearful to diſcloſe 110
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet riſing to the ſtroke,
His jaw-bone daſh'd, the craſhing jaw-bone broke:
Down dropp'd he ſtupid from the ſtunning wound;
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground; 115
His mouth and noſtrils ſpout a purple flood;
His teeth, all ſhatter'd, ruſh immix'd with blood.
The peers tranſported, as outſtretch'd he lies,
With burſts of laughter rend the vaulted ſkies!
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcaſe trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:
Then to his hand a ſtaff the victor gave,
And thus with juſt reproach addreſs'd the ſlave: 125
There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the beſtial train!
But mercy to the poor and ſtranger ſhow,
Leſt Heaven in vengeance ſend ſome mightier woe.
Scornful he ſpoke, and o'er his ſhoulder flung 130
The broad-patch'd ſcrip; the ſcrip in tatters hung
Ill-join'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
Then, turning ſhort, diſdain'd a further ſtay;
But to the palace meaſur'd back the way.
There as he reſted, gathering in a ring 135
The peers with ſmiles addreſs'd their unknown king:
Stranger, may Jove and all th'aerial Powers,
With every bleſſing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy proweſs'd arm we owe
From bold intruſion of thy coward foe: 140
Inſtant the flying ſail the ſlave ſhall wing
To Echetus, the monſter of a king:
While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the ſood,
A kid's well fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canifters of ſhining mold 145
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
And, oh! (he mildly cries) may Heaven diſplay
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and ſtings of care. 150
To whom with thought mature the king replies;
The tongue ſpeaks wiſely, when the ſoul is wiſe;
Such was thy father! in imperial ſtate,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the ſire art thou, the ſon, declin'd; 155
Then hear my words, and, grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Moſt vain is man! calamitous by birth:
To day, with power elate, in ſtrength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power preſumes: 160
Anon from Heaven a ſad reverſe he feels:
Untaught to bear, 'gainſt Heaven the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliſs of woe;
Too high when proſperous, when diſtreſs'd to low.
There was a day, when with the ſcornful great 165
I ſwell'd in pomp and arrogance of ſtate;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to juſtify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the beſt humbly, and the worſt reſign'd: 170
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty ſpoilers, inſolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey,
But vengeance and Ulyſſes wing their way.
Oh may'ſt thou, favour'd by ſome guardian Pow'r
Far, far be diſtant in that deathful hour!
For ſure I am, if ſtern Ulyſſes breathe,
Theſe lawleſs riots end in blood and death.
Then to the Gods the roſy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief reſtores. 180
Stung to the ſoul, o'ercaſt with holy dread,
He ſhook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe foreſtalls;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas ſeals his doom: all ſad he turns 185
To join the peers; reſumes his throne, and mourns.
Mean while Minerva with inſtinctive fires
Thy ſoul, Penelope, from Heaven inſpires:
With flattering hopes the ſuitors to betray,
And ſeem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day: 190
Thy huſband's wonder, and thy ſon's, to raiſe;
And crown the mother and the wife with praiſe.
Then, while the ſtreaming ſorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a tranſient ſmile the matron cries;
Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns 195
I feel an impulſe, though my ſoul diſdains;
To my lov'd ſon the ſnares of death to ſhow,
And in the traitor-friend unmaſk the foe;
Who, ſmooth of tongue, in purpoſe inſincere,
Hides fraud in ſmiles, while death is ambuſh'd there. 200
Go, warn thy ſon, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the ſageſt of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, deſcend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears awhile ſuppreſs; 205
Tears but indulge the ſorrow, not repreſs.
Some joy remains: to thee a ſon is given,
Such as, in fondneſs, parents aſk of Heaven.
Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care; 210
No more I bathe, ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe.
The day that bore Ulyſſes from this coaſt,
Blaſted the little bloom theſe cheeks could boaſt.
But inſtant bid Autonoè deſcend, 215
Inſtant Hippodamè our ſteps attend;
Ill ſuits it female virtue to be ſeen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.
Then, while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva ſhoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her ſenſes, as the couch ſhe dreſs'd,
She pours a pleaſing, deep, and deathlike reſt,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms.

ve-darting eyes awakes the fires,
al gifts to kindle ſoft deſires)
ıb to limb an air majeſtic ſheds,
pure ivory o'er her boſom ſpreads.
ıre ſhines, when with a meaſur'd bound
thly gliding ſwims th' harmonious round
ith the Graces in the dance ſhe moves,
s the gazing Gods with ardent loves.
to the ſkies her flight Minerva bends,
he queen the damſel-train deſcends;
t their ſteps, her flowing eyes unclоſe;
ſhe wipes, and thus renews her woes:
'er 'tis well: that ſleep awhile can free,
t forgetfulneſs, a wretch like me;
e it given to yield this tranſient breath,
Diana, ſend the ſleep of death:
ıſt I waſte a tedious life in tears,
r in the ſilent grave my cares?
lyſſes! ever honour'd name!
I mourn, till death diſſolves my frame.
wailing. Now, and radly ſhe deſcends,
r hand a damſel-train attends:
re the dome its ſhining valves expands,
before the gazing peers ſhe ſtands;
ranfluccnt o'er her brow diſplay'd,
ity ſeems, and only ſeems, to ſhade:
ſhe lightens in their dazzled eyes,
den flames in every boſom riſe;
id their eager ſouls with every look,
ice thus th' imperial matron broke:
hy! my ſon, why now no more appears
ırmth of ſoul that urg'd thy younger years?
er days no growing worth impart,
in ſtature, ſtill a boy in heart!
ll-knit frame unprofitably ſtrong,
hee an hero from an hero ſprung;
juſt Gods in vain thoſe gifts beſtow,
alone in form, and brave in ſhow!
s! could a ſtranger feel oppreſſion's hand
thy roof, and could'ſt thou tamely ſtand?
the ſtranger's righteous cauſe decline,
he ſufferance, but the ſhame is thine.
hom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
merous ſoul with juſt reſentment burns;
ght by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,
ers' good, and melt at others' woe:
ipotent theſe riots to repel,
heir outrage, though my ſoul rebel:
s amid the ſnares of death I tread,
ımbers leagued in impious union dread,
w no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
rus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
d to Jove! or her whoſe arms diſplay
ield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
on proud ſuitors, who licentious tread
courts, within theſe courts like Irus bled:
looſe head tottering, as with wine oppreſs'd,
ıely drops, and nodding knocks his breaſt;
leſs to move, his ſtaggering feet deny
oward wretch the privilege to fly.
m to the queen Eurymachus replies:
ſtly lov'd, and not more fair than wiſe:
d Greece through all her hundred ſtates ſurvey
finiſh'd charms, all Greece would own thy
ſway;
ıt. VI.

In rival crowds conteſt the glorious prize,
Diſpeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! loveliеſt of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind!
Ah me! returns the queen, when from this ſhore
Ulyſſes ſail'd, then beauty was no more!
The Gods decreed theſe eyes no more ſhould keep
Their wonted grace, but only ſerve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues laſt; my brighteſt charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercaſt
My ſoul with woes, that long, ah! long muſt laſt!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That ſadly tore my royal lord away:
He graſp'd my hand, and, O my ſpouſe! I leave
Thy arms, (he cried,) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame ſpeaks the Trojans bold; they boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the ſpear, and guide the ruſhing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My ſentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heaven that I muſt bleed!
My father, mother, all I truſt to thee;
To them, to them tranſfer thy love of me:
But, when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway
Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day!
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares;
Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the moſt complete that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
Careleſs to pleaſe, with inſolence ye woo!
The generous lovers, ſtudious to ſucceed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow ſincere diſplay:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.
Well-pleas'd Ulyſſes hears his queen deceive
The ſuitor train, and raiſe a thirſt to give:
Falſe hopes ſhe kindles, but thoſe hopes betray,
And promiſe, yet elude the bridal day.
While yet ſhe ſpeaks, the gay Antinous cries:
Offſpring of kings, and more than woman wiſe:
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And cuſtom bids thee without ſhame receive;
Yet never, never from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of ſpouſal love.
The peers diſpatch their heralds, to convey
The gifts of love; with ſpeed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of ſhining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confuſion riſe
Rich from the artiſt's hand! Twelve claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſſening loins the veſt infold:
Down from the ſwelling waiſt the veſt unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That ſhot effulgence like the ſolar ray,
Eurymachus preſents: and ear-rings bright.
With triple ſtars, that caſt a trembling light.
Piſander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expreſſive of his heart,
A gift beſtows: this done, the queen aſcends,
And ſlow behind her damſel train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal ſtrain.
Till Heſperus leads farth the ſtarry train:
And now he raiſes, as the day light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening ſhades:

Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!
Go, with the queen her spindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply,
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the sky;
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.
Scornful they heard: Melanthio, fair and young,
(Melanthio from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:
Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind.
Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away!
To whom with frowns: O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue:
Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence;
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense.
With conscious flame they hear the stern rebuke
Nor longer dare sustain the sovereign look.
Then to the pensile arch the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: mean while, in useful mood
Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.
And now the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors tongues,
Scornful of age to taunt the virtuous man:
Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began:
Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!
Some God, no doubt, this stranger kindly sends;
The shining baldness of his beard survey,
It aids our torch-light and reflects the ray.—
Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy,
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Those hands in work; to tend the rural trade;
To dress the walk, and form th' embowering shade?
So food and raiment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive.
To whom incens'd: Should we, O prince! engage
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,
Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field;
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wou
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grou
Beneath my labour how thy wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and
And nodding helm, I tread th' ensanguin'd fie
Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, woe
thou,—say,—
Misname me, glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrac
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.
Proud to seem brave among a coward train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,
These gates would seem too narrow for thy fli
While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flashing from his eyes:
Slave, I with justice might deserve the wroc
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverend to the great, and uncontrol'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps these outrages from Irus flow,
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe:
He said, and with full force a footstool thre
Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it fl
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blo
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his shoulders it inflicts a wound,
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flie
He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless
Then wild uproar and clamour mount the
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:
Oh! had this stranger sunk to realms beneath
To the black realms of darkness and of deat
Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he dra
Peer against peer; and what the weighty cau
A vagabond! for him the great destroy,
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.
To whom the stern Telemachus uprose:
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows!
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or Heaven delusion sends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.
Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,
Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:
True are his words, and he whom truth offen
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;
Retire we hence, but crown with rosy wine
The flowing goblet to the Powers divine:
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stand
This justice, this the social rite demands.
The peers assent; the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and here in order round;
Each peer successive his libation pours
To the blest Gods who fill th' aerial bowers;
Then, swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds
And rushing forth tumultuous reel away.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Discovery of Ulysses to Eurycleа.

is son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses, in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictiti- of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Eurycleа, who discovers him to be Ulysses ar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

LTING secret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
ıture for act inflam'd his breast;
e son the fervent fire address'd:
nvey those steely stores of war
ooms, dispos'd with sacred care:
emanded by the suitor-train,
heir fears, a specious reason feign:
lysses left his natal coast.
h smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
form'd, the roof they won't adorn:
ad walls inglorious lumber torn.
ıt Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
y sight of swords to fury fir'd,
ounds, or violence of foul,
bridal feast, and friendly bowl.
ce obedient to the sage command,
a thus: The female band
rtments keep; secure the doors:
hy arms among the covert stores
er hid; my thoughtless youth they
ne,
with vapour of the smouldering flame.
hour (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
early woes, grow early wise!
h sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
nonial wealth, a prudent heir.
e lighted taper will provide,
e train retir'd) your toils to guide?
infringing hospitable rite,
(he cried) shall bear the guiding light:
azy vagrants with repast;
the meal that earn it ere they taste.
from female ken she straight secures
'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
his son, Ulysses bears
-crested helms, and pointed spears,
ls indented deep in glorious wars.
iewless on her charge attends,
ıer golden lamp his toil befriends;
ıe sickly beams, which, unsincere,
ose vapour of this nether sphere!
leity the prince confess'd,
with ecstacy the fire address'd:
iracle thus dazzles with surprise!
rows the radiant columns rise:
The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.
Be calm, replies the sire, to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:
The pensive queen, perchance desires to know
The series of my toils, to soothe her woe.
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumberous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.
Whilst, forming plans of deaths, Ulysses stay'd
In council secret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state,
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory silver'd-thick the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd;
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:
The golden goblet some, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove th' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:
Avant, she cry'd, offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman state asquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening spy!
Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and wav'd it hissing in her hand.
Th' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why so turbulent of soul? he cries;
Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?
In crowds we bear the badge of hungry Fate;
And beg, degraded from superior state!

Conſtrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth, and ſlaves, I late poſſeſs'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bleſs'd
My gate, an emblem of my open ſoul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the ſad reverſe, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyſelf exempt: that roſy prime
Muſt ſhare the general doom of withering time:
To ſome new channel ſoon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wiſdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye ſurveys,
Potent to puniſh what he cannot praiſe.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the ſovereign's ear;
Loquacious inſolent! ſhe cries, forbear:
To thee the purpoſe of my ſoul I told:
Venial diſcourſe, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The ſtoried labours of my wandering lord,
To ſoothe my grief he haply may record:
Yet him, my gueſt, thy venom'd rage hath ſtung:
Thy head ſhall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the ſtranger-friend:
A ſeat, ſoft-ſpred with furry ſpoils, prepare;
Due-diſtant, for us both to ſpeak, and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haſte:
A ſeat adorn'd with furry ſpoils ſhe plac'd:
Due-diſtant for diſcourſe the hero ſate;
When thus the ſovereign from her chair of ſtate:
Reveal, obſequious to my firſt demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.
He thus: O queen! whoſe far-reſounding fame
Is bounded only by the ſtarry frame;
Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway,
Whoſe pious rule a warlike race obey:
In wavy gold thy ſummer vales are dreſs'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppreſs'd;
With flocks and herds each graſſy plain is ſtor'd;
And fiſh of every fin thy ſeas afford;
Their affluent joys, thy grateful realms confeſs,
And bleſs the Power that ſtill delights to bleſs.
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breaſt to heave, theſe eyes to weep;
In ſweet oblivion let my ſorrow ſleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay cenſorious train appear
A wiſhy vapour melting in a tear.
Their gifts the Gods reſum'd [the queen rejoin'd)
Exterior grace, and energy of mind:
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone would raiſe
My drooping verdure, and extend my praiſe!
Peers from the diſtant Samian ſhores reſort;
Here with Dulichians join'd, beſiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-ſhady groves,
And Ithaca, preſumptuous boaſt their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a ſecond lord,
They preſs the Hymenæan rite abhor'd.
Me ruinous mingling with domeſtic cares,
I live regardleſs of my ſtate affairs:
Receive no ſtranger-gueſt, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in ſecret grieve?—
This art, inſtinct by ſome celeſtial Power,
I try'd, eluſive of the bridal hour:
"Ye peers, I cry, who preſs to gain a heart,
"Where dread Ulyſſes claims no future part,
"Rebate your loves, each rival ſuit ſuſpend,
"Till this funereal web my labours end:
"Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
"A pall of ſtate, the ornament of death.
"For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame
"With juſt reproach were licenc'd to defame;
"Should he, long honour'd in ſupreme command,
"Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand."
The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude;
The night ſtill ravel'd what the day renew'd,
Three years ſucceſsful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domeſtic ſpies,
The woof unwrought the ſuitor-train ſurpriſe.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falſify the breed.
My anxious parents urge a ſpeedy choice,
And to their ſuffrage gain the filial voice,
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores—
But, ſtranger! as thy days ſeem full of fate,
Divide diſcourſe, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port aſſerts thee of diſtinguiſh'd race:
No poor unfather'd product of diſgrace.
Princeſs! he cries, renew'd by your command
The dear remembrance of my native land
Of ſecret grief unſeals the fruitful ſource;
And tears repeat their long forgotten courſe!
So pays the wretch whom Fate conſtrains to roam!
The dues of nature to his natal home'—
But inward on my ſoul let ſorrow prey,
Your ſovereign will my duty bids obey.
Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful ſoil!
And ninety cities crown the ſea-born iſle.
Mix'd with her genuine ſons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelaſgi boaſt a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians ſhare;
Cnoſſus, her capital of high command,
Where ſcepter'd Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
His ſon Deucalion bore ſucceſſive ſway;
His ſon, who gave me firſt to view the day!
The royal bed an elder iſſue bleſt,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields atteſt
Of matchleſs deeds: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native iſle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete that great Ulyſſes came;
For elemental war, and wintery Jove,
From Malea's guſty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the ſhelfy coaſt
Where loud Amniſus in the deep is loſt.
His veſſels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero ſpeeded to the Cnoſſian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
In leagues of long commutual friendſhip join'd,

ope! ten ſuns had warm'd the weſtern
ſtrand,
ıy brave brother with his Cretan band
l'd for Troy: but to the genial feaſt
ıour'd roof receiv'd the royal gueſt:
for his train the Cnoſſian peers aſſign
ic trait, with jars of generous wine.
days, while Boreas vex'd th' aerial ſpace,
pitable dome he deign'd to grace:
hen the north had ceas'd the ſtormy roar,
g'd his voyage to the Phrygian ſhore.
the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
ur ſimilitude of truth beguiles
een's attentive ear: diſſolv'd in woe,
er bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
vs collected on the mountain freeze,
milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
ecy pile obeys the whiſpering gales,
a ſtream, and murmurs through the vales:
lted with the pleaſing tale he told,
her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
ner preſent lord laments him loſt,
ews that object which ſhe wants the moſt!
ing at heart to ſee the weeping fair,
s look ſtern, and caſt a gloomy ſtare;
n the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear,
ıes of iron fix'd in either ſphere;
iſdom interdicts the ſoftening tear.
hleſs interval of grief enſues
ıs the queen the tender theme renews:
ıger that e'er thy hoſpitable roof
grac'd, confirm by faithful proof;
ıté to my view my warlike lord,
m, his habit, and his train record.
hard, he cries, to bring to ſudden ſight
hat have wing'd their diſtant flight;
ı the mind thoſe images are trac'd,
footſteps twenty winters have defac'd:
ıat I can, receive.—In ample mode,
of military purple flow'd
l his frame: illuſtrious on his breaſt
uble claſping gold the king confeſt.
ı h wooſ a hound, Moſaic drawn,
ı full-ſtretch, and ſeiz'd a dappled fawn;
ı the neck his fangs indent their hold;
ıant, and ſtruggle in the moving gold.
ıa filmy web beneath it ſhone
that dazzled like a cloudleſs ſun:
male train who round him throng'd to gaze,
t wonder ſigh'd unwilling praiſe.
e, when the warrior preſs'd to part,
enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
tle purple-ting'd, and radiant veſt,
ſion'd equal to his ſize, expreſs'd
ou grateful to my honour'd gueſt.
urite herald in his train I knew,
ıge ſolemn, ſad of ſable hue:
woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
hich a promontory-ſhoulder ſpread;
tes in whoſe large ſoul alone
view'd an image of his own.
ſpeech the tempeſt of her grief reſtor'd,
e told ſhe recogniz'd her lord,
ıen the ſtorm was ſpent in plenteous ſhowers;
e inſpiriting her languiſh'd powers:
ıou, ſhe cry'd, whom firſt inclement fate
welcome to my hoſpitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor ſhall end:
Henceforth live honour'd, my domeſtic friend!
The veſt much envy'd on your native coaſt,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboſs'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this bliſsful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to ſurvive, and never to return!
Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondneſs of your ſoul reprove
For ſuch a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear bleſſing of a fair increaſe;
Himſelf adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I ſpeak, the mighty woe ſuſpend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleaſing truth attend.
The royal object of your deareſt care
Breaths in no diſtant clime the vital air;
In rich Theſprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Theſſaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly ſhore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a ſumleſs ſtore!
His ſacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' juſt decree,
To periſh in the rough Trinacrian ſea.
To better Fate the blameleſs chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the ſtorm; till by the billows toſt,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coaſt.
That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their bleſt abodes:
Large gifts conſer, a ready ſail command,
To ſpeed his voyage to the Grecian ſtrand.
But your wiſe lord (in whoſe capacious ſoul
High ſchemes of power in juſt ſucceſſion roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal ſtate.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whoſe ſovereign ſway
Theſprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the Gods this added truth atteſt,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feaſt)
That anchor'd in his port the veſſel ſtand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But firſt the Ulyſſean wealth ſurvey:
So rich the value of a ſtore ſo vaſt
Demands the pomp of centuries to waſte!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the ſure precept of the ſylvan ſhrine,
To form the conduct of his great deſign:
Irreſolute of ſoul, his ſtate to ſhrowd
In dark diſguiſe, or come a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam
Soon will he grace his dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the ſource of good, ſupreme in power!
By the bleſt genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my ſpeech; before the ſun
His annual longitude of Heaven ſhall run;
When the pale empreſs of yon ſtarry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulyſſes will aſſert his rightful reign.
What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen, are due,
When time ſhall prove the ſtoried bleſſing true:

My lord's return ſhould fate no more retard,
Envy ſhall ſicken at thy vaſt reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! preſage.
The wounds of Deſtiny's relentleſs rage.
I long muſt weep, nor will Ulyſſes come,
With royal gifts to ſend you honour'd home!—
Your other taſk, ye menial train, forbear:
Now waſh the ſtranger, and the bed prepare:
With ſplendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up-riſing early with the purple morn,
His ſinews ſhrunk with age, and ſtiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the ſocial feaſt
Partaking free, my ſole-invited gueſt;
Whoe'er neglects to pay diſtinction due,
The breach of hoſpitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my ſex I moſt exceed
In real fame, when moſt humane my deed:
And vainly to the praiſe of queen aſpire,
If, ſtranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feaſtful bower. A narrow ſpace
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race;
'Tis ours with good the ſcanty round to grace.
Thoſe who to cruel wrong their ſtate abuſe,
Dreaded in life the mutter'd curſe purſues:
By death diſrob'd of all their ſavage powers,
Then licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whoſe in-born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle ſoul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuſe his fame,
And diſtant tongues extol the patron-name.
Princeſs, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd and obſtinate in woe.
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
The tatter'd weeds (my decent robe reſign'd)
I choſe the livery of a woeful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With ſplendid palls, and canopies of ſtate:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of ſleep I ſcorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To waſh a wretched wanderer would diſdain;
But if, in track of long experience try'd,
And ſad ſimilitude of woes ally'd,
Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,
To her mean hand aſſign the friendly rite.
Pleas'd with his wiſe reply, the queen rejoin'd:
Such gentle manners, and ſo ſage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hoſpitable bower
I ne'er diſcern'd, before this ſocial hour.
Such ſervant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my deſires,
Now from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth ſuſtain'd
Of matchleſs prudence, and a duteous mind;
Though now to life's extremeſt verge declin'd
Of ſtrength ſuperior to the toil aſſign'd.—
Riſe, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleanſing bath prepare:
This debt his correſpondent fortunes claim,
Top like Ulyſſes, and perhaps the ſame!
Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
For age untimely marks the careful brow!
Inſtant, obſequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea roſe: with trembling hand
She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impaſſion'd to herſelf replies:
Son of my love, and monarch of my cares;
What pangs for thee this wretched boſom bears!
Are thus by Jove who conſtant beg his aid
With pious deed and pure devotion paid!
He never dar'd defraud the ſacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order ſlain:
There oft implor'd his tutelary power,
Long to protract the ſad ſepulchral hour;
That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recogniſe an equal heir.
Oh deſtin'd head! The pious vows are loſt;
His God forgets him on a foreign coaſt!—
Perhaps, like thee, poor gueſt! in wanton pride
The rich inſult him, and the young deride!
Conſcious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obſequious hand.
A ſtrong emotion ſhakes my anguiſh'd breaſt;
In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſs'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coaſt,
None image'd e'er like thee my maſter loſt.
Thus half diſcovered through the dark diſguiſe,
With cold compoſure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join your ſuffrage to the public vote;
The ſame you think, have all beholders thought.
He ſaid. Repleniſh'd from the pureſt ſprings,
The laver ſtraight with buſy care ſhe brings:
In the deep vaſe, that ſhone like burniſh'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Mean time revolving in his thoughtful mind
The ſcar with which his manly knee was ſign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His ſhoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
Thus cautious in the obſcure he hop'd to fly
The curious ſearch of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd.
This on Parnaſſus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tuſky ſavage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandſire ſent him to the ſylvan chaſe,
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
For ſpotleſs faith and deeds of martial fame;
Hermes, his Patron-God, thoſe Gifts beſtow'd,
Whoſe ſhrine with weaning lambs he wont to load.)
His courſe to Ithaca this hero ſped,
When the firſt product of Laertes' bed
Was new diſcloſ'd to birth: the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the queen deſcends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
"Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon;
"And name the bleſſings that your prayers have won."
Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
"Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms;
"A ſure memorial of my dreaded fame
"The boy ſhall bear: Ulyſſes be his name!
"And when with filial love the youth ſhall come
"To view his mother's ſoil, my Delphic dome
"With gifts of price ſhall ſend him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime.

ought; with fond affection dear
hea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
ient * lord an equal joy poſſeſt;
ıe bade prepare the genial feaſt:
to form the ſumptuous banquet bled,
lately growth five flowery ſummers fed.
ı divide, and roaſt with artful care
ibs; then all the taſteful viands ſhare.
s'd diſcourſe (the banquet of the ſoul,)
ıœbus wheeling to the weſtern goal
d the ſkies, and night involv'd the pole.
rooping eyes the ſlumberous ſhade oppreſs'd,
ıey roſe, and all retir'd to reſt.
as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
with her golden ſhafts the rear of night;
and his brave maternal race,
ung Autolyci, aſſay the chaſe.
us, thick perplex'd with horrid ſhades,
eep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades:
ime the ſun, from ocean's peaceful ſtream,
'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
ck impatient ſnuff the tainted gale;
ɔrny wiles the wood-men fierce aſſail:
ɔremoſt of the train, his cornel ſpear
wav'd, to rouſe the ſavage war,
ı the rough receſſes of the wood,
copſe, the growth of ages, ſtood:
nter's boreal blaſt, nor thunderous ſhower,
ar ray, could pierce the ſhady bower,
rither'd foliage ſtrew'd, a heapy ſtore;
arm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,
vage from his leafy ſhelter flies:
iery glare his ſanguine eye-balls ſhine,
riſtles high impale his horrid chine.
Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
; his lifted lance in act to throw;
vage renders vain the wound decreed,
rings impetuous with opponent ſpeed!
ſks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
they glanc'd, the ſhewy fibres tore,
ar'd the bone: Ulyſſes undiſmay'd,
/ith redoubled force the wound repay'd;
right ſhoulder-joint the ſpear apply'd:
rther flank the ſtreaming purple dy'd:
th he ruſh'd with agonizing pain;
oy, and vaſt ſurpriſe, th' applauding train
d his enormous bulk extended on the plain
bandage firm Ulyſſes' knee they bound;
chanting myſtic lays, the cloſing wound.
red melody confeſs'd the ſ rce;
ies of life regain their azure courſe.
ack they led the youth with loud acclaims;
'chus, enamour'd with his fame,
m'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
added gifts return'd him glorious home.
e at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
s the chaiſe, and early praiſe atchiev'd.
p o'er his knee, inſeam'd, remain'd the ſcar:
noted token of the woodland war
Euryclea found, t' ablution ceas'd;
dropp'd the leg, from her ſlack hand releas'd;

The mingled fluids from the vaſe redound;
The vaſe reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleaſing ſtrife expreſs'd
Of grief and joy, alternate in her breaſt.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length, abrupt—My ſon! my king!—ſhe cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding faſt,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye ſhe caſt,
Ardent to ſpeak the monarch ſafe reſtor'd:
But ſtudious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fixed her mind on views remote,
And from the preſent bliſs abſtracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,
Art thou foredoom'd my peſt? the hero cried;
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth ſuſtain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual ſuns in diſtant ſkies:
At length return'd, ſome God inſpires thy breaſt
To know thy king, and here I ſtand confeſs'd.
This Heaven-diſcover'd truth to thee conſign'd,
Reſerve the treaſure of thy inmoſt mind:
Elſe, if the Gods my vengeful arm ſuſtain,
And proſtrate to my ſword the tuitor-train:
With their lewd mates, thy undiſtinguiſh'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my ſon, have paſs'd thy lips ſevere!
Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd;
With ribs of ſteel, and marble heart, inmur'd.
When Heaven, auſpicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall proſtrate to thy ſword the ſuitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous ſpare.
Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;
My own experience ſhall their doom decide;
A witneſs judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.
He ſaid: obſequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhauſted vaſe:
The bath renew'd, ſhe ends the pleaſing toil
With plenteous unction of ambroſial oil.
Adjuſting to his limbs the tatter'd veſt;
His former ſeat receiv'd the ſtranger gueſt,
Whom thus with penſive air the queen addreſs'd:
Though night, diſſolving grief in grateful eaſe,
Your drooping eyes with ſoft oppreſſion ſeize:
A while, reluctant to her pleaſing force,
Suſpend the reſtful hour with ſweet diſcourſe.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domeſtic cares employ:
And unattended by ſincere repoſe,
The night aſſiſts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's huſh'd beneath her brooding ſhade,
My echoing griefs the ſtarry vault invade.
As, when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel in bowery ſhades unſeen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied ſtrains;
And Itylus ſounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance miſled the mother to deſtroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal ſolitude forlorn,
A ſad variety of woes I mourn!

* Autolycus.

My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care inceſſant ſtrays.
Now, wavering doubt ſucceeds to long deſpair;
Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
And, joining to my ſon's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and aſſiſt his reign!
Or, ſince, mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores;
Shall I, reluctant, to his will accord;
And from the peers ſelect the nobleſt lord?
So by my choice-avow'd, at length decide
Theſe waſteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
A viſionary thought I'll now relate;
Illuſtrate, if you know, the ſhadow'd fate:
A team of twenty geeſe (a ſnow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuſe my penſive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove:
Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful ſway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous ſtream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream;
With tender ſympathy to ſoothe my ſoul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilſt with grief and rage my boſom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the ſkies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
O Queen! no vulgar viſion of the ſky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geeſe (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the ſuitors fated to my ſword.
This ſaid, the pleaſing feather'd omen ceas'd.
When, from the downy bands of ſleep releas'd,
Faſt by the limpid lake my ſwan-like train
I found, inſatiate of the golden grain.
The viſion ſelf-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the ſanction of the ſkies:
Ulyſſes ſpeaks his own return decreed;
And by his ſword the ſuitors ſure to bleed.
Hard is the taſk, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending deſtinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the ſilent bower of ſleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantaſtic train:
The gates oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with poliſh'd horn:
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſious manifeſt of future fate.
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom ſoar'd,
Which ſpoke Ulyſſes to his realm reſtor'd:
Deluſive ſemblance!—but my remnant life
Heaven ſhall determine in a gameful ſtriſe:
With that fam'd bow Ulyſſes taught to bend,
For me the rival archers ſhall contend.
As on the lifted field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to fix in equal ſpace:
Elanc'd afar by his unering art,
Sure through ſix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the ſun reſtores the purple day,
Their ſtrength and ſkill the ſuitors ſhall aſſay:
To him the ſpouſal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed
Torn from theſe walls (where long and kind
Powers
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youth
On this poor breaſt no dawn of bliſs ſhall beam;
The pleaſure vaſt ſupplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful
dream!
Propoſe the ſportive lot (the chief replies)
Nor dread to name yourſelf the bowyer's prize
Ulyſſes will ſurpriſe th' unfiniſh'd game
Avow'd, and falſify the ſuitor's claim.
To whom, with grace ſerene, the queen rejoin'd
In all thy ſpeech, what pleaſing force I find!
O'er my ſuſpended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleaſing tale.
But Heaven, that knows what all terreſtrial race
Repoſe to night, and toil to day decreed:
Grateful viciſſitude! yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Eſtabliſh'd uſe enjoins; to reſt and joy
Eſtrang'd, ſince dear Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy!
Mean time inſtructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to faſhion as yourſelf preſcribe.
Thus affable, her bower the queen aſcends;
The ſovereign-ſtep a beauteous train attends;
There imag'd to her ſoul Ulyſſes roſe;
Down her pale cheek new ſtreaming ſorrow flo
Till ſoft oblivious ſhade Minerva ſpread,
And o'er her eyes ambroſial ſlumber ſhed.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Ulyſſes lies in the veſtibule of the palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women. Minerva ca him, and caſts him aſleep. At his waking he deſires a favourable ſign from Jupiter, which is granted. feaſt of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the ſuitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his an amongſt them, notwithſtanding which, Ulyſſes is inſulted by Cteſippus, and the reſt continue in their e Strange prodigies are ſeen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the wooers

ample hide divine Ulyſſes ſpread,
and form'd of fleecy ſkins his humble bed
emnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor crowd
ral devour'd, and victims vow'd).
'er the chief, Eurynomé the chaſte,
uteous care, a downy carpet caſt:
ire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
uminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
hus pavillion'd in the porch he lay
of lew'd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey;
to nocturnal joys impure repair,
ranton glee, the proſtituted fair.
irt with rage this new diſhonour ſtung,
ing his thought in dubious balance hung!
ſtant ſhould he quench the guilty flame
neir own blood, and intercept the ſhame;
heir luſt indulge a laſt embrace,
t the peers conſummate the diſgrace;
his ſwoln heart the murmurous fury rolls;
her young the mother-maſtiff growls,
ys the ſtranger-groom: ſo wrath compreſs'd,
ng, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.
ffering heart! he cried, ſupport the pain
unded honour, and thy rage reſtrain,
reer woes thy fortitude could foil,
the brave partners of thy ten years toil
olyphemé devour'd: I then was freed,
ient prudence from the death decreed.
s anchor'd ſafe on Reaſon's peaceful coaſt
ſts of wrath his ſoul no longer toſs'd:
s his body roll'd, to rage reſign'd:
who long with pale-eye'd famine pin'd,
vory cates on glowing embers caſt
nt turns, impatient of repaſt:
ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
debate the ſuitors' doom reſolv'd.
in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
Heaven deſcends the Jove-born Martial
ſaid:
wering o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
oddeſs thus her favourite care addreſs'd:
ou, of mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
oll thoſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
h thy palace-roof forget thy care;
l in thy queen! bleſs'd in thy blooming heir!
, to the Gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
ame the ſtandard of their deareſt vow,
thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd);
full of fate diſtract my various mind
temptation wrapp'd. This hoſtile crew
ſingle arm hath prowe's to ſubdue?
by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid,
re doom'd to bleed; Oh! ſay, celeſtial Maid:
: ſhall Ulyſſes ſhun, or how ſuſtain,
is embattled to revenge the ſlain?
impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
n on frail unknowing man relies.
you the Gods! Lo! Pallas! ſelf deſcends,
s thy counſels, and thy toils attends,
aſſiance'd fortify thy breaſt,
nyrlads leagued thy rightful claim conteſt:
re divinity ſhall bear the ſhield,
dge thy ſword to reap the glorious field,
ay the debt to craving nature due,
ded powers with balmy reſt refiew.

She ceas'd. Ambroſial ſlumbers ſeal his eyes;
His care diſſolves in viſionary joys:
The Goddeſs, pleas'd, regains her natal ſkies.
Not ſo the queen: the downy bands of ſleep
By grief relax'd, ſhe wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pauſe enſued of dumb deſpair:
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent prayer:
Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulſive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toſs'd through the void illimitable ſpace:
Or, if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean ſhroud,
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyſelf untimely, and thy conſort dy'd,
But four celeſtials both your cares ſupply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilſt, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea ſought the bower of Jove
(The God ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of Fate expanded lie;)
Wing'd harpies ſnatch'd th'unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be ſuch my lot! Or thou, Diana, ſpeed
Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead;
To ſeek my lord among the warrior-train,
Ere ſecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail
Whilſt night extends her ſoft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends;
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrors fable every dream.
The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulyſſes brought
In manly bloom, and each majeſtic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating boſom riſe,
I deem it ſure a viſion of the ſkies.
Thus, whilſt Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments ſhe breaths her moan;
The ſounds aſſault Ulyſſes wakeful ear:
Miſjudging of the cauſe, a ſudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is ruſhing to his arms.
Up-ſpringing from his couch, with active haſte
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air;)
And thus the Gods in vok'd with ardent prayer:
Jove, and etherealthrones! with heaven to friend,
If the long ſeries of my woes ſhall end,
Of human race now riſing from repoſe
Let one a bliſsful omen here diſcloſe;
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchſafe the ſanction of a ſign above!
While lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a ſapphire ſky his thunder ſounds:
With ſpringing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

Soon, with conſummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his raviſh'd ear.
Beneath a pile, that cloſe the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female ſlaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Taſk'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and ſtrength of man),
Diſcharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repoſe the reſt withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the taſk aſſign'd,
Still turn'd the toilſome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterneſs of ſoul divin'd:
Father of Gods and men; whoſe thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and ſhake the pole;
Whoe'er from Heaven has gain'd this rare oſtent
(Of granted vows a certain ſignal ſent)
In this bleſt moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch conſum'd with care!
Inſtant, O Jove! confound the ſuitor-train,
For whom o'ertoil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers caſt,
And be this feſtival decreed their laſt!
Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and ſky,
Ulyſſes' heart dilates with ſecret joy.
Mean time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dreſs'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly graſp he wav'd a martial ſpear,
A radiant ſabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden ſandal ſhone.
His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd;
And Eurycléa thus he there addreſs'd:
Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection and repoſe
Beſtow'd the ſtranger gueſt? Or wants he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wiſeſt errs).
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.
She thus: Oh! ceaſe that ever honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine ſuſtain'd the gueſt;
In vain the queen the night-refection preſs'd:
Nor would he court repoſe in downy ſtate,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!
A hide beneath the portico was ſpread,
And fleecy ſkins compoſ'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.
His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port,
To the ſage Greeks convén'd in Themis' court,
Forth-iſſuing from the dome the prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chaſe, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him fourly ſtalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train,
What marks of luxury the marble ſtain!
Its wonted luſtre let the floor regain;
The ſeats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew:
Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold:
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the ſuitors will eſſay
The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day,
She ſaid: with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair:
With varied toil the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the ſuitors come.
Some wield the ſounding axe; the dodder'd oak
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three perkers for the feaſt, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tuſky kind:
In lodgements firſt ſecure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the ſuitor-train
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying God (Ulyſſes ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their towering pride!
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right, reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toſt,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the ſuitor's feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs reſound.
And to the chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:
Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Theſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board! Hence! ſeek another hoſt!
Rejoinder to the churl the king diſdain'd;
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.
From Cephalenia crots the furgy main
Phil-étius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.
A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all the race:
Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the brittly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind;
What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through th' eclipſe of Fate, the rays divine
Of ſovereign ſtate with faded ſplendour ſhine.
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief addreſs'd,
Whilſt with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd:
Stranger! may Fate a milder aſpect ſhow,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove, for ever deaf to human cries;
The Tyrant, not the Father of the ſkies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulyſſes from his ſtate a wanderer ſtill,
Upbraids thy power, thy wiſdom, or thy will:

ch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
w my tears, and ſtill for ever flow! 260
e, poor ſtranger-gueſt, denied his home!
, in rags obſcene, decreed to roam!
ly periſh'd on ſome diſtant coaſt,
an gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
teful for the good his bounty gave, 265
e, till ſorrow ſink me to the grave!
protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
nt of his Cephalenian herd:
t increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,
breed! and blackens far the meads. 270
r'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import
theſe cormorants that crowd his court;
partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
an right, nor wrath divine revere.
re reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide, 275
ing doubts my anxious heart divide:
ome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
the royal herd protection buy:
ppier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
ounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail:
ng proſpects of ideal joy,
returns; the proud uſurpers die.
ioni the chief: In thy capacious mind
ring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
deed already ripe in Fate; 285
) Jove, the truth I now relate!
ed truth atteſt each genial Power,
's the board, and guard this friendly bower
ou quit the dome (nor long delay)
h produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,
ndering eyes ſhall view: his rightful
n
avow'd Ulyſſes ſhall regain,
he ſhades devote the ſuitor-train.
e ſupreme! the raptur'd ſwain replies,
ed conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!
ed nerves, with new-born vigour ſtrung
leſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young—
Eumæus to the prayer addreſs'd:
al ardours fire his loyal breaſt.
time the ſuitors urge the prince's fate,
thful arts employ the dire debate: 300
in his airy tour the bird of Jove
with his ſinewy pounce a trembling dove:
to their hope! This omen ey'd
omus, who thus preſaging cry'd: 305
Gods from force and fraud the prince de-
! the ſanguinary ſcheme ſuſpend: [fend;
ture thought let fable Fate employ;
e the preſent hour to genial joy. [ceas'd,
council ſtraight th' aſſenting peerage
the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt. 310
l their veſts apart in order lay,
with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay:
eep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.
e prepar'd they deal the morſels round,
ſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd;
Eumæus borne: the purple tide
ius from an ample jar ſupplied;
niſters of bread Philætius plac'd; 320
er all devour the rich repaſt.
l apart, Ulyſſes ſhares the treat!
-table, and ignobler ſeat,

The prince appoints; but to his ſire aſſigns
The taſteful inwards, and nectareous wines. 325
Partake, my gueſt, he cry'd, without control
The ſocial feaſt, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs ſhall be, 330
From my great ſire too ſoon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and ſcorn, ye ſuitors, ceaſe,
Leſt arms avenge the violated peace.
Aw'd by the prince, ſo haughty, brave and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the
tongue. 335
Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth deſpiſe:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That ſtream of eloquence ſhould ceaſe to flow.
Without reply vouchſaf'd Antinous ceas'd:
Mean while the pomp of feſtival increas'd 340
By herald's rank'd, in marſhal'd order move
The city-tribes to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful ſhade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid; 345
Partook the ſacred feaſt, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(And humble ſide-board ſet) Ulyſſes ſhar'd.
Obſervant of the prince's high beheſt,
His menial train attend the ſtranger-gueſt: 350
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inſpir'd,
A Samian peer, more ſtudious than the reſt
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jeſt;
And urg'd, for title to a conſort queen. 355
Uncumber'd acres arable and green
(Cteſippus nam'd); this lord Ulyſſes ey'd,
And thus burſt out th' impoſthumate with pride:
The ſentence I propoſe, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard muſt wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of eſteem beſtow; 361
This gift acquits the dear reſpect I owe;
With which he nobly may diſcharge his feat,
And pay the menials for the maſter's treat.
He ſaid: and of the ſteer before him plac'd,
That ſinewy fragment at Ulyſſes caſt,
Where to the pattern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indiſſolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high the wall unſeemly ſign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghaſtly ſmile; 370
Revenge and ſcorn within his boſom boil:
When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltleſs of the mark, my certain ſpear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear: 375
Nor ſhould thy ſire, a queen his daughter boaſt;
The ſuitor, now, had vaniſh'd in a ghoſt:
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawleſs power
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth of age mature to know 380
My grape ſhall redden, and my harveſt grow.
Or, if each other's wrongs ye ſtill ſupport,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What ſingle arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted ſwords deſcend, 385
And with my life ſuch vile diſhonours end.
A long ceſſation of diſcourſe enſued,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:

A juſt reproof, ye peers! your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:
And, prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſent yourſelf, and gain the royal will,
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your fire reſtor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a ſecond lord.
But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?
Now preſs the ſovereign dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The lord ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-conteſted prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſs'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſs'd.
Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies;
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies,
And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great Ulyſſes and his woes, I ſwear,
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps in Pluto's dreary train!)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my parent queen to chaſe!
From me, ye Gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The ſuitors' ſouls, inſenſate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay;
Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow,
And ſudden ſighs preceds approaching woe.
In viſion rapt; the * Hypereſian ſeer
Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:
Oh race to death devote! with Stygian ſhade
Each deſtin'd peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts
To people Orcus and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the ſun his golden orb to roll,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warm'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the ſure divine of Fate;
And thus Eurymachus: The doting's mind
To every ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Tax not (the Heaven-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No cloud of error dim th' ethereal rays,
Her equal power each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before you hovering deaths deſcend!
Left, the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye ſuitors cannot ſhun.
This ſaid, to ſage Piræus ſped the ſeer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the ſuitors ſit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointleſs wit;
Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, timorous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planatary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once, at leaſt, believe a friend;
To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,
Where, if they yield their freight across the main,
Dear ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they: but nought the prince regard
Full on his ſire he roll'd his ardent eyes; [plies
Impatient ſtraight to fleſh his virgin-ſword,
From the wiſe chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen
To ſee the circlet fate, of all unſeen.
Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing ſpeed,
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

* *Theoclymenus.*

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Bending of Ulyſſes's Bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the ſolicitation of the ſuitors, propoſes to marry the perſon who ſhall firſt bend the bow of Ulyſſes, and ſhoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulyſſes, taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, diſcovers himſelf to them; then returning, deſires leave to try his ſtrength at the bow, which, though refuſed with indignation by the ſuitors, Penelope and Telemachus cauſe it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and ſhoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the ſame inſtant thunders from heaven; Ulyſſes accepts the omen, and gives a ſign to Telemachus, who ſtands ready armed at his ſide.

AND Pallas now, to raiſe the rival fires,
With her own art Penelope inſpires:
Who now can bend Ulyſſes' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow through the diſtant ring,
Shall end the ſtrife, and win th' imperial dame;
But diſcord and black death await the game!

The prudent queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
At diſtance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repoſ'd the royal treaſures lay;

hone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
ere the bow which great Ulysses bore;
ere the quiver, where now guiltless slept
winged deaths that many a matron wept.
gift, long since when Sparta's shores he
ing Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd: [trod,
h Orsilochus's roof they met;
s was private, ore a public debt;
a's state from Ithaca detains
hundred sheep, and all the shepherd-swains;
the youthful prince to urge the laws,
ng and elders trust their common cause.
hitus, employ'd on other cares,
'd the wide country for his wandering
ares,
ules, the strongest of the labouring kind;
s to search! more hapless still to find!
rneying on to Hercules, at length
wless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Heaven's voice, the social rite transgress'd;
r the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest:
e the bow! and on Ulysses' part
'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
less friendship on a foreign shore
first, last pledges; for they met no more!
w, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
bore not from his native land;
the front of battle taught to bend,
t, in dear memorial of his friend.
gently winding up the fair ascent,
ny an easy step, the matron went;
'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
ding gates a dazzling light display'd,
omp of various architrave o'erlaid.
lt, obedient to the silken string,
s the staple a: she pulls the ring;
irds responsent to the key turn round:
rs fall back; the flying wolves resound;
s a bull makes hill and valley ring,
'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
ves majestic through the wealthy room,
treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;
rom the column where aloft it hung,
l, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung;
her knees she laid the well-known bow,
nsive fate, and tears began to flow.
satiety of grief she mourns,
lent to the joyous hall returns,
proud suitors bears in pensive state
bended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
id, her train the polish'd cofer brings,
held th' alternate brass and silver rings,
the portal the chaste queen appears,
ith her veil conceals the coming tears:
er side awaits a virgin fair;
thus the matron, with majestic air:
ou, whom these forbidden walls enclose,
om my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
neglected, faded charms can move? 71
but a vain pretence, you love?
prize, if me you seek to wife,
e conditions, and commence the strife:
st Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
rough twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
ill I follow, and forsake my home,
a forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night? 80
Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but secret shed 85
The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said:
Hence to your fields, you rustics! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man. 90
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew. 95
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!
And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.
He said, but in his soul fond joys arise, 100
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king
Shall end those hopes, and Fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: Some God, I find,
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all th' Acaian state supplies, 110
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our isles or continents enclose:
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay, 115
Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the destin'd ring.
Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost; 120
But, blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.
He spoke: then, rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd 125
The level axes, and the points made fast
(His perfect skill the wondering gazer's ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand;
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great sire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy. 136
His ardour straight th' obedient prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:
Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For Heaven forbid such weakness should endure!)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow, 141
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has
Accept the trial, and the prize contest. [blest

He caſt the bow before him, and apart
Againſt the poliſh'd quiver propt the dart.
Reſuming then his ſeat, Epitheus' ſon,
The bold Antinous to the reſt begun:
"From where the goblet firſt begins to flow,
"From right to left, in order take the bow,
"And prove your ſeveral ſtrength.—The princes heard,
And firſt Leiodes, blameleſs prieſt, appear'd:
The eldeſt born of Œnops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the ſuitor throng,
Their deeds deteſted, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the ſtubborn horn he ſtrains,
The ſtubborn horn reſiſted all his pains!
Already in deſpair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I ſtrive no more.
What numerous deaths attend his fatal bow!
What ſouls and ſpirits ſhall it ſend below!
Better, indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than diſappointed live,
With each new ſun to ſome new hope a prey,
Yet ſtill to-morrow falſer than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we fought;
This bow ſhall eaſe us of that idle thought,
And ſend us with ſome humbler wife to live,
Whom gold ſhall gain, or deſtiny ſhall give.
Thus ſpeaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At diſtance far the feather'd ſhaft he throws,
And to the ſeat returns from whence he roſe.
To him Antinous thus with fury ſaid:
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled!
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Thoſe arms are dreadful which thou canſt not bear.
Why ſhould this bow be fatal to the brave?
Becauſe the prieſt is born a peaceful ſlave.
Mark then what others can—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vaſt pile prepare;
He gives it inſtant flame: then faſt beſide
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they ſoak the weapon o'er,
Chaſe every knot, and ſupple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their ſtrength as vain;
The bow inflexible reſiſts their pain
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown;
Thoſe only now remain'd; but thoſe confeſs'd
Of all the train the mightieſt and the beſt.
Then from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
The maſters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king obſerves them: he the hall forſakes
And, paſt the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
Or (as my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
Say, ſhould ſome favouring God reſtore again
The loſt Ulyſſes to his native reign? [ford,
How beat your hearts? what aid would you af-
To the proud ſuitors, or your ancient lord?
Philœtius thus: Oh were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove reſtore that man again!
Theſe aged ſinews with new vigour ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each Power above, with wiſhes for his lord.
He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began:
Thoſe vows the Gods accord: behold the man
Your own Ulyſſes! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapleſs land:
At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm ſucceed,
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care ſhall be, to bleſs your future lives
With large poſſeſſions, and with faithful wives;
Fair by my palace ſhall your domes aſcend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now truſt your eye;
Lo! the broad ſcar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's ſons, of yore,
On Parnaſs' top I chas'd the tuſky boar.
His ragged veſt then drawn aſide diſcloſ'd
The ſign conſpicuous, and the ſcar expos'd;
Eager they view'd; with joy they ſtood amaz'd;
With tearful eyes o'er all their maſter gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knees embrac'd
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow'r
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhower.
The king too weeps, the king too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs as a marble fountain ſtands.
Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun,
But firſt the wiſe man ceas'd, and thus begun:
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty ſuitors will deny the bow:
But thou, Eumœus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans, they hear.
To thy ſtrict charge, Philœtius, we conſign
The court's main gate; to guard that paſs be thine.
This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwain
At diſtance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the ſame Eurymachus now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul, and thus began:
I mourn the common cauſe: for, oh, my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends!
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every ſhore)
But baffled thus: confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakneſs ſcorn! Antinous thus reply'd;

ſo, Eurymachus; that no man draws
vondrous bow, attend another cauſe.
to Phœbus is the ſolemn day,
thoughtleſs we in games would waſte:
vay:
: next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtrife forego,
re leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
id the ſewer approach, and let us join
libations, and in rites divine,
our night: before the day ſhall ſpring,
oiceſt offerings let Melanthius bring:
1 to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
: rich ſmokes, high curling to the ſkies.
the patron of theſe arts beſtow
; the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.
heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds
ng
leanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:
olet high with roſy wine they crown'd,
· circling to the peers around.
e complete, uproſe the thoughtful man,
is his meditated ſcheme began:
at I aſk your noble minds approve,
's and rivals in the royal love!
it hurt not great Antinous ear,
ſage deciſon I with wonder hear)
Eurymachus the motion pleaſe,
:aven this day, and reſt the bow in peace.
row let your arms diſpute the prize,
e it he, the favour'd of the ſkies.
ce till then this trial you delay,
one moment to my hands to-day:
uld I prove, before your judging eyes,
ice I was, whom wretched you deſpiſe;
is arm its ancient force retain;
/ woes (a long-continued train)
nts and inſults, make me leſs than man?
flaſh'd in lightning from the ſuitors' eyes,
'd with terror at the bold emprize.
s then: Oh, miſerable gueſt!
ion ſenſe quite baniſh'd from thy breaſt?
it not within the palace plac'd
iſtinguiſh'd, with our preſence grac'd,
d here with princes to confer,
unknown, a needy wanderer?
ous wine this inſolence we owe,
ch thy betters wine can overthrow:
it Eurytion when this frenzy ſtung,
s' roofs with frantic riot rung;
ſs the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
oes roſe, and drag'd him from the hall;
: they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
t him ſober'd home with better wit.
ith long war the double race was curs'd,
all, but to th' aggreſſor firſt.
e I propheſy our gueſt attends,
his interdicted bow he bends:
l theſe walls ſuch inſolence contain;
: fair wind tranſports him o'er the main;
Echetus to death the guilty brings,
orſt of mortals, ev'n the worſt of kings.)
nan that, if thou approve our cheer;
e mad ſtrife, and ſhare our bounty here.
is the queen her juſt diſlike expreſs'd:
ious, prince, to harm the ſtranger-gueſt,
inſult who bears a ſuppliant's name,
ie reſpect Telemachus may claim.

What, if th' Immortals on the man beſtow
Sufficient ſtrength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandering ſtranger for my lord;
A hope ſo idle never touch'd his brain:
Then eaſe your boſoms of a fear ſo vain.
Far be he baniſh'd from this ſtately ſcene
Who wrongs his princeſs with a thought ſo mean.
Oh fair! and wiſeſt of ſo fair a kind!
(Reſpectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak ſurmiſe, but ſenſe of ſhame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the cenſure of the meaneſt ſlave,
The weakeſt woman: all can wrong the brave.
"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
"Of that brave chief, whoſe bow they could not
"bend!
"In came a beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
"And did what all thoſe princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name.
To whom the queen: If fame engage your
views,
Forbear thoſe acts which infamy purſues;
Wrong and oppreſſion no renown can raiſe:
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praiſe.
The ſtature of our gueſt, his port, his face,
Speak him deſcended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he deſires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence to reward his merit he ſhall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a ſhining ſpear,
Embroider'd ſandals, a rich cloak and veſt,
And ſafe conveyance to his port of reſt.
O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me, (cries Telemachus) to claim
A ſon's juſt right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courſer-breeding plain;
To me alone my father's arms deſcend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy houſehold taſk reſume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
Theſe cares to man belong, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His ſage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as ſhe ſate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her
heart.
On her Ulyſſes then ſhe fix'd her ſoul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, pitcous of her cries,
In ſlumber cloſ'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Now through the preſs the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the ſuitors aid.
Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and fight their empty words:
What! hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?

Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive ſuitors from my walls expel!
Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!
The ſuitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day,
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling them aſide,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd);
At every portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;
And if unuſual ſounds invade their ear,
If arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or iſſue forth preſume,
But cloſe attend the labours of the loom.
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an inſtant were the palace gates.
In the ſame moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmoſt gate (the cable ſtrongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ſhip from Ægypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and ſilent at the board
His ſeat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the maſter bore,
Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Leſt time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner abſent, and untry'd ſo long.
While ſome deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it ſure the man muſt know,
Or elſe would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he ſteals—
Heaven to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bleſs, in all to which he ſtands inclin'd,
With ſuch good fortune as he now ſhall find.
Heedleſs he heard them; but diſdain'd reply;
The bow peruſing with exacteſt eye.
Then, as ſome heavenly minſtrel, tought to ſing
High notes reſponſive to the trembling ſtring,
To ſome new ſtrain when he adapts the lyre.
Or the dumb lute reſts with vocal wire,
Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great maſter drew the mighty bow:
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The bending horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.
From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.
A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face,
Signs from above enſued: th' unfolding ſky
In lightning burſt: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heaven's Almighty Lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath;
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death).
Now ſitting as he was the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releas'd, and gave it wing:
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through the ſolid gate rebounds.
Then to the Prince: Nor have I wrought the ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard, nor have I loſt
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boaſt.
Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty peers' diſdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night;
Muſic, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.
He ſaid, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulyſſes begins the ſlaughter of the ſuitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himſelf, and lets fly his arrow at the reſt. Telemachus aſſiſts, and brings arms for his father, himſelf, Eumæus and Philætius. Melanthius does the ſame for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulyſſes in the ſhape of Mentor. The ſuitors are all ſlain, only Medon and Thamius are ſpared. Melantheus and the unfaithful ſervants are executed. The reſt acknowledge their maſter with all demonſtrations of joy.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God;
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable ſtore:
Before his feet the rattling ſhower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the ſuitor crew:
One venturous game this hand has won to-day
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow muſt attain,
Phœbus, aſſiſt! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow ſings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:

ch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath:
g'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death
ate who fear'd amidst a fearful band?
fate to numbers, by a single hand?
hrough his throat Ulysses' weapon pas'd,
fierce'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his
ast.
umbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
am of gore burst spouting from his nose;
in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
s his spurn'd the loaded table falls,
spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
ating meats, and wine, and human blood.
'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
se the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
ill the dome they cast a haggard eye,
ook'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
l thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)
ast of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
rring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
leath, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
res shall tear thee— thus incens'd they spoke,
each to chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke,
as they were; for death ev'n now invades
stun'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:
gs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
s vengeful from the Trojan shore;
, to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
ouse, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
o our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
or divine or human fail'd to move,
ime of men, or dread of Gods above:
es alike of infamy or praise,
me's eternal voice in future days:
our of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
ding fate is yours, and instant doom.
dreadful he. Confus'd the suiters stood,
their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
bling they fought their guilty heads to hide,
the bold Eurymachus reply'd:
ar ty words impart, (he thus began).
s lives, and thou the mighty man,
are thy wrongs and much hast thou sustain'd
spoil'd palace, and exhausted land;
ause and author of those guilty deeds,
t thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
ve, but wild ambition was his guide;
y thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
were his aims; but juster Jove deny'd.
sold in death th' offender lies: oh spare
pplia t people, and receive their prayer!
gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray,
u dred oxen every prince shall pay:
ate of years refunded in a day.
en thy wrath is just—Ulysses turn'd
high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
your rapines, join'd with all your own,
er'd, vainly should for mercy call;
ou that offer, and I scorn them all:
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to resist or die;
And die I trust ye all.—He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts oppose these ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste.
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast;
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion, roll
Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground.
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness driv'd and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance on the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the sorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies,
And, Arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries);
Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.
Haste and return (Ulysses made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Lest thus alone, encounter'd by a host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.
With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy field,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield;
He frowns beneath his nodding plume that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There ſtood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the ſubject town.
A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? The town ſhall force the door,
And this bold archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins that one may guard the ſtrait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring.
And their own darts ſhall pierce the prince and king.
He ſaid; and, mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The hero ſtands oppreſt with mighty woe,
On every ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and, oh! unlook'd for aid!
Melanthius, or the woman have betray'd—
Oh, my dear ſon!—the father with a ſigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:
Falſhood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:
Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by Dolius' ſon.
While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again,
To the high chamber ſtole the faithleſs ſwain,
Not unobſerv'd, Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd Ulyſſes near his ſide:
The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, ſhall I ſlay?
Or drive him hither to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?
Not ſo (reply'd Ulyſſes) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care:
Within the ſtructure of this palace wall
To keep enclos'd his maſters till they fall.
Go you, and ſeize the felon, backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by ſtrong cords extend
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend!
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſs'd,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The braſs corroded and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threſhold as he ſtepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each ſide they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling daſtard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd the zealous ſwains fulfil
At every point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtraighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwang from ſide to ſide.
Eumæus ſcoffing then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, O gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height,
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light,
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive the victims to the ſuitor's feaſt.
This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dangerous poſt
Near great Ulyſſes; four againſt an hoſt.
When, lo! deſcending to our hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid,
In Mentor's friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd:
Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend:
Oh, every ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown
Whate'er through life's whole ſeries I have done
Of good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.
Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warrior ey'd,
And firſt, loud threat'ning, Agelaüs cry'd:
Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulyſſes aid;
Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the ſire's and ſon's commix thy blood:
What hop'ſt thou here? Thee firſt the ſword ſhall
ſlay,
Then lop thy whole poſterity away;
Far hence thy baniſh'd conſort ſhall we ſend;
With his thy forfeit lands and treaſures blend;
Thus, and thus only, ſhalt thou join thy friend.
His barbarous inſult ev'n the Goddeſs fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inſpires:
Art thou Ulyſſes? Where then ſhall we find
The patient body and the conſtant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the luſt
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in duſt?
If this, when Helen was the cauſe, were done?
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy ſon?
Riſe then in combat, at my ſide attend;
Obſerve what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd againſt a friend!
She ſpoke; but, willing longer to ſurvey
The ſire and ſon's great acts, withheld the day;
By further toils decreed the brave to try,
And level poiſ'd the wings of victory:
Then in a change of form eludes their ſight,
Perch'd like a ſwallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the riſing fight.
Damaſto's ſon, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus ſucceeds;
With theſe, Piſander, great Polyctor's ſon.
Sage Polybus, and ſtern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus, theſe ſix ſurvive;
The beſt of all, the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſperate as they ſtand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.

e hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
bleeding princes ſhall beſtrow the floor.
Mentor leaves him with an empty boaſt;
our remain, but four againſt an hoſt.
ch at once diſcharge the deadly dart,
ure of ſix ſhall reach Ulyſſes' heart:
eſt muſt periſh, their great leader ſlain;
ſhall one ſtroke the glory loſt regain.
all at once their mingled lances threw,
hirſty all of one man's blood they flew;
in! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
catter'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;
deaden'd ſound, one on the threſhold falls,
rikes the gate, one rings againſt the walls;
torm paſs'd innocent. The godlike man
loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
ow (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
eed them Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
impious race to all their paſs'd miſdeeds
l add our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.
ſpoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Demoptolemus Ulyſſes ſlew;
des receiv'd the prince's dart;
natherd's quiver'd in Piſander's heart;
Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
eſt retreat; the victors now advance,
rom the dead reſumes his bloody lance.
the foe diſcharge the ſteely ſhower;
made fruſtrate by the Virgin-power.
turn'd by Pallas, on the threſhold fall;
wound the gate, ſome ring againſt the wall;
weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
harmleſs on the pavement ſounding dead.
bold Amphimedon his javelin caſt;
and, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
om Cteſippus' arm the ſpear glanc'd
od Eumæus' ſhield and ſhoulder glanc'd:
ſſen'd of their force (ſo ſlight the wound)
ung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
om'd the next, Eurydamus, to bear
eath, ennobled by Ulyſſes' ſpear.
bold ſon Amphimedon was ſlain:
'olybus renown'd the faithful ſwain.
through the breaſt the rude Cteſippus bled
ius Philætius gloried o'er the dead.
re end thy pompous vaunts and high diſ-
harp in ſcandal, voluble, and vain! [dain;
weak is mortal pride! To Heaven alone
ent of actions and our fates are known;
, behold what gratitude we bear:
iſtim's heel is anſwer'd with this ſpear.
ſſes brandiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
amaſtordes that inſtant fell;
y Leocritus expiring lay,
'ince's javelin tore its bloody way
gh all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
tter'd f ont and brains befir ar the ſtone.
r Pallas ſhines confeſs'd! aloft ſhe ſpreads
m of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
eadful ægis blaze in their eye;
d they ſee, they tremble, and they fly:
'd, diſtracted, through the rooms they
ing,
xen madden'd by the breeze's ſting,
ſultry days, and long, ſucceed the gentle
ring.

Not half ſo keen fierce vultures of the chaſe
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended ſnares beſet,
With conſcious dread they ſhun the quivering net
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers ſeize the prey.
On all ſides thus they double wound on wound,
In proſtrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly ſhrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking ſtone.
Leiodes firſt before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
Oh gracious hear! nor let thy ſuppliant bleed:
Still undiſhonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy houſe, for me, remains; by me repreſs'd
Full oft was check'd th' injuſtice of the reſt:
Averſe they heard me when I counſell'd well.
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juſtly fell.
Oh! ſpare an augur's conſecrated head,
Nor add the blameleſs to the guilty dead!
Prieſt as thou art! for that deteſted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againſt Ulyſſes have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily oriſons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aſpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
Thus ſpeaking, from the ground the ſword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forſook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion ſped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the Heaven-inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the reverend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulyſſes ſmoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne;
Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus with accent ſoft began;
O king! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the poet's ever-gentle kind;
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to Gods and men is ſacred ſong.
Self-taught I ſing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine ſeeds of poeſy are ſown;
And (what the Gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
The Gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force, and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy ſon atteſt, nor ſordid pay,
Nor ſervile flattery, ſtain'd the moral lay.
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh! mix not, Father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth unhappy Medon lay,

Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
O prince! O friend! lo! here thy Medon stands;
Ah! stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;
Live an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the Heaven-taught Bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires—With timorous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.
Mean while Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind,
Not one! complete the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gaping on the ground.
So when, by hollow shores, the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.
And now the king commands his son to call
Old Eurycles to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays:
The aged governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete;
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said—
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
T' insult the dead, is cruel and unjust;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind.
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou, sincere, O Eurycles! say
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?
Then she: In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There watcher with the news—the matron cry'd.
Not so, (Ulysses more sedate reply'd)
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds:
In haste the matron parts; the king proceeds:
Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;
The offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (every table clear'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.
He said: the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor,
Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince: To these shall we afford
A fate so pure as by the martial sword!
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below:
Thus, as some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell—
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way;
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Eurycles then address'd the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then, the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Assemble here to learn their lord's command.
Then Eurycles: Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away:
Permit me first the royal robes to bring:
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.

g ſulphur ſtrait, and fire," (the monarch
ries)
ars and at the word obedient flies,
ire and ſulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
rg'd the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.
the matron ſprings with eager pace,
preads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, ruſh forth, and inſtant round him ſtand
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They ſaw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiſs'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all ſuch truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the ſweet joy of tears.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Eurycleia awakens Penelope with the news of Ulyſſes's return, and the death of the ſuitors. Penelope coldly credits her; but ſuppoſes ſome God has puniſhed them, and deſcends from her apartment in doubt. At the firſt interview of Ulyſſes and Penelope, ſhe is quite unſatisfied. Minerva reſtores him to the vigour of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by ſome circumſtances ſhe is convinced, and runs into all the tranſports of paſſion and tenderneſs. They recount to each other all that has paſſed during the long ſeparation. The next morning Ulyſſes, arming himſelf and his friends, goes from the city to viſit his father.

EN to the queen as in repoſe ſhe lay,
The nurſe with eager rapture ſpeeds her ray;
ranſports of her faithful heart ſupply
den youth, and give her wings to fly.
l ſleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
s lives! ariſe my child, ariſe!
gth appears the long-expected hour!
s comes! the ſuitors are no more!
ore they view the golden light of day!
and bleſs thee with the glad ſurvey!
ach'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd
whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
ighteous Powers, who tread the ſtarry ſkies,
reak enlighten, and confound the wiſe,
human thought with unreſiſted ſway,
ſs or raiſe, enlarge or take away:
, by their high decree, thy voice forſakes,
olly, with the tongue of Wiſdom, ſpeaks:
d, the fond illuſion to impoſe!
t to flatter or deride my woes?
did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy,
my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,
muſt I wake to grieve; and curſe thy ſhore,
oy!—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
re: another might have felt our rage,
ge is ſacred, and we ſpare thy age.
whom with warmth: My ſoul a lie diſdains;
s lives, thy own Ulyſſes reigns:
ſtranger, patient o' the ſuitors' wrongs,
he rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
e is thine. Thy ſon his latent gueſt
knew, but lock'd the ſecret in his breaſt;
well-concreted art to end his woes,
ourſt at once in vengeance on the foes.
ile yet ſhe ſpoke, the queen in tranſport ſprung
from the couch, and round the matron hung;
rom her eye deſcends the rolling tear,
once more ſay, is my Ulyſſes here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be ſlain, though by an hero's hand?
I ſaw it not, ſhe cries, but heard alone,
When death was buſy, a loud dying groan;
The damſel-train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we ſate, and catch'd each paſſing ſound;
When death had ſeiz'd her prey thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel-train deſcends;
There terrible in arms Ulyſſes ſtood,
And the dead ſuitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd, the hero to ſurvey,
Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore now with ſulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires:
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—
Haſte, daughter, haſte, thy own Ulyſſes calls!
Thy every wiſh the bounteous Gods beſtow,
Enjoy the preſent good, and former woe;
Ulyſſes lives, his vanquiſh'd foes to ſee;
He lives to thy Telamachus and thee!
Ah! no; with ſighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Exceſs of joy diſturbs thy wandering mind;
How bleſs'd this happy hour, ſhould he appear,
Dear to us all, to me ſupremely dear!
Ah! no; ſome God the ſuitors' deaths decreed,
Some God deſcends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the ſtranger's righteous cauſe,
And violate all hoſpitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Powers defy'd;
But Heaven is juſt, and by a God they dy'd,
For never muſt Ulyſſes view this ſhore
Never! the lov'd Ulyſſes is no more:
What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his preſence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulyſſes o'er the watery way,
A boar fierce-ruſhing in the ſylvan war
Plough'd half this thigh; I ſaw, I ſaw the ſcar,
And wild with tranſport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I ſpoke, he roſe, and check'd the ſound.

Then, daughter, haſte away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy ſervant die!
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
Wiſe is thy ſoul, but errors ſeize the wiſe;
The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who knows their motives? Who ſhall trace their way?
But learn we inſtant how the ſuitors trod
The paths of death, by man, or by a God.
Thus ſpeaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear deſcends;
At every ſtep debates her lord to prove!
Or running to his arms, confeſs her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in ſtate
Oppoſ'd before the ſhining fire ſate.
The monarch, by a columned high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſate, and impotent to ſpeak;
O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus—Oh! who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in ſilence! why with winning charms
Thus flow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſs'd of mighty woes;
To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!
O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Diſtracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerleſs to ſpeak, I ſcarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to queſtion; doubts on doubts ariſe.
Oh! deign he, if Ulyſſes, to remove
Theſe boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my ſon, the cautions of the wiſe;
Time ſhall all the truth to ſure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king:
No more.—This day our deepeſt care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inſpires.
If one man's blood, though mean, diſtain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps th' illuſtrious peerage falls,
Th' Important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conſpires to ſpeak Ulyſſes wiſe;
For wiſdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntleſs follow where you lead the way;
Nor ſhalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward ſon degenerate lag behind.
Then inſtant to the bath (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and ſprightly virgins riſe,
Thence all deſcend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome reſound the mirthful lay;
While the ſwift lyriſt airs of rapture ſings,
And forms the dance reſponſive to the ſtrings.
That hence th' eluded paſſengers may ſay,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
The ſuitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inſpired by Jove.
Thus ſpoke the king: th' obſervant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dreſs in proud array:
The lyriſt ſtrikes the ſtring: gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damſels form the ſprightly dance.
The voice attun'd to inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobſerv'd: the Greeks eluded fay
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
Inconſtant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chaſte ſhe weds no more.
Mean while the weary'd king the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares Eurynome attends,
O'er every limb a ſhower of fragrance ſheds:
Then, dreſs'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by ſome artiſt, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould
And the pale ſilver glows with fuſile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing conſort ſate.
And, O my queen he cries, what power above
Has ſteel'd that heart averſe to ſpouſal love!
Canſt thou, Penelope, when heaven reſtores
Thy loſt Ulyſſes to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt Ulyſſes, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, Euriclea, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breaſt,
Ah! no; ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more Ulyſſes, my belov'd in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bower the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſs'd in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious, with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
Alas, for this! what mortal ſtrength can move
The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth muſt move, if Heaven commands.
Then hear ſure evidence, while we diſplay
Words ſeal'd with ſacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder-fram'd; an olive ſpread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk roſe, and heav'd into the ſky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhower;
The ſpacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with poliſh'd marble ſhines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain;
Then poſts, capacious of the frame, I raiſe,
And bore it, regular, from ſpace to ſpace:
Athwart the frame, at equal diſtance, lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boaſt a purple dye;
Then, poliſhing the whole, the finiſh'd mould
With ſilver ſhone, with elephant, and gold,

' o'erturn'd by rude ungovern'd hands,
l inviolate the olive ſtands,
ine, O queen, to ſay: and now impart,
s remain, or doubts diſtract thy heart?
le yet he ſpeaks, her powers of life decay,
ens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
th recovering, to his arms ſhe flew,
ain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew:
rs pour'd down amain: and, Oh! ſhe cries,
againſt thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
rs'd in every turn of human art,
the weakneſs of a woman's heart!
ateous Powers, that mortal lots diſpoſe,
us to ſuſtain a length of woes,
m the flower of life, the bliſs deny
m together, fade away, and die,
me, let me not thine anger move,
orbore, thus, thus to ſpeak my love,
fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
t my ſoul, and die within thy arms!
d fraud! Men, faithleſs men, betray
r faith, and make the ſex their prey:
the fondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
aution, O my lord! not want of love:
had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
fair miſchief ſet two worlds in arms;
ece roſe dreadful in th' avenging day;
d ſhe fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.
ven, averſe to Greece, in wrath decreed
ſhould wander, and that Greece ſhould
ed:
the ills that from injuſtice flow,
ur'd all our wretched lives with woe.
y theſe ſorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield! my own Ulyſſes lives!
rets of the bridal bed are known
, to me, to Actoris alone,
her's preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
attendant on our genial bower).
hat no eye has ſeen thy tongue reveal'd,
d diſtruſtful as I am, I yield.
h'd to the ſoul, the king with rapture
hears. [tears.
round her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in
e ſhipwreck'd mariner, the ſhores
ful riſe, when angry Neptune roars;
when the ſurge in thunder mounts the ſky;
lf'd in crowds at once the ſailors die;
more happy, while the tempeſt raves,
es the tumult of conflicting waves,
, with ooze deform'd he views the ſtrand,
inging forth with tranſport graſps the land:
riſh'd queen with equal rapture glows,
ier lov'd lord, and to his boſom grows,
l they ended till the morning ray:
las backward held the riſing day,
heels of night retarding, to detain
ay Aurora in the wavy main!
flaming ſteeds emerging through the night,
'er the eaſtern hills with ſtreaming light.
ngth Ulyſſes with a ſigh replies:
e, yet cruel Fate, repoſe denies;
ir long, and hard, remains behind;
ven above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd:
Tireſias through th' eternal gates
I trode, to learn my future fates.

But end we here—the night demands repoſe,
Be dec'd the couch and peace awhile, my woes!
To whom the queen: Thy word we ſhall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the juſt Gods, who tread the ſtarry plains,
Reſtore thee ſafe, ince my Ulyſſes reigns.
But what thoſe perils Heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart,
To this the king: Ah! why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of tranſport wou'd thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to ſail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence ſwift re-ſailing to my native ſhores,
Due victims ſlay to all the ethereal Powers.
Then Heaven decrees in peace to end my days.
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Unknown to pain, in age reſign my breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
My people bleſſing, by my people bleſs'd.
Such future ſcenes th' all righteous Powers diſplay
By their dread * ſeer, and ſuch my future day.
To whom thus firm of ſoul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While Heaven a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But Euryclea with diſpatchful care,
And ſage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Inſtant they bid the blazing torch diſplay
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repoſe her ſteps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè deſcends;
A torch ſhe bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; ſhe guides them, and retires.
Then inſtant his fair ſpouſe Ulyſſes led
To the chaſte love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and ſprightly fair
Ceaſe the gay dance, and to their reſt repair;
But in diſcourſe the king and conſort lay,
While the ſoft hours ſtole unperceiv'd away:
Intent he hears Penelope diſcloſe
A mournful ſtory of domeſtic woes,
His ſervants inſults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhauſted bled,
His generous wines diſhonour'd ſhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the ſuitor train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and diſaſtrous fates;
All he unfolds; his liſtening ſpouſe turns pale
With pleaſing horror at the dreadful tale!
Sleepleſs devours each word; and hears how ſlain
Cicons on Cicons ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain;

* *Tireſias.*

How to the land of Lote unbleſs'd he ſails:
And images the rills, and flowery vales!
How, daſh'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the ſpouting gore;
How, the loud ſtorms in priſon bound, he ſails
From friendly Æolus with proſperous gales;
Yet Fate withſtands! a ſudden tempeſt roars,
And whirls him groaning from his native ſhores:
How, on the barbarous Læſtrigonian coaſt,
By ſavage hands his fleet and friends he loſt;
How ſcarce himſelf ſurviv'd: he paints the bower,
The ſpells of Circe, and her magic power,
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek Tireſias in the vales of death;
How, in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroic ghoſts!
Then how, unarm'd he paſt the Syren-coaſts,
The juſtling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the God of Day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempeſt guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides,
How, ſtruggling through the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypſo's bowers;
Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow.
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
How ſav'd from ſtorms, Phæacia's coaſts he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a God,
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva ruſhes through the aërial way,
And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels,
Flame from the ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:
Uproſe Ulyſſes from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch ſaid:
My Queen! my Conſort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of ſorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord: while me th' immortal Powers
Detain'd reluctant from my native ſhores.
Now, bleſt again by Heaven, the queen diſplays
And rule our palace with an equal ſway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds with gifts or ſpoils.
But now I haſte to bleſs Laertes' eyes
With ſight of his Ulyſſes ere he dies;
The good old man, to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away.
But hear, though wiſe! This morning ſhall
The deathful ſcene; on heroes, heroes roll'd.
Thou with thy maids within the palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!
He ſpoke, and ſheath'd in arms inceſſant flies.
To wake his ſon, and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries; his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the city gate: Ulyſſes leads the way.
Now flames the roſy dawn, but Pallas ſhrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſouls of the ſuitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal ſhades. Ulyſſes in the country goes to the retireme t of his father Laertes; he finds him buſied in his garden all alone: the manner of his diſcoveri to him is beautifully deſcribed. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the ſervants. The Ithacenſians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinous riſe againſt Ulyſſes, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddeſs Pallas makes a laſting peace between Ulyſſes and his ſubjects, which concludes the Odyſſey.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghoſts to realms of night or day;
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent.
As in the cavern of ſome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene;
Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock;
So cowering fled the ſable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remoteſt ends.
And now the gates where evening Sol deſcends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmoſt ſtreams,
And now pervade the duſky land of Dreams,
And reſt at laſt, where ſouls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowering meads of aſphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impaſſive ſemblance, images of air!
Nought elſe are all that ſhin'd on earth before;
Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
Yet, ſtill a maſter ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, towering as he trod;
Still at his ſide in Neſtor's ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus ſtill attends his ſhade.
New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The ſuitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'
Of great Atrides; him in pomp purſued

lemn sadness through the gloom of hell,
in of those who by Ægystus fell.
ighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
'd by Jove above the lot of man!
a hundred kings! to whom resign'd
ngest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
thou the first to view this dreary state?
s the noblest the first mark of Fate?
n'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
which all lament, and none can shun;
ter hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
ateful Greece with streaming eyes might
.
marbles to record thy praise:
ise eternal on the faithful stone
a transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
vier fates were destin'd to attend:
an is happy, till he knows his end?
of Peleus! greater than mankind!
gamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
appy thou! to press the martial plain
aps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
of smoke, rais'd by thy noble fray,
d terrific ev'n in death you lay,
iges of blood flow'd round you every
.
'd the strife, till Jove himself oppos'd,
n tempests the dire evening clos'd.
the fleet we bore the honour'd load,
ent on the funeral bed bestow'd.
nguents sweet and tepid streams we
l;
w'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
t the curling honours of his head.
: the news thy azure Mother came:
green sisters waited on the dame:
of loud lament through all the main
rd: and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
heir ships the frighted host had fled;
or spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
d experience Nestor's counsel springs,
; vicissitudes of human things.)
r your flight: fair Thetis from the main,
urn Achilles, leads her azure train."
hee stands the daughters of the deep,
e in heavenly vests, and round thee weep,
see, the Muses, with alternate strain,
consecrating verse, complain.
like Greek the moving music hears,
-hearted heroes melt in tears
nteen nights and seventeen days return'd,
was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
s we gave thee the succeeding day,
d sheep and sable oxen slay;
and honey blaze th' augmented fires.
a God, adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
er'd warriors round the burning pile
fleet courser's o'er the racer's toil;
uds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.
absorpt in all-embracing flame
at was mortal of thy mighty name,
collect thy snowy bones, and place
nes and unguents in a golden vase

(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next belov'd Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys:
Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, O belov'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades,
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won,
Doom'd by stern Jove at home to end my life,
By curst Ægystus and a faithless wife!
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain,
On each majestic form they cast a view,
And timorous pass'd and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) oh say!
What cause compell'd so many and so gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well-defending some beleagur'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wintery seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.
O king of men! I faithful shall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame:
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in delusion spread
A spacious loom, and mixed the various thread;
Ye peers (she cry'd) who press to gain my heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space your rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:

Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Leſt, when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
Should, he, long honour'd with ſupreme command,
Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.
The motion pleas'd: our generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd: but, ſtudious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail:
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And ſhow'd, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Force'd ſhe completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whoſe gold and ſilver ray
Diſplay'd the radiance of the night and day.
Juſt as ſhe finiſh'd her illuſtrious toil,
Ill-fortune led Ulyſſes to our iſle.
Far in a lonely nook, beſide the ſea,
At an old ſwineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his ſon from ſandy Pyle repairs,
And ſpeedy lands, and ſecretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and reſort
Confederate to the city and the court.
Firſt came the ſon; the father next ſucceeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a ſtaff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulyſſes in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to every wrong reſign'd,
Patient he ſuffer'd with a conſtant mind.
But when, ariſing in his wrath t' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way:
The ſcatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treaſur'd in a private room:
Then to her ſuitors bade the queen propoſe
The archer's ſtrife: the ſource of future woes,
An omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew
To none it yields but great Ulyſſes' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood:
Pour'd forth the darts that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!
Firſt bleeds Antinous; thick the ſhafts reſound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches ſtrow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall:
Some God aſſiſted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood beſmear the ſtones.
Thus, great Atrides, thus Ulyſſes drove
The ſhades thou ſeeſt, from yon fair realms above,
Our mangled bodies now deformed with gore,
Cold and neglected, ſpread the marble floor,
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.
Oh bleſs'd Ulyſſes (thus the king expreſs'd
His ſudden rapture) in thy conſort bleſs'd!
Not more thy wiſdom, than her virtue ſhin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her conſtant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the paſt,
And model to the future age ſhall laſt:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, ſhall raiſe
(Their great reward) a poet in her praiſe.
Not ſuch, O Tyndarus, thy daughter's deed:
By whoſe dire hand her king and huſband bled;
Her ſhall the Muſe to infamy prolong,
Example dread, and theme of tragic ſong!
The general ſex ſhall ſuffer in her ſhame,
And ev'n the beſt that bears a woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade
Confer'r'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While, from the town, Ulyſſes and his band
Paſs'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pains,
And labour made the rugged ſoil a plain.
There ſtood his manſion of the rural ſort,
With uſeful buildings round the lowly court;
Where the few ſervants that divide his care,
Took their laborious reſt, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and ſage,
With conſtant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving to his ruſtic band
And martial ſon, Ulyſſes gave command:
Enter the houſe, and of the briſtly ſwine
Select the largeſt to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I ſhare the old man's memory:
If theſe dim eyes can yet Ulyſſes know
(Their light and deareſt object long ago),
Now chang'd with time with abſence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his ſpear and ſhield;
The houſe they enter, and he ſeeks the field,
Through rows of ſhade, with various fruit crown'd,
And labour'd ſcenes of richeſt verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his ſons were there,
Nor ſervants, abſent on another care;
To ſearch the woods for ſets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to ſtrengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarſe, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a penſive care
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatſkin hair:
His buſkins old, in former ſervice torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves againſt the thorns
In this array the kingly gardener ſtood.
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery ſtore;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his reverend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul—
Not ſo: his judgment takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay:
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the ſorrows to enhance the joys.
Then, to his fire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleaſantry reproves:

gging round the plant ſtill hangs his
285
it remits the work, while thus he ſaid:
thy ſkill, O father, great thy toil,
ful hand is ſtamp'd on all the ſoil,
lron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
green, blue fig, and pendent pear; 290
ne empty ſpot eſcapes thy care,
plant and tree thy cares are ſhown,
eglected, but thyſelf alone.
ıe, father, if this fault I blame;
rane'd may ſome indulgence claim. 295
y ſloth, I deem thy lord unkind:
s thy form a mean or ſervile mind:
ıonarch in that princely air,
thy aſpect, if the ſame thy care;
fair garments, and the joys of wine, 300
the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
thy maſter, ſay? and whoſe the land
and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
oh tell me! (what I queſtion moſt)
far-fam'd Ithacenſian coaſt? 305
orted the firſt man I view'd,
ly iſlander, of manners rude)
:r conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
ıe whiſtled, and purſu'd his way,
whom years have taught to underſtand,
hear, and anſwer my demand: [310
ſeek, a wife one and a brave,
he yet, or moulders in the grave?
(my fortunes then were at the beſt)
ny houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt; 315
rom Ithaca's fair iſle he came,
aertes was his father's name.
whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
d hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd:
ven talents of pure ore I told, 320
loaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunics ſtiff
gold;
hat rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
'd in female works, four lovely dames,
the father, with a father's fears,
-able eyes bedimm'd with tears,) 325
e land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
's men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:
e glory of this once-fam'd ſhore!
nt friend, O ſtranger, is no more!
npence thy bounty elſe had borne; 330
good man yields a juſt return:
ghts demand; and who begins
of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins,
e, ſtranger, be the truth confeſs'd
rs have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that
? 335
:ſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
at he was! and that I am! my ſon!
an to miſery was born,
to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
iis friends, and from his native reign, 340
›rey to monſters of the main,
beaſts his mangled relics tear,
ing vultures ſcatter through the air:
his mother funeral unguents ſhed;
l his father o'er th' untimely dead: 345
Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes or dropp'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in purſuit of gain, 350
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main?
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the ſon: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king 355
Of Polypemon's royal line, I ſpring.
Some adverſe Dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering courſe, and drove us on your ſhore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay;
Reliev'd our weary'd veſſel from the ſea. 360
Five years have circled ſince theſe eyes purſued
Ulyſſes parting through the ſable flood;
Proſperous he ſail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the ſkies. 364
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair ſhore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick through the father's heart theſe accents ran:
Grief ſeiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſorrowing ſpread
A cloud of aſhes on his hoary head. 370
Trembling with agonies of ſtrong delight
Stood the great ſon, heart-wounded with the ſight:
He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face:
I, I am he; O father riſe, behold 375
Thy ſon, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy ſon, ſo long deſir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd, and breathing in his native land:
Theſe floods of ſorrow, O my ſire, reſtrain! 379
The vengeance is complete; the ſuitor-train
Stretch'd in our palace, by theſe hands lie ſlain.
Amaz'd, Laertes, "Give ſome certain ſign,
"(If ſuch thou art) to manifeſt thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The ſcar indented by the tuſky boar, 385
When by thyſelf and by Anticlea ſent
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another ſign thy offſpring know;
The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, theſe fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footſteps with unequal pace; 391
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load, 395
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice. 400
Smit with the ſigns, which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulyſſes thrown;

He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſs'd:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis ſo—the ſuitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia riſe?
To this Ulyſſes: As the Gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.
Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at a lowly door.
The ſwains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;
His gazing ſon admires the godlike grace,
And air celeſtial dawning o'er his face,
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!
Oh! would to all the deathleſs Powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the ſky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praiſe)
My ſtrength were ſtill, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.
Such were I now, not abſent from your deed
When the laſt ſun beheld the ſuitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand beſtrown
Our floors with death, and puſh'd the ſlaughter on;
Nor had the ſire been ſeparate from the ſon.
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The ſwains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the firſt, the venerable man;
And next his ſons, a long ſucceeding train.
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They ſee their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order ſeated round,
They ſhare the gladſome board; the roofs reſound.
While thus Ulyſſes to his ancient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feaſt attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius ſpreads his hands,
Springs to his maſter with a warm embrace,
And faſtens kiſſes on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wiſh, return'd!
Conducted ſure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happineſs attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bleſs'd, thy wiſh'd return! Oh, ſay
To the chaſte Queen, ſhall we the news convey?
Or hears ſhe, and with bleſſings loads the day?
Diſmiſs that care, for to the royal bride,
Already is it known (the king reply'd,
And ſtraight reſum'd his ſeat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying fame the ſwift report had ſpread
Through all the city, of the ſuitors dead.
In throngs they riſe, and to the palace crowd;
Their ſighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of ſlain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The reſt in ſhips are waſted o'er the main.
Then ſad in council all the ſeniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt Eupithes roſe,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The firſt who by Ulyſſes' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with ſighs, he thus began:
Great deeds, O friends! this wonderous man has wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a numerous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
In the beſt blood of all his native land.
Haſte then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he flies,
Or ſacred Elis, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
If unreveng'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along
(Reſtleſs and early ſleep's ſoft bands they broke)
And Medon firſt th' aſſembled chiefs beſpoke:
Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulyſſes ſtrode,
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld a preſent God,
Who now before him, now beſide him ſtood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
'Twas Heaven that ſtruck, and Heaven was on his ſide.
A ſudden horror all th' aſſembly ſhook,
When, ſlowly riſing, Halitherſes ſpoke:
(Reverend and wiſe, whoſe comprehenſive view
At once the preſent and the future knew)
Me too, ye fathers, hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed;

Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain).
An absent hero's bed they sought to soil,
An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil:
Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!
Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin—Justice will prevail.
His moderate words some better minds persuade:
They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty phrenzy fir'd,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.
They case their limbs in brass; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.
This pass'd on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
May I presume to search thy secret soul?
O Power supreme! O Ruler of the whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?
Declare thy purpose; for thy will is Fate.
Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue: since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, Heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, Oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd.
Let all be peace—He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:
And, prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent;
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.
Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race;
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And, brazen Panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended Maid:
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd:
Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.
So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy; [cries,
And, Bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day! he
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of th' Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!
Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's Daughter first implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air,
She said, infusing courage with the word:
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear;
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
Before the father and the conquering son
Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword, and now the javelin, all
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-eyed virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual slaughter: Peace descends to "spare."
Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames:
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then stopp'd the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd.
Descended from the Gods! Ulysses, cease;
Offend not Jove: obey and give the peace.
So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The Virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN those more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never Flattery knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.

Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found,
Art ſtrengthening Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laborioufly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmoothest ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty found.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images;
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Although diſgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear.
Some, in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral;
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall.
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the Sylvan Muſe
Should wear thoſe flowers her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought;
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long-loſt graces of ſimplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms, and native excellence:
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
Live, and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight:
So larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL! ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The Pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's Earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were:
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her watery plains;
The juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.
Nor ſweeter notes the echoing Foreſt chear,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and opening glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove; but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in every line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom;
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe Atlantic ſhores,
And ſhelter me in Windſor's fragrant bowers;
Or to my much-lov'd Iſis' walk convey,
And on her flowery banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the grove's eternal green,
Where ſacred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat;
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
And made that Muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
Not free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe;
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd Windſor in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:

They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That Maro taught, or Addiſon inſpir'd.
Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe and wander through the field or plain;
Led by thy Muſe, from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thundering gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the fluttering pheaſant lie!
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the generous courſer by;
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he 's gone! and now I ſee him fly
O'er hills and dales; and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh, could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He 'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe Lodona's melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over Time prevail;
The Tale be told when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The Nymph be ſung when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall the ſong, old Thames! forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n Britons more
Than all their ſhouts for victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name;
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In different colours roll a different tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the iſle;
A while diſtinct through many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long-diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

TO MR. POPE,

By the Right Honourable

ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

THE Muſe, of every heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is public, though not proud.
Widely extenſive is the Poet's aim,
And in each verſe he draws a bill on Fame.
For none have wit (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raiſe a Patron or a Friend;
But whatſoe'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themſelves foreſee.
Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating Poems of the age;
Nor by injurious ſcruples think it fit,
To hide their judgments who applaud your wit:
But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,
Who ſtrive for you, as Greece for Homer ſtrove;
Whilſt he who beſt your Poetry aſſerts,
Aſſerts his own, by ſympathy of parts.
Me Panegyric verſe does not inſpire,
Who never well can praiſe what I admire,
Nor in thoſe lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counſel in your ear:
Go on, to gain applauſes by deſert;
Inform the head, whilſt you diſſolve the heart:
Inflame the ſoldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the ſage:
Allure, with tender verſe, the Female race;
And give their darling paſſion, courtly grace:
Deſcribe the Foreſt ſtill in rural ſtrains,
With vernal ſweets freſh-breathing from the plains:
Your Tales be eaſy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the Poet in that part diſplay;
Nor let the Critic there his ſkill unfold,
For Boccace thus and Chaucer tales have told:
Sooth, as you only can, each different taſte,
And for the future charm us in the paſt.
Then, ſhould the verſe of every artful hand
Before your numbers eminently ſtand;
In you no vanity could thence be ſhown,
Unleſs, ſince fort in beauty of your own,
Some envious ſcribbler might in ſpite declare,
That for compariſon you plac'd them there.
But Envy could not againſt you ſucceed:
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Cenſure or Praiſe muſt from ourſelves proceed.

TO MR. POPE.

BY MISS JUD. COWPER, AFTERWARDS MRS MADAN.

O Pope! by what commanding wondrous art
Doſt thou each paſſion to each breaſt impart?
Our beating Hearts with ſprightly meaſures move,
Or melt us with a tale of hapleſs Love!
Th' elated mind's impetuous ſtarts controul,
Or gently ſooth to peace the troubled ſoul!
Graces till now that ſingly met our view,
And ſingly charm'd, unite at once in you:
A ſtyle polite, from affectation free,
Virgil's correctneſs, Homer's maieſty!
Soft Waller's caſe, with Milton's vigour wrought,
And Spenſer's bold luxuriancy of thought.
In each bright page, Strength, Beauty, Genius ſhine,
While nervous Judgment guides each flowing Line.
No borrow'd Tinſel glitters o'er theſe Lays,
And to the Mind falſe Delight conveys:
Throughout the whole with blended power is found,
The Weight of Senſe, and Elegance of Sound:
A laviſh Fancy, Wit, and Force, and Fire,
Graces each motion of th' immortal Lyre.

The matchleſs ſtrains our raviſh'd ſenſes charm:
How great the thought! the images how warm!
How beautifully juſt the turns appear!
The language how majeſtically clear!
With energy divine each period ſwells,
And all the Bard th' inſpiring God reveals.
Loſt in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn,
Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn;
Where his rich waves fair Windſor's towers ſurround,
And bounteous ruſh amid poetic ground.
O Windſor! ſacred to thy bliſsful ſeats,
Thy ſylvan ſhades, the Muſes' lov'd retreats;
Thy riſing hills, low vales, and waving woods,
Thy ſunny glades, and celebrated floods!
But chief Lodona's ſilver tides, that flow
Cold and unſullied as the mountain ſnow;
Whoſe virgin name no time nor change can hide,
Though ev'n her ſpotleſs waves ſhould ceaſe to glide:
In mighty Pope's immortalizing ſtrains,
Still ſhall ſhe grace and range the verdant plains;
By him ſelected for the Muſes' theme,
Still ſhine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid ſtream.

Go on, and, with thy rare reſiſtleſs art
Rule each emotion of the various heart;
The ſpring and teſt of verſe unrival'd reign,
And the full honours of thy youth maintain;
Sooth, with thy wonted eaſe and power divine,
Our ſouls, and our degenerate taſtes refine;
In judgment o'er our favourite follies ſit,
And ſoften Wiſdom's harſh reproofs to Wit.

Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand:
His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
In thee riſe worthy of their ſacred ſource;
His ſpirit heighten'd, yet his ſenſe intire,
As Gold runs purer from the trying fire.
O, for a Muſe like thine, while I rehearſe
Th' immortal beauties of thy various verſe!
Now light as air th' enlivening numbers move,
Soft as the downy plumes of fabled Love,
Gay as the ſtreaks that ſtain the gaudy bow,
Smooth as Meander's cryſtal mirrours flow.

But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
Joins the fleet courſers to the whirling car;
When the warm hero, with celeſtial might,
Augments the terror of the raging fight,
From his fierce eyes refulgent lightnings ſtream
(As Sol emerging darts a golden gleam);
In rough hoarſe verſe we ſee th' embattled foes;
In each loud ſtrain the fiery onſent glows;
With ſtrength redoubled here Achilles ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in thy lines.
So the bright Magic of the Painter's hand
Can cities, ſtreams, tall towers, and far-ſtretch'd plains, command;
Here ſpreading woods embrown the beauteous ſcene,
There the wide landſcape ſmiles with livelier green;
The floating glaſs reflects the diſtant ſky,
And o'er the whole the glancing ſun-beams fly;
Buds open, and diſcloſe the inmoſt ſhade;
The ripen'd harveſt crowns the level glade.
But when the artiſt does a work deſign,
Where bolder rage informs each breathing line;
When the ſtretch'd cloth a rougher ſtroke receives,
And Cæſar awful in the canvas lives;
When Art like laviſh Nature's ſelf ſupplies,
Grace to the limbs, and ſpirit to the Eyes;
When ev'n the paſſions of the mind are ſeen,
And the Soul ſpeaks in the exalted Mien;
When all is juſt; and regular, and great,
We own the mighty Maſter's ſkill, as boundleſs as complete.

LORD MIDDLESEX
TO
MR. POPE,
On Reading Mr. ADDISON's Account of the Engliſh Poets.

IF all who e'er invok'd the tuneful Nine,
In Addiſon's majeſtic numbers ſhine,
Why then ſhould Pope, ye bards, ye critics, tell
Remain unſung, who ſings himſelf ſo well?
Hear then, great bard, who can alike inſpire
With Waller's ſoftneſs, or with Milton's fire;
Whilſt I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' throng,
To thy juſt praiſes tune th' adventurous ſong.
How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
When gods and mortals, mix'd, ſuſtain the fight!
Like Milton then, though in more poliſh'd ſtrains
Thy chariots rattle o'er the ſmoaking plains.
What though archangel 'gainſt archangel arms,
And higheſt Heaven reſounds with dire alarms!
Doth not the reader with like dread ſurvey
The wounded gods repuls'd with foul diſmay?
But when ſome fair-one guides your ſofter verſe,
Her charms, her godlike features, to rehearſe;
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in ſmoother numbers charm!
When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
Give o'er, great bard, your fruitleſs toil give o'er,
For ſtill king Theobald ſcribbles as before;
Poor Shakeſpeare ſuffers by his pen each day,
While Grub-ſtreet alleys own his lawful ſway.
Now turn, my Muſe, thy quick, poetic eyes,
And view gay ſcenes and opening proſpects riſe.
Hark! how his ruſtic numbers charm around,
While groves to groves, and hills to hills reſound.
The liſtening beaſts ſtand fearleſs as he ſings,
And birds attentive cloſe their uſeleſs wings.
The ſwains and ſatyrs trip it o'er the plain,
And think old Spenſer is reviv'd again.
But when once more the godlike man begun
In words ſmooth flowing from his tuneful tongue
Raviſh'd they gaze, and ſtruck with wonder ſay
Sure Spenſer's ſelf ne'er ſung ſo ſweet a lay:

nce again Eliza glads the isle,
he kind Muses thus propitious smile—
gaze you thus? Why all this wonder,
rains?—
ope that sings, and Carolina reigns.
hold, my Muse! whose awkward verse
trays
ant of skill, nor shows the Poet's praise;
hen, and leave some fitter bard to tell
ope in every strain can write, in every
ain excel.

TO

Mr. POPE,

THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

comes, he comes! bid every Bard pre-
pare
g of triumph, and attend his Car.
heffield's Muse the long procession heads,
ows a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
res the palm she fir'd him to obtain,
his gay brow, and shows him how to
gn.
oung Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
m'd for all the miracles he wrought:
hiron did the youth he taught applaud,
to behold the earnest of a God.
ark! what shouts, what gathering crowds
oice!
'd their praise by any venal voice,
th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
Prostitutes, or needy Flatterers sue.
e the Chief! before him laurels borne;
es from undeserving temples torn:
age enchain'd reluctant raves; and there
ivy dumb, and fret'ning with despair,
o the earth she bends her loathing eye,
o support the blaze of majesty.
what are they that turn the sacred page?
lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
they read, and all enamour'd seem,
hat met his likeness in the stream.
RACES these; and see how they contend,
most shall praise, who best shall recom-
end.
Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
eans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
ix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
spect an unbounded view commands:
ond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou
huse,
laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
gh each great Ancient court thee to his
hrine,
gh every Laurel through the dome be thine,
n the proud Epic down to those that shade
gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
the Good and Just, an awful train,
soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:

While through the earth thy dear remembrance
flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE,

BY MR. HARTE.

To move the springs of nature as we please;
To think with spirit, but to write with ease;
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art:
For this th' Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heavenly lyre.
'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to
trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's veil with living lustre shines,
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides;
Some fairer image of perfection giv'n
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heaven.
O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust;
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?
Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays:
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage;
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.
So see in some picture where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness join;
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows;
Soft without weakness, without labour fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness and care!
How blest the man that from the world re-
moves,
To joys that Mordaunt *, or his Pope, approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er;
Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!

* *Earl of Peterborough, conqueror of Valencia.*

Nor deem this verſe, though humble, a diſgrace:
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footſteps in the paths to fame.
The Muſe, who now this early homage pays,
Firſt learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muſe as yet unhonour'd, but unſtain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbiaſs'd or to cenſure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make thoſe virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE

TRIUMVIRATE OF POETS.

BY MRS. TOLLET*.

BRITAIN with Greece and Rome contended long
For lofty genius and poetic ſong,
Till this Auguſtan age with Three was bleſt,
To fix the prize and finiſh the conteſt.
In Addiſon, immortal Virgil reigns;
So pure his numbers, ſo refin'd his ſtrains:
Of nature full with more impetuous heat
In Prior Horace ſhines ſublimely great,
Thy country, Homer! we diſpute no more!
For Pope has fix'd it to his native ſhore.

SPRING.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;
Let vernal airs through trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs refound the rural lay.
You that, too wiſe for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!

O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad, when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year:
And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing;
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daſies ſpring,
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen:
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

* *Of whom ſee in Congreve's Poems, vol.* v.

STREPHON.

olden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
ſweep Amber on the banks of Po;
ames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties
l,
my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
thus, Ceres Hybla loves:
r ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
d Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

STREPHON.

re mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhowers,
the birds, and cloſ'd the drooping
s;
ile, the flowers begin to ſpring,
o brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

re laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
mild luſtre warms the vital air;
nile, new glories gild the ſhore,
iſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

g the fields, in autumn hills I love,
he plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
lways; abſent from her ſight,
at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

like autumn ripe, yet mild as May
nt than noon, yet freſh as early day;
diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here;
d with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the

STREPHON.

phnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
is Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears:
t this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
he conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

l me firſt, in what more happy fields
e ſprings, to which the Lilly yields:
nobler prize I will reſign;
charming Sylvia, ſhall be thine.

DAMON.

contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
o Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
is, whoſe Nymphs in every grace ex-
phs, whoſe Swains thoſe graces ſing
l!
and haſte to yonder woodbine bowers,
at from ſudden vernal ſhowers
ith rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets
l.
e gathering flocks to ſhelter tend.
he Pleiads fruitful ſhowers deſcend.

SUMMER.

THE

SECOND PASTORAL.

OR

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant Alders form'd a quivering ſhade,
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhower.
Accept, O Garth the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.
Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where ſtray ye, Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the watery glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I fought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſhear:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He ſaid; Alexis, take this pipe, the fame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
O! were I made by ſome tranſforming power
The captive bird that ſings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy liſtening ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The Nymphs, forſaking every cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!

Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again,
For you the ſwains the faireſt flowers deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield,
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade;
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flowers ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in every grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the powers above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wondering foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſtening in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To cool the ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN,

THE

THIRD PASTORAL,

OR

HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLY.

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of Swains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn.
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong;
For her the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her the lillies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay;
Fade every bloſſom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and periſh all but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flowers ariſe!
Let opening roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their evening ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not ſhowers to larks, or ſun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleaſing frenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!
Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain;
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain;
Here, where the mountains, leſſening as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While labouring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat;

While curling ſmoaks from village tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſs'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the boughs are worn away?
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt Gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are leſt a prey."
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd ſheep?
Pan came, and aſk'd, what magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains;
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd every ſhade.

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL; OR DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the muſic of that murmuring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory mounts the ſky,
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſtening Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth de-
"plore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie;
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and Beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood;
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the
ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from evening ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and Sweetneſs is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne
ſings,
Shall, liſtening in mid air, ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or, huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Muſic is no more!
Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood:
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with
tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death de-
plore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But ſee! where Daphne wondering mounts on
high
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!

Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene,
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green!
There while you reſt in Amaranthine bowers,
Or from thoſe meads ſelect unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,
In ſome ſtill evening, when the whiſpering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe, ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams, and groves;
Adieu, ye ſhepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye ſilvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flower with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' Æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhower!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient frauds ſhall fail;
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye vallies, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture, and the pureſt air;
Explores the loſt, the wandering ſheep directs,
By day o'erlees them and by night protects.
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurpriſe
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On riſted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flowery palms ſucceed,
And odorous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

bright altars throng'd with proſtrate
ıgs,
ep'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
e Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
ds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
ven its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
eak upon thee in a flood of day!
re the riſing Sun ſhall gild the morn,
ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
e of glory, one unclouded blaze
w thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
ıs ſt all waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
all to duſt, and mountains melt away;
'd his word, his ſaving power remains;
ealm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH
igns!

NDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Y foreſts, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
e the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
k your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
ille commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
Muſe for Granville can refuſe to ſing?

groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
n deſcription, and look green in ſong;
, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
hem in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
arth and water ſeem to ſtrive again:
haos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
ıs the world, harmoniouſly confus'd;
order in variety we ſee,
vhere, though all things differ, all agree.
waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
part admit, and part exclude the day;
me coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
uite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
, interſperſed in lawns and opening glades,
trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
in full light the ruſſet plains extend;
, wrapt in clouds, the bluiſh hills aſcend.
the wild heath diſplays her purple dies,
'midſt the deſert, fruitful fields ariſe,
crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing
orn,
verdant iſles the fable waſte adorn.
ndia boaſt her plants, nor envy we
weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
by our oaks the precious loads are born,
realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
roud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
gh Gods aſſembled grace his towering
eight,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves).
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And even the elements a tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhowers diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive Tyrants bled,
But, while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game:
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The level'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The ſex obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th' Oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his Vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chacer, and at once the prey.
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects' cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſts wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſport touch'd the unconſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vigorous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.

When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſtorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they truſt th' unfaithful feld beſet,
Till hovering o'er them ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,
Some thoughtleſs Town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And high in air Britannia's ſtandard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dies,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo):
With ſlaughtering guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft' as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial ſpring, beneath the quivering ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car.
The youth rush eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courſer pants in every vein,
And, pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſs'd
And, ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threatening ſteep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a Queen;
Whoſe care, like her's, protects the ſylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empreſs of the main.
Here, too, 'tis ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offſpring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt).
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent, and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and burning with deſire
Purſued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;
And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—though baniſh'd from thy
"train,
"Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
"My native ſhades! there weep, and murmur
"there!"
She ſaid, and, melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the Goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies,
The watery landſkip of the pendent woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green

The fair scene roll slow the lingering
arms,
oaming pour along, and rush into the
hames.
u, too, great father of the British floods!
joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
towering oaks their growing honours rear,
uture navies on thy shores appear.
eptune's self from all her streams receives
thier tribute, than to thine he gives.
so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
so gentle, and no spring so clear.
so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
ed along the skies his current strays,
, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
the mansion of our earthly Gods: 230
his stars above a lustre show,
bright Beauties on thy banks below;
Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
hange Olympus for a nobler hill.
y the man whom this bright Court ap-
proves,
reign favours, and his Country loves:
ext him, who on these shades retires,
Nature charms, and whom the Muse in-
es,
umbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
e study, exercise and ease. 240
rs health from herbs the forest yields,
their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
ymic art exalts the mineral powers,
ws the aromatic souls of flowers:
rks the course of rolling orbs on high;
r'd worlds now travels with his eye; 246
nt writ unlocks the learned store,
the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
lering thoughtful in the silent wood,
the duties of the wise and good, 250
ve a mean, to be himself a friend,
w nature, and regard his end;
on heaven with more than mortal eyes;
free soul expatiate in the skies,
er kindred stars familiar roam, 255
he region, and confess her home!
s the life great Scipio once admir'd,
ticus, and Trumbull thus retir'd.
cred Nine! that all my soul possess,
aptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
very mazes, and surrounding greens;
nes's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
e ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill;
per's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
sts the mountain, or while Thames shall
w):
rough consecrated walks to rove,
oft music die along the grove:
he sound, I roam from shade to shade,
like poets venerable made: 270
first lays majestic Denham sung;
he last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
gue.
lost! what tears the river shed,
e sad pomp along his banks was led!
VI.

His drooping swans on every note expire, 275
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly
voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley
strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung? 280
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery silvan scenes, 285
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star. 290
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor
bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every
age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious
field, 305
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear, 310
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, fast behind him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th'extended Albion could contain, 315
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone);
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed! 321
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have
bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said,—"Let Discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:

Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on their banks Auguſta roſe in gold:
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood!
Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Loddon ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flowery iſlands lave;
And Chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.

High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd, and ſpoke; the winds forgot to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.

Hail, ſacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Though Tyber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heaven itſelf the ſeven-fold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſes' themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a ſervile train:
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall dye with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending villas on my ſide,
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide.
Behold! Auguſta's glittering ſpires increaſe,
And temples riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty nations ſhall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There Kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant States be ſeen
Once more to bend before a Britiſh Queen.

Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into thy floods:
Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Croſs diſplay,
To the bright regions of the riſing day:
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy ſide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh, ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till Conqueſt ceaſe, and Slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And ether Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds ſhall barbarous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires.
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain.

Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lay
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of opening fate to light:
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flowery plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olive ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing:
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſtening ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

ODE FOR MUSIC
ON
ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend, and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire;
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:

, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
ep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
lark! the numbers soft and clear
ently steal upon the ear;
low louder, and yet louder rise,
nd fill with spreading sounds the skies;
g in triumph now swell the bold notes,
n air trembling, the wild music floats;
ll, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
dying, dying fall.

II.

c, minds an equal temper know,
swell too high, nor sink too low.
breast tumultuous joys arise;
r soft, assuasive voice applies;
hen the soul is press'd with cares,
her in enlivening airs.
ste fires with animated sounds;
m into the bleeding lover's wounds;
ancholy lifts her head,
pheus rouses from his bed,
h unfolds her arms and wakes,
ening Envy drops her snakes;
war no more our Passions wage,
dy factions hear away their rage.

III.

a our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
rtial music every bosom warms!
the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
ile Argo saw her kindred trees
cend from Pelion to the main.
nsported demi-gods stood round,
l men grew heroes at the sound,
a'd with glory's charms:
ef his sevenfold shield display'd,
unsheath'd the shining blade:
, and rocks, and skies rebound
ns, to arms, to arms!

IV.

n through all th' infernal bounds,
aming Phlegeton surrounds,
e, strong as Death, the Poet led
the pale nations of the dead,
unds were heard,
nes appear'd,
ll the dreary coasts!
adful gleams,
nal screams,
s that glow,
eks of woe,
en moans,
low groans,
ries of tortur'd ghosts!
! he strikes the golden lyre;
the tortur'd ghosts respire.
See, shady forms advance!
stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
s rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heaven.

TWO

CHORUSES

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Altered from Shakeſpeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whoſe deſire theſe two Choruſes were compoſed, to ſupply as many, wanting in his play. They were ſet many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
Where heavenly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes' ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heaven-born ſiſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral truth and myſtic Song!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore;
See Arts her ſavage ſons control,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball!
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once, ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In every age, in every ſtate!
Still, when the luſt of tyrant power ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGI

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous b
Wiſdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But entering learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature has impreſt?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and generous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to Love:
Brutus for abſent Porcia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient gueſt,
Spent in ſudden ſtorm of luſt;
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh ſource of every ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now b
With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmizes;
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurprizes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure;
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about
Years old.

HAPPY the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whoſe herbs with milk, whoſe fields with
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire;
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

who can unconcern'dly find
irs, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
lth of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
:ether mix'd; ſweet recreation,
nocence, which moſt does pleaſe
With meditation.
let me live, unſeen, unknown;
is unlamented let me die,
rom the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

O D E.

: DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

TAL ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
'rembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
)h the pain, the bliſs of dying!
fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
:t me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper: Angels ſay,
ifter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
'teals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
ns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
ne, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

vorld recedes; it diſappears!
:n opens on my eyes! my ears
th ſounds ſeraphic ring:
lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
ave! where is thy Victory?
)eath! where is thy Sting?

AN ESSAY ON : RITICISM.

'IS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
f the two, leſs dangerous is th' offence
re our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
few in that, but numbers err in this,
:enſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
ıl might once himſelf alone expoſe,
one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
is with our judgments as our watches; none
uſt alike, yet each believes his own.
ets as true genius is but rare,
taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
muſt alike from Heaven derive their light,
e born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt;
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you, who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid power of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away,
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings, we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſeveral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
Firſt follow Nature; and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring NATURE, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pom

In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed:
The winged courſer, like a generous horſe,
Shews moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.

Thoſe RULES of old diſcover'd, not deviſ'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodis'd:
Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights;
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
Juſt precepts thus from great example given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heaven.
The generous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.

You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character:
His Fable, Subject, ſcope in every page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring;
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe:
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.

When firſt young Maro, in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign;
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature, is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry; in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licenſe anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licenſe is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
Which, without paſſing through the judgment gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
Great Wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade
(As Kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made);
Moderns, beware! or, if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end:
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhaped appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His powers in equal ranks, in fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſometimes ſeem to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which error ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty name ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!

fome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
ſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
on weak wings, from far purſues your
ights:
while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
ch vain wits a ſcience little known,
ire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own:
ill the cauſes which conſpire to blind
erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
DE, the never-failing vice of fools.
ver Nature has in worth deny'd,
ves in large recruits of needful Pride!
in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with
ind:
where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
lls up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
right reaſon drives that cloud away,
breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
ot yourſelf: but, your defects to know,
ſe of every friend—and every foe.
learning is a dangerous thing!
deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
inking largely ſobers us again.
t firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
leſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
, from the bounded level of our mind,
iews we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
ore advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
iſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
s'd at firſt the towering Alps we try,
o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky;
ernal ſnows appear already paſt,
e firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
hoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
owing labours of the lengthen'd way:
creaſing proſpect tires our wandering eyes,
eep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!
rfect judge will read each Work of Wit
he ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to
id
nature moves, and rapture warms the
ind;
ſe, for that malignant dull delight,
nerous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
ly cold, and regularly low,
ſhunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
not blame indeed—but we may ſleep,
as Nature, what affects our hearts
h' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
t a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
joint force and full reſult of all.
when we view ſome well-proportion'd
ome,
world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O
ome!)
gle parts unequally ſurprize,
es united to th' admiring eyes;
nſtrous height, or breadth, or length ap-
ar;
hole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encountering on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſperate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice:
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.
"Not ſo by heaven (he anſwers in a rage!
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics, of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glittering thoughts ſtruck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies periſh through exceſs of blood.
Others for Language all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:
Their praiſe is ſtill—the ſtyle is excellent:
The ſenſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaz'd th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress't.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow.
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize:
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me!
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

vulgar thus through imitation err;
he Learn'd by being ſingular;
h they ſcorn the crowd, that if the throng
nce go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
ſmatics the plain believers quit,
: hut damn'd for having too much wit.
raiſe at morning what they blame at night,
ays think the laſt opinion right.
: by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
ur ſhe 's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
heir weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their
e.
n the cauſe; they 're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
ll to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
ik our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
ſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
hool-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
new moſt ſentences was deepeſt read;
goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
ne had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
and Thomiſts, now in peace remain,
their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
ı itſelf has different dreſſes worn,
yonder modes in Wit ſhould take their
n?
ıving what is natural and fit,
rent folly proves the ready wit;
thors think their reputation ſafe,
lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
, valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
ike themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
we think we honour merit then,
ve but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
in Wit attend on thoſe of State,
blic faction doubles private hate.
Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
ous ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaux;
ıſe furviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
ng merit will buoy up at laſt.
he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
lackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
ıould great Homer liſt his awful head,
again would ſtart up from the dead.
ſill merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
ke a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
vy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
poſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
firſt that un too powerful beams diſplays,
rs up vapours which obſcure its rays;
'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
new glories, and augment the day.
hou the firſt, true merit to befriend;
uſe is loſt, who ſtays till all commend.
s the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
is but juſt to let them live betimes.
ger now that golden age appears,
Patriarch-wits furviv'd a thouſand years:
ngth of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
ıre threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
ıs their fathers' failing language ſee,
eh as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
n the faithful pencil has deſign'd
ıright idea of the maſter's mind,

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings;
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flower the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
The moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with
eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If Wit ſo much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards, who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah, ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dreg remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obſcenity ſhould find,
Though wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the ſat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large in-
creaſe:
When love was all an eaſy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The Fair ſat panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins ſmil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licenſe of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;

Where Heaven's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe Monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.
LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to ſhow;
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine;
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow, but ſeek your friendſhip too.
Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, though ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure, own your errors paſt,
And make each day a critique on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſehoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wife to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take:
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull!
Such, without wit, are Poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowzy courſe they keep,
And lath'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull dropping of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such ſhameleſs Bards we have: and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Criticks too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears
And always liſtening to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him, moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools ruſh in where Angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And, never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thundering tide.
But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere:
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow;
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet uncenſin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converſe, a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew:
The mighty Stagyrite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, though he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong Tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!

y and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
olar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
ave Quintillian's copious work, we find
teſt rules and cleareſt method join'd:
ſeful arms in magazines we place,
g'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace,
; to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
for uſe, and ready at command.
, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
:ſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
nt Judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
armth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
g and Rome alike in empire grew,
ts ſtill follow'd where her Eagles flew;
e fame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
fame age ſaw Learning fall, and Rome.
yranny, then Superſtition join'd,
the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
as believ'd, but little underſtood,
e dull was conſtrued to be good:
d deluge Learning thus o'er-ran,
Monks finiſh'd what the Goths began.
gth Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
ory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
he wild torrent of a barbarous age,
we thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
e! each Muſe, in Leo's golden days,
om her trance, and trims her wither'd
s;
ancient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
ff the duſt, and rears his reverend head.
ulpture and her ſiſter-arts revive;
:ap d to form, and rocks began to live;
eeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
el painted, and a Vida ſung.
l Vida: on whoſe honour'd brow
t's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
a now ſhall ever hoaſt thy name,
in place to Mantua, next in fame!
ſoon, by impious arms from Latium
hac'd,
cient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
ic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
s a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
leau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
t unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
r the liberties of wit, and bold,
defy'd the Romans, as of old.
e there were among the founder few
who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
rſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
e reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
; the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
e's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."
is Roſcommon, not more learn'd than
d,
nners generous as his noble blood;
he Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
ry author's merit but his own.

Such late was Walſh,—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—this verſe to Caryl, Muſe! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſk ſo bold, can little men engage?
And in ſoft boſoms dwell ſuch mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains ſhot a timorous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouzing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable:
A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to Fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaz'd th' unlearn'd, and made the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft' creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must

pleaſe,
courtier's eaſe.
work, we find
method join'd: 670
we place,
'd with grace,
arm the hand,
command.
the Nine inſpire,
poet's fire. 676
ous in his truſt,
yet is always juſt;
all his laws;
name he draws. 680
juſtly reign'd,
d.
grew,
flew;
felt their doom,
fall, and Rome.
join'd,
the mind;
underſtood,
to be good: 690
o'er-ran,
the Goths began.
great injur'd name,
, and the ſhame!)
barbarous age, 695
off the ſtage.
Leo's golden days,
and trims her wither'd
o'er its ruins ſpread,
ars his reverend head.
letter-arts revive;
and rocks began to live;
ring Temple rung;
a Vida ſung.
honour'd brow 705
's ivy grow:
boaſt thy name,
next in fame!
arms from Latium
the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
northern world advance,
d moſt in France:
born to ſerve, obeys;
ight of Horace ſways.
foreign laws deſpis'd,
, and unciviliz'd; 716
of wit, and bold,
Romans, as of old.
among the founder few
preſum'd, and better knew, 720
the juſter ancient cauſe,
Wit's fundamental laws.
hoſe rules and practice tell,
piece is writing well."
not mere learn'd than

as his noble blood;
e and Rome was known,
it but his own.

Such late was Walſh.—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend; 730
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The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
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In taſk ſo bold, can little men engage?
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And ope'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
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And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake: 15
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Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy reſt: 20
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The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught; 30
Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;

Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Though Honour is the word with Men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic powers.
A heavenly Image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises to her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty 's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair Nymphs and well-dress'd Youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.

r white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
h Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore,
vely looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
urs to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
e rejects, but never once offends.
t as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
aceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
er ſhare ſome female errors fall,
on her face, and you'll forget them all.
s Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
ſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
al curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
ſhining ringlets the ſmooth ivory neck.
n theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
ighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
airy ſpringes we the birds betray;
lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey;
eſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
eauty draws us with a ſingle hair.
adventurous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
r, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
'd to win, he meditates the way,
ce to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
en ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
k, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
ious heaven, and every power ador'd;
iefly Love—to Love an altar built,
lve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.
lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
l the trophies of his former loves.
ender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
reathes three amorous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
o obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:
owers gave ear, and granted half his
rayer;
ft, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.
now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
n-beams trembling on the floating tides:
melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
ften'd ſounds along the waters die;
h flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
a ſmil'd, and all the world was gay,
t the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
ipending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
mmons ſtrait his Denizens of air;
icid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
eem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
to the ſun their inſect wings unfold,
n the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
parent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
to the wind their airy garments flew,
glittering textures of the filmy dew,
d in the richeſt tinctures of the ſkies,
light diſports in ever-mingling dyes,
every beam new tranſient colours flings,
s that change whene'er they wave their
ings.

Amid the circle on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the ſun,
He raiſ'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the courſe of wondering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundleſs ſky;
Some, leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintery main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the Britiſh Throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, though leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Not let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flowers;
To ſteal from rainbows, ere they drop in ſhowers,
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.
This day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her favorite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Though ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with rib of whale.
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or tranſfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clogg'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;

Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod, walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe paſt the Gnome through this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus addreſs'd the Power—Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy power diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion where no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.
The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, though ſhe grants his prayer.
A wonderous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd through cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
"Plague on 't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—nay pr'ythee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain;
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock, I ſwear.
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and, ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee the Nymph in beauteous grief appear,
Her eyes half-languiſhing half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd: and thus ſhe ſaid.
For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my favorite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes, that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
Oh had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering China ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hand ſhall rend what e'en thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;

rl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
:empts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
idſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
leſs in light, or any hairs but theſe!

CANTO V.

E ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears;
but fate and jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's
:ars.
in Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
rho can move when fair Belinda fails?
ılf ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain,
: Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
:e enſued, and thus the Nymph began.
, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd
noſt,
vife man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
Beaux?
bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
s good-ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains!
men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
d the firſt in virtue as in face!
f to dance all night and dreſs all day,
:'d the ſmall-pox, or chac'd old-age away;
would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares
roduce,
:o would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
tch, nay ogle, may become a Saint;
ould it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
nce, alas! frail beauty muſt decay;
l or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
he who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
then remains, but well our power to uſe,
eep good-humour ſtill, whate'er we loſe?
ruſt me, Dear! good humour can prevail,
airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcold-
ng fail,
ies in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
as ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſued;
la frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
ms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
wift as lightning to the combat flies.
le in parties, and begin th' attack;
clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones
rack;
:s and Heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
baſe and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
ommon weapon in their hands are found;
Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
heavenly breaſts with human paſſions rage;
ift Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
s thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps re-
ſound:
: ſhakes her nodding towers, the ground
gives way,
the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the
fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin-ſpears, the Sprites ſur-
vey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.
While through the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the men's wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord, with manly ſtrength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdued:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears).
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die, dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Reſtore the Lock, ſhe cries; and all around,
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft' ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There Heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vaſes,
And Beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer caſes:

There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound;
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's prayers,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
drew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A ſudden Star, it ſhot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heaven beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs through the ſkies.
This the Beau-monde ſhall from the Mall
ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ra-
viſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghoſt, along the moon-
light ſhade,
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Powers! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world be-
fore,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your childre
fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furi
ſtecl'd,
And curſt with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glo
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mourn
bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were cloſ'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compoſ'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn
What though no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What though no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſtrall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſs'd
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground now ſacred by thy reliques made.
So, peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO Mr. ADDISON's TRAGEDY OF

CATO.

wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
'o raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
ke mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
s the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
nding tears to ſtream through every age;
s no more their ſavage nature kept,
es to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
thor ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
ro's glory, or the virgin's love;
ing Love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
ild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
ears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
ars as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
lls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
'lato thought, and godlike Cato was:
mon object to your ſight diſplays,
at with pleaſure Heaven itſelf ſurveys,
e man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
eatly falling with a falling ſtate.
Cato gives his little Senate laws,
oſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
es him act, but envies every deed?
ears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
hen proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
oils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
y vain, and impotently great,
Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
dead father's reverend image paſt,
mp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
umph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from every eye;
orld's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
good man dejected Rome ador'd,
nour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
ons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
ew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
oneſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdued;
cene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
nch tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
ly warm'd with your own native rage:
lays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
o's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO Mr. ROWE's JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

ODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
rom her own ſex ſhould mercy find to-day!
ight have held the pretty head aſide,
in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore!—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of their ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy ſoft nights, and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our Author in the wife offends,
He has a Huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tell us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make;
But, pray which of you all would take her back?
Though with the Stoic Chief our Stage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City:
There many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith let the modeſt Matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

SAPPHO

TO

PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that doſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love!

Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muſe?
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds,
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I 'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurpriſe,
Thoſe heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare;
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Though great Alcæus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inſpire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Though ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heaven itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends,
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glofſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd:
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vaſt a memory has love!
My Muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods! a Leſbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wandering heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad terror run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fam
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas, what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling diamonds glow
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as thes
He 's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muſe in melting notes complain
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrain
By charms like thine which all my ſoul h
won,
Who migh not—ah! who would not be undo
For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious m
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's fl
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep:
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eye
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you!)
Farewell, my Leſbian love, you might have ſ
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Leſbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with h
No charge I gave you, and no charge could g
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe powers ador'd by
And Love, the God that ever waits on
When firſt I heard (from whom
That you were fled, and
Like ſome
Grief c

hen weep; I curſe, and then complain;
ell to rage, now melt in tears again.
eer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
irſt-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
aful brother with a ſmile appears,
ny woes, and triumphs in my tears:
d image ever haunts my eyes;
y this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
ith my love, and furious with deſpair,
my garments, and my boſom bare,
s, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
onſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
art all my care and my delight,
longing, and my dream by night:
, more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
ncy gives what abſence takes away,
ſeſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
my fair deſerter to my arms!
und your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
u, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
nd tender words I hear and ſpeak;
nd melting kiſſes give, and take:
reer joys; I bluſh to mention theſe,
le I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
n, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
ſings wake to life and joy, but I;
e more forſaken, I complain,
é my eyes to dream of you again:
ntic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
lonely plains, and through the ſilent grove;
ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
ew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains
he Grotto, once the ſcene of love,
s around, the hanging roofs above,
rm'd me more, with native moſs o'er-
wn,
rygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
e ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
ion gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
ſt entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
t earth which once was preſs'd by you,
with tears the withering herbs bedew.
the fading trees appear to mourn,
ls defer their ſongs till thy return:
ades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
he mournful Philomel and I:
urnful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
s ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
ng there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below;
y Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
l the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
reens the moſſy margin grace,
by the ſylvan Genius of the place.
lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
y ſight a watery Virgin ſtood:
and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
nce, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main.
ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending

[illegible]

" But when from hence he plung'd into the
" main,
" Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
" Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps
" below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to
prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!
On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I 'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with
thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more powerful
be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
O far more faithleſs, and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſs'd;
This breaſt, which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo
well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes
dwell?
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Leſbian virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall
ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling
ſtring:
My Phaon 's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no prayers, no ſighs, no numbers,
move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my ſighs, my [illegible]
hear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
[illegible] ſhall more ſuſpicious [illegible]
[illegible] eyes reſtore thy welcome [illegible]

If you return—ah why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love!

ELOISA
TO
ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love! from Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd th'unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm to the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage have I said
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!

. where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand,
yard had oppos'd the dire command.
.n, ſtay: that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
ne was common, common be the pain.
more; by ſhame by rage ſuppreſs'd,
and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.
thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
ict ims at yon altar's foot we lay?
ou forget what tears that moment fell,
warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
nes all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
nts with wonder heard the vows I made.
, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
he croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
e, or zeal, love only was my call;
I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
with thy looks, thy words, relieve my
;
ill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
hat breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
k delicious poiſon from thy eye,
thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
ner beauties charm my partial eyes,
ny view ſet all the bright abode,
ke my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
ink at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
f thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
e falſe world in early youth they fled,
to monntains, wilds, and deſerts led.
s'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd
radiſe was open'd in the wild.
ping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
ines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
r ſaints, by dying miſers given,
ibe the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
h plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
ly vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
e lone walls (their days eternal bound)
moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets
wn'd,
awful arches make a noon-day night,
e dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
es diffus'd a reconciling ray,
ams of glory brighten'd all the day.
w no face divine contentment wears,
blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
w the force of others prayers I try,
us fraud of amorous charity!)
y ſhould I on others prayers depend?
hou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
: thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter, move,
l thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
rkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
igh, and murmur to the hollow wind,
andering ſtreams that ſhine between the
lls,
ots that echo to the tinkling rills,
ing gales that pant upon the trees,
es that quiver to the curling breeze;
re theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
to reſt the viſionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding aiſles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe;
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, Heaven! but whence aroſe that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine!
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,—do all things but forget!
But let heaven ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come, oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep?"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heaven.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſpering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes;
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins Hymenæls ſing;
To ſounds of heavenly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſpring to thee.

O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Demons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me every ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands chaſt'd; Religion diſapproves:
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïſa loves.
Ah, hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light th' dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heaven; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! O Virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
"Come, ſiſter, come!" (it ſaid, or ſeem'd "ſay)
"Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
"Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, "pray'd,
"Love's victim then, though now a ſaint "maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
"Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear;
"For God, not man, abſolves our frailty "here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bowers,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments mayſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my liſted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From opening ſkies may ſtreaming glories flow,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;

dly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
y we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
e full choir when loud Hoſannas riſe,
ll the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice;
at ſcene if ſome relenting eye
on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
n's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heaven,
nan tear ſhall drop, and be forgiven.
e if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
imilitude of griefs to mine,
n'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
age charms he muſt behold no more;
there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
our ſad, our tender ſtory tell!
ll-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
can paint them who ſhall feel them moſt.

THE

TEMPLE

OF

FAME.

t ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhowers
forth the greens, and wake the riſing
wers;
pening buds ſalute the welcome day,
rth relenting feels the genial ray:
ny ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
re itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
of phantoms in wild order roſe,
oin'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
d, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
ole creation open to my eyes:
elf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow;
ked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen;
owery cities, and the foreſts green:
iling ſhips delight the wandering eyes;
rees and intermingled temples riſe;
clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays;
nficient landſcape now in clouds decays.
the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
oken thunders that at diſtance roar,
ows murmuring on the hollow ſhore:
azing up, a glorious pile beheld,
towering ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd,
n a rock of ice the ſtructure lay,
ts aſcent, and ſlippery was the way;
onderous rock like Parian marble hone,
em'd, to diſtant ſight, a ſolid ſtone,
tions here of various Names I view'd,
eater part by hoſtile time ſubdued;
ide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
oets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
reſh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
d again, nor could their trace be found.
I ſaw, that other names deface,
x their own, with labour, in their place:
own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
ppear'd, and left the firſt behind,

Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy, than exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky;
As Atlas fix'd each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides, ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil:
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a ſudden Thebes expire!
Cytheron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the lengthening ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Great Zoroaſter waves the circling wand:
The ſage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachman's, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtopp'd the moon, and call'd th' embody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride,
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath;
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, though high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſtening Angels lean from heaven to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' Ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd every maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What you, (ſhe cry'd), unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigued with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and ſhrill ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run through all the crowd.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On ſovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome power unknown
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace, is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance;
Thus every voice and ſound, when firſt they break
On neighbouring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts raiſ'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it ſpread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And towers and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below,
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:

).remain and ſome to periſh ſoon;
ıe and wax alternate like the moon.
ł, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro'
e ſky.
re, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
nd truth contending for the way;
ng 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
firſt ſhould iſſue through the narrow vent:
agreed, together out they fly,
:able now, the truth and lye;
·ict companions are for ever join'd,
is or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
me, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
ould thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
ı, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
io ſo fond as youthful bards of fame?
ı, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
l to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
ıin that ſecond life in others breath,
ate which wits inherit after death!
ıealth, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
e the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
:at man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
r'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
deſs wits their enemies profeſt,
ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
me I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
nes unlook'd-for, if ſhe comes at all.
:he purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price
hing Folly, or exalting vice:
the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
low ſtill where fortune leads the way;
o baſis bear my riſing name,
fall'n ruins of another's fame;
:ach me, heaven! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
om my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe;
iſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
t an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

RE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
days of old, a wiſe and worthy Knight;
e manners, as of generous race,
h much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace;
aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
could rule ſome idle appetites:
ago, let Prieſts ſay what they could,
ful laymen were but fleſh and blood.

But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage pr ck'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly-dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his conſtant prayer,
Once e'er he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.
Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſon ſtill,
(For none want reaſon to confirm their will).
Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and, free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future or eſteem the paſt:
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The mary'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and heaven to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what ſo pure which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;
A boſom-ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night invaſion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wiſe theſe ſlanderous words regard,
But curſe the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
Cur grandſire Adam, ere of eve poſſeſs'd,
Alone, an ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:

Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews and slew the Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke):
Behold the weight of three score years I bend,
And worn with cares, and hastening to my end;
Now I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious heaven has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, to the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But, since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my desires approv'd by your consent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
These are too wise for bachelors to wed;
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss:
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then I should live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die?
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost, for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heaven's consent and mine.
And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part.
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind.
He said; the rest in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd;
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate;
Placebo this was call'd and Justin that.
First to the Knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone):
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years:
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
As still I hold your own advice the best.
Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways:
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and best sense a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man!
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness, and grave impotence.
Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.
A heathen author of the first degree,
(Who, though not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But, if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend:
And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.

knows, I shed full many a private tear,
in silence, lest the world should hear!
l my friends applaud my blissful life,
ear no mortal 's happier in a wife;
and chaste as any vestal Nun,
ekest creature that beholds the sun!
the immortal powers, I feel the pain,
that smarts has reason to complain.
you list, for me; you must be sage,
tions sure; for wisdom is in age:
hese years, to venture on the fair;
who made the ocean, earth, and air,
se a wife, when her occasions call,
ousy the most vigorous of us all.
st me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
observance, and exact her dues.
I speak my noble Lord offend,
ous sermon here is at an end.
rell, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight re-
lies,
orthy kinsman, faith you 're mighty wise!
, are fools, and must resign the cause
nenish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
e with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
es my friend, my dear Placebo, say?
quoth he, by heaven the man 's to blame,
ler wives, and wedlock's holy name.
is the council rose, without delay;
his own opinion, went his way;
ll consent, that, all disputes appea 'd,
ght should marry, when and where he
pleas'd.

now but January exults with joy?
rms of wedlock all his soul employ;
mph by turns his wavering mind possest,
gn'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
ancy pictur'd every lively part,
h bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
n some public Forum fix'd on high,
our shows the figures moving by;
by one, in swift succession, pass
ding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
dy's charms the nicest could not blame,
suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
as with sense, but not with virtue, blest;
e had grace, that wanted all the rest,
oubting long what nymph he should obey,
d at last upon the youthful May.
lts he knew not, Love is always blind,
ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
der age, her form divinely fair,
y motion, her attractive air,
eet behaviour, her enchanting face,
oving softness, and majestic grace.

h in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
ought no mortal could dispute his choice:
nore in haste he summon'd every friend,
ld them all, their pains were at an end.
, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
s a consort worthy of my bed:
e oppose th' election, since on this
ls my quiet, and my future bliss.
me there is, the darling of my eyes,
, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft I 've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines avert'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heaven above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill-exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you 'll find among the fair,
One that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better chear;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The Old have interest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time appreach'd, to Church the parties went
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;

The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on every Knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong;
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day;
The joys are ſuch as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſat ſmiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her Lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian King;
Bright as the riſing ſun in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking every power
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.
With odorous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in every face.
Damian alone of all the marial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely Miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſs'd;
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
The weary ſun, as learned Poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glittering ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts; and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringos ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire his lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times,
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride dreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed bleſs'd.
What next enſued beſeems me not to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſ light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſat upright.
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For every labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſs
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſ
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell;
Yet hoping time the occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteo bride;
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide
High maſs was ſung: they feaſted in the hall:
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worth Lord,
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with h train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſate the gentle May:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the powers divin
With ſecret vows, to favour his deſign.
Who ſtudious now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light
What then he did I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heaven or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power pr ceed;
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelected influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd the impreſſions of the love-ſick Squir
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's exam move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:

your sex's mirrour, free from pride,
ch too meek to prove a homicide.
my tale: Some sages have defin'd
the sovereign bliss of human-kind:
ght (who study'd much, we may suppose)
his high philosophy from those;
a prince, he bore the vast expence
pomp, and proud magnificence:
e was stately, his retinue gay;
s his train, and gorgeous his array.
ious garden, made to yield to none,
npass'd round with walls of solid stone;
could not half describe the grace
(God of gardens) of this charming place:
to fire the rambling wits of France
descriptions, and exceed Romance;
to shame the gentlest bard that sings
ed meadows, and of purling springs.
n the centre of the flowery ground,
l fountain spread its streams around.
itful banks with verdant laurels crown'd;
his spring (if ancient fame say true)
per Elves their moon-light sports pursue:
igmy king, and little fairy queen,
ing dances gambol'd on the green,
uneful sprites a merry concert made,
y music warbled through the shade.

er the noble knight would oft repair,
ne of pleasure, and peculiar care)
s he held it dear, and always bore
ver key that lock'd the garden-door.
sweet place, in summer's sultry heat.
l from noise and business to retreat;
ere in dalliance spend the live-long day,
s cum sola," with his sprightly May:
nate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
teous knight in this fair garden sped.

, ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
hort a space our worldly joys endure!
tune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
ithless still, and wavering as the wind!
ted monster, for n'd mankind to cheat
pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
ich, this amorous venerable knight,
t his ease, his solace and delight,
blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
ails on death, the wretch's last relief.

e rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
uch he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
ife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
captive kept; he wate'd her night and day,
lg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
it in tears did hapless May complain,
igh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
ook'd on Damian with a lover's eyes;
oh, 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!
ess impatience vex'd her amorous Squire,
with delay, and burning with desire.
h'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
ecret writing to disclose his pain:
dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
both were conscious what each other meant.

h, gentle Knight, what could thy eyes avail,
ugh they could see as far as ships can sail?

'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend Knight was urg'd to amorous play;
He rais'd his spouse ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.
Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I chuse, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Redest what trust was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.

I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And joined to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?
He ceas'd and May with modest grace reply'd
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd):
Heaven knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear.
First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race:
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy!
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.
Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough,
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heavenly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It so besel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their Monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain;
While, on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a crown, the King bespoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun;
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind,
One only just and righteous hope to find:
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus says the King, who knew your wickedness:
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all.
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case),
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.
Now, by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very act restore his sight;
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.
And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age!
Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon has said?
What though this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more

re what lavish praises you confer
rank leacher and idolater;
e reign, indulgent God, says holy writ,
ut for David's righteous sake permit;
l, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
ll, I 'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
e would swell me, and my heart would
break.
r then, I scorn your dull authorities,
idle wits, and all their learned lies.
eaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
n, in our right, I must and will oppose.
r (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not
wroth:
l it up; but since I gave my oath,
this much-injur'd knight again should see,
ft be done—I am a King, said he,
me, whose faith has ever sacred been.
d so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen:
nswer she shall have, I undertake;
hus an end of all dispute I make.
hen you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
ot in our sex to break our word.
leave them here in this heroic strain,
o the Knight our story turns again;
in the garden, with his lovely May,
merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
vas his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
nstant and kind I 'll ever prove to thee."
is singing as he went, at last he drew
y steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
nging dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
irly perch'd among the boughs above.
opp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods! she
ry'd,
pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my
de!
hat tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
for the love of Heaven's immortal Queen!
dearest Lord, and save at once the life
poor infant, and thy longing wife!
e sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
uld not climb, and had no servant nigh:
he was, and void of eye-sight too,
could, alas! a helpless husband do?
nust I languish then, she said, and die,
ew the lovely fruit before my eye?
ft, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
safe the trunk between your arms to take;
from your back I might ascend the tree;
a but stoop, and leave the rest to me.
h all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
end my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
hat, his back against the trunk he bent,
iz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.
r prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
t on me your heavy anger fall;
uth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;
h blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
eats the Lady in the Tree might do,
as gambols never known to you;
re it was a merrier fit, she swore,
n her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!
If this be struggling; by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight):
So Heaven preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well!
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light.
What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal powers it *seem'd* too plain—
By all those powers, some frenzy seiz'd your mind
(Reply'd the dame): are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).
The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more;
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By Heaven, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.
Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But, till your sight 's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.

So, just recovering from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight:
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heaven knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Love ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.
With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and blest, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH
HER PROLOGUE,
FROM
CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
"Encrease and multiply," was Heaven's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave,"
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in heaven, I may have many yet,
For when my transitory spouse unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.
Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a-God's-name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine?
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign,
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with flowers of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd a sudden youth they found,
And a new pally seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul, (twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse:
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,

gayly-mad, now sourly splenetic;
h when well, and fretful when she 's sick.
then chaste she cannot long abide,
ffing youth attack'd on every side;
, her wealth the lucky lover lures,
her wit some fool-gallant procures,
she dances with becoming grace,
pe excuses the defects of face.
swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
ds some honest gander for her mate.

es (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
ng suspected vessels ere they buy:
ves, a random choice, untry'd they take;
lream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
nor till then, the veil 's remov'd away,
l the woman glares in open day.

tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
yes must always languish on my face,
ngue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
g each sentence with, My life! my dear!
strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,
: my fine complexion must be prais'd.
ments always must be new and gay,
asts still kept upon my wedding-day.
nust my nurse be pleas'd, and favourite
aid;
dless treats, and endless visits paid,
ng train of kindred, friends, allies.
thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

enkin too you cast a squinting eye:
can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
re his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
e the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
ar thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
orn your 'prentice, should you die to-
morrow.

are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
t thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
n no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
ods and body to yourself alone.
shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
not, I, the bolts, and locks, and spies.
had wit, you 'd say, "Go where you will,
spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
all the freedoms of a married life;
ow thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

! when you have enough, what need you
care
erily soever others fare?
all the day I give and take delight.
not, sufficient will be left at night.
t a just and rational desire,
t a taper at a neighbour's fire.
e 's danger too, you think, in rich array,
ne can long be modest that are gay.
t, if you but singe her tabby skin,
immney keeps, and sits content within;
e grown sleek, will from her corner run,
ith her tail, and wanton in the sun;
s her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
r her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

us, my friends, I wrought to my desires
hree right ancient venerable sires.

I told them, thus you say, and thus you do,
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was
mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of
doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need:
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for
gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
" Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
" Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy
" cheek;
" Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and
" meek!
" Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
" Well should you practise, who so well can
" teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
" But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
" Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domestic strife.
" One of us two must rule, and one obey;
" And since in man right reason bears the sway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her
" way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender husbands, and their passions
" cool'd.
" Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourself alone?
" Why take me, Love! take all and every part!
" Here 's your revenge! you love it at your
" heart.
" Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
" You little think what custom I could have.
" But see! I 'm all your own—nay hold—for
" shame;
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to
" blame."

Thus with my firſt three Lords I paſt my life;
A very woman, and a very wife
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.
Though paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and cat'er'd like a pye.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quailpipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure, as cold engenders hail,
A liquoriſh mouth muſt have a lecherous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cait
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms, good night!
The flour conſum'd the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miſs or two;
But all the ſcore I paid—as how? you'll ſay,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and
din'd;
And view'd a friend with eyes ſo very kind,
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage, and frantic jealouſy.
His ſoul I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his Purgatory.
Oft, when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſate and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only heaven could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood:
A tomb indeed, with newer ſculpture grac'd
Than that Mauſolus pious widow plac'd,
Or where inſtrip'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So reſt the good man's ſoul! I ſay no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind heaven afford him everlaſting reſt!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town
A trufty goſſip, one dame Alſon.
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh-prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wif
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft has he blu'd from ear to ear for ſhame,
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.

It ſo befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this goſſip went
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Al
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to every Church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy Maſquerade,
The Stations duly and the Vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At Sermons too I ſtone-in ſcarlet gay;
The waſting moths ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array;
The cauſe was this, I wore it every day.

'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſom yiel
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields,
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtraight ſtruck hands, the bargain was agre
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.

I vow'd, I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I kn
him;
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me
him;
If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have ſhown
All this I ſaid; but dreams, ſirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my cranky Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we pa
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows—m
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was born
Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk
mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow
pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vigorous ſtill, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wonderous gift to quench a flame.
A Conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin;
Fair Venus gave me fire and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this powerful conſtellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

to my tale: A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
ance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
ɔſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
ɔds and chattels, money, houſe, and land;
repented, and repent it ſtill;
v'd a rebel to my ſovereign will:
ce, by heaven, he ſtruck me on the face;
it the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.

born as any lioneſs was I;
iew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
a rambler as I was before,
ould be ſo, in ſpight of all he ſwore.
nſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
d examples ſet before my eyes,
w the Roman matrons led their life,
echus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
ɔſe the ſermon, as be eem'd his wit,
ɔme grave ſentence out of Holy Writ.
uld he ſay, Who builds his houſe on
ads,
his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands;
his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
es a fool's-cap, and long ears at home.
avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
ills my faults, I hate him mortally:
do numbers more, I boldly ſay,
women, clergy, regular, and lay.

ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning
bred)
in Treatiſe oft at evening read,
divers Authors (whom the devil con-
und
their lies) were in one volume bound.
s, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
ɔpus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
n's Proverbs, Eloiſa's Loves;
any more than ſure the Church approves.
egends were there here of wicked wives,
ood in all the Bible and Saints lives.
rew the Lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a Man.
uld we women write as ſcholars can,
ould ſtand mark'd with far more wicked-
ſs,
ll the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
ldom haunts the breaſt where Learning
is,
enus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.
play the ſcholars, who can't play the men,
e that weapon which they have, their pen;
old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
lown they ſit, and in their dotage write,
ɔt one woman keeps her marriage vow.
by the way, but to my purpoſe now).

anc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
n this book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,
ng firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
at her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe.
amſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
d in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire.
ur'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
e dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid.
at moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame,
Huſband-bull — oh, monſtrous! fie for
ame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergoe;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day, he knew,
How many piſs-pots on the Sage ſhe threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he ſaid.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh
where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.

Then how two wives their lords' deſtruction
prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much
love;
That for her huſband mix'd a poiſonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords
have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain.
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly
potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd
and frown'd:
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found;
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read
again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I
tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth (I cry'd),
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face,
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife,
Do what you liſt, the term of all your life;
I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to
flames.

Now heaven on all my huſbands gone beſtow
Pleaſures above, for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for, grant them in the
grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave!

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS

HIS

THEBAIS.

Tranſlated in the Year M.DCC.III.

ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes, having by miſtake ſlain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocaſta, put out his own eyes, and reſigned the realm to his ſons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tiſiphone to ſow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laſt to reign ſingly, each a year by turns, and the firſt lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his reſolution of puniſhing the Thebans and Argives alſo, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraſtus King of Argos. Juno oppoſes, but to no effect; and Mercury is ſent on a meſſage to the Shades, to the ghoſt of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a ſtorm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adraſtus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters ſhould be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he underſtands to be meant of theſe ſtrangers, by whom the hides of theſe beaſts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feaſt in honour of that God. The riſe of this ſolemnity he relates to his gueſts, the loves of Phœbus and Pſamathe, and the ſtory of Chorœbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their deſcent and quality. The ſacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Tranſlator hopes he need not apologiſe for his choice of this Piece, which was made almoſt in his Childhood, but, finding the Verſion better than he expected, he gave it ſome Correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign deſtroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our ſong; a ſacred fury fires
My raviſh'd breaſt, and all the Muſe inſpires.
O Goddeſs, ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ſtern decree,
And Cadmus ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?
How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an iron harveſt of his toil?
Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion ſung?
Or ſhall I Juno's hate to Thebes reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The fire againſt the ſon his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At Oedipus—from his diſaſters trace
The long ſucceſſions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæſar's conquering eagles ſing;
How twice he tam'd proud Iſter's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains ſtream'd with barbarous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole:
Or long before, with early valour ſtrove
In youthful arms t' aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Increaſe of glory to the Latian name!
O bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the ſtars contract their heavenly ſpace,
And croud their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Though Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne, and ſhare his heaven with thee;
Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wandering gueſts
Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis' near Iſmeno's ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughtered ſons into the deep.
What Hero, Clio! wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Phrophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of ſlain on every ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, deprived of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But, while he dwells where not a chearful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day,

ır reflecting mind preſents his ſin
itful views, and makes it day within;
ng thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
ouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul;
etch then lifted to th' unpitying ſkies
mpty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
wounds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he
ook,
from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents
oke:
ods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
ſable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
h dreary coaſts, which I, though blind,
hold:
ne, that oft has heard my prayer,
if Oedipus deſerve thy care!
eceiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
rs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come:
g Polybus, I took my way
rha's temple, on that fatal day,
y the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
Sphynx's riddles durſt explain,
by thyſelf to win the promis'd reign:
hed I, by baleful Furies led,
nonſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's
l,
! and thee begot an impious brood,
th full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
lf-condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
rom theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight:
and aid the vengeance I require,
y thee, and what thou mightſt inſpire!
their old unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
ſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
heſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
ns, ye Gods! who, with ſagitious pride,
y darkneſs, and my groans deride.
a Father, unregarding Jove?
ps thy thunder in the realms above?
ury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
'er their children's children ſhall prevail:
their heads that crown diſtain'd with
e,
heſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
a parent's heavy curſes bear;
the bonds of nature, and prepare
ndred fouls to mutual hate and war.
m to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee
I am, ſome glorious villainy!
lt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
ady guilt preventing thy commands:
thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief
ne,
prove the father from whoſe loins they
ame.
'ury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
es unty'd fulphureous waters drink;
ne ſummons roll'd her eyes around,
atch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the
und
ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air
ling light'ning, or deſcending ſtar.

Through crouds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night:
Swift as ſhe paſs'd, the ſitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and, ſickening at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.
A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, labouring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.
From every blaſt of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Citharon's top ſalutes the ſky,
A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round;
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palæmon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the gloaving Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their Furies wake within their breaſt.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred Thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſovereign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided power.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay;
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate ſway:
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſtart monarch of a haſty year
Foreſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.

Yet then, no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with poliſh'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers than were wrought in burniſh'd gold,
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou couldſt around ſurvey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And ſingly filla fear'd and envy'd throne!

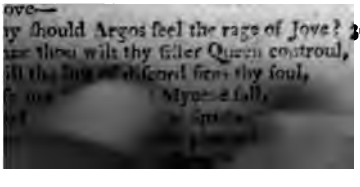
But the vile Vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar ſpight
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd O Thebes! for thee what fates remain!
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign!
Muſt we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty maſter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear?
Theſe now control a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide, and theſe reverſe the ſtate:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more: O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!
Thou ſire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offſpring haſt thou fix'd this fate,
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate;
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For loſt Europa ſearch'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,
Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his fearful brow?
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant croud?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame ſcools, and ſlaves in every reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering ſails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw,
Thus, on each ſide, alas! our tottering ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate;
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.

And now th' Almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:
Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a manſion lies,
Whence, far below the Gods at once ſurvey
The realms of ring and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace of earth, and air, and ſea.
Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry throne,
The Majeſty of heaven ſuperior ſhone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the God.
At Jove's aſſent, the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bowers;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow;
And thoſe that give the wandering winds to blow!
Here all their rage, and even their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic Gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;
Heaven ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſten'd while he ſpoke;
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight.
And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long ſhall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his taſk retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhauſted of its fires.
For this I ſuſpend Phœbus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad Ruler to miſguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heaven itſelf the wandering chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign
Releas'd the impetuous ſluices of the main.
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.

aces now, ally'd to Jove, offend:
nish these, see Jove himself descend.
heban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
py Cadmus' fate who does not know,
e long series of succeeding woe?
t the Furies, from the deeps of night,
and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
ulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
rage hunter, and the haunted wood?
erful banquet why should I proclaim,
rimes that grieve the trembling Gods to
me?
ecount the sins of these prophane,
n would sink into the western main
ing gild the radiant east again:
e not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
urdering for ascend his parent's bed,
h violate nature force his way,
in the sacred womb where once he lay?
w in darkness and despair he groans,
r the crimes of guilty fate atones;
s with scorn their eyeless father view.
his wounds and make them bleed anew.
rse, oh Oedipus, just heaven alarms,
s th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
the root thy guilty race will tear,
ve the nations to the waste of war.
s soon, with Gods averse, shall join
alliance with the Theban line:
trife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
ilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
their doom; this all-remembering breast
bours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
aid; and thus the Queen of heaven return'd
(sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd):
whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
now'st those regions my protection claim,
s in arms, in riches, and in fame:
there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
ere deluded Argus slept, and bled;
h there the brazen tower was storm'd of
,
Jove descended in almighty gold.
an pardon those ob'curer rapes,
nahful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
ebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
em'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
ll my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
azing lightnings dane'd around her bed;
Thebes the vengeance it deserves may



ove—
y should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
ere thou wilt thy filler Queen control,
ll the fire of discord from thy soul,
Myscene fall,

But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where o'er it Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barbarous Kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those.
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the Queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend:
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their wars, and reverence our superior will.
For, by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; the irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the Pelasgic pair
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost, yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand:
Let the pale ghost revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty wars commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times in all ripen into fate.
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
His golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
He lays his downy locks o'erspread,
And the starry glories of his head
And takes his rod that causes flee to fly,
Or calls the wak'ning ghosts from hollow
Drives thro' the wond'ring
Impels the wandering

Thus, through the parting clouds, the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers through air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and towers th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the ſkies.
Meantime the baniſh'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily viſion, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly,
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.
The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycenæ's lofty towers aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did Atreus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt,)
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,
Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Penthеus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground,
Then ſees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtraight that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver light,
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beaſts lie huſh'd: Sleep ſteals away
The wild deſires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, deſcending through the ſilent air,
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promiſe the ſkies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the diſtant light
Streak with long gleams the ſcattering ſhades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours riſe,
Encreaſe the darkneſs, and involve the ſkies.
At once the ruſhing winds with roaring ſound
Burſt from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the ſky;
But with a thicker night black Auſter ſtrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whoſe dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours
Which the cold North congeals to haily ſhowers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flaſh from every cloud.
Now ſmoaks with ſhowers the miſty mountain ground,
And floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round.
Th' Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Eriſinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bound,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds;
Where late was duſt, now rapid torrents play,
Ruſh through the mounds, and bear the dam away:
Old limbs of trees from crack'ling foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The ſtorm the dark Lycæan groves diſplay'd,
And frit to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.
T' intrepid Theban hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the watery war,
That, driven by ſtorms, and pouring o'er the plain
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he ſtrad,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and ſkies,
While thunder rears, and lightning round him flies.
Thus ſtrove the chief, on every ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickeſt woods, and rous'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Lariſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban Hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's poiſonous water lies,
On that Proſymna's grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, ſpent with toil he lies,
And wait till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his declining days.
By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heaven had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung—"Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion, and a brindled boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt:
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Though ſkill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.

pleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill-fated hand
y his brother, leaves his native land,
r'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
h the thick deſarts headlong urg'd his
ht:
the fury of the tempeſt driven,
s a ſhelter from th' inclement heaven,
d by Fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.
thus the chiefs from different lands reſort
r us' realms, and hoſpitable court;
g ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
ws their arms and habit with ſurprize.
yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
e employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
s ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
'. manly ſhoulders overſpread:
his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood;
he pride and terror of the wood.
c with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
ng th' accompliſh'd Oracle ſurveys,
Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
ded Godhead, and his future ſons.
his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
lad horror ſhoots through every vein.
en he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
is invokes the ſilent Queen of night:
leſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy
gn
angled arch glows with the ſtarry train;
o the cares of heaven and earth allay,
ure quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,
o new vigour with the riſing day;
who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
ſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
ent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
hy name our annual rites will pay,
thy altars ſacrifices lay;
le flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
ithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
ul Phœbus: I confeſs the Gods!
, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch
ny'd;
his inner court the gueſts convey'd:
yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
ſt yet white upon each altar lies,
lics of a former ſacrifice.
g once more the ſolemn rites requires,
ds renew the feaſts and wake the fires.
in obey, while all the courts around
oiſy care and various tumult ſound.
ider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
ive the floor, and that the table ſpreads;
diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
ls depending lamps with beams of light;
aves in canifters are pil'd on high,
ere in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
e in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
couch receives each princely gueſt;
d at awful diſtance wait the reſt.

And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace.
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd;
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent flame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's reverend features reſt.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move with languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in the' ethereal height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.
This gold'n bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celeſtial power they call;
With Phœbus name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in numerous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts
To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe: our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But, ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thouſand arts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Tranſfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſs'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream the yielding fair enjoy'd:

Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offſpring of the God was born;
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah, how unworthy thoſe of race divine!
On flowery herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries,
To call ſoft ſlumber on his infant eyes
Yet even in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the gratſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguiſh to her ſire ſhe flies,
Demands the ſentence, and contented dies.
But, touch'd with ſorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate,
He ſends a monſter, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The peſt a virgin's face and boſom bears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front and hiſſes in her hairs:
About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round,
When Night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miſeries.
But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.
Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide,
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Her twiſting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poiſon, and our children's blood.
The croud in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corpſe engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obſcene that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hollow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves ran howling to the wood.
But, fir'd with rage, from Cleft Parnaſſus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
Bleſt be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preſerve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave;
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus beſpoke:
With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, Phœbus, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here, for whom ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in Heaven can dwell,
Yet why muſt unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all:
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight;
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,
Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial Heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With ſuch amazing virtue durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe;
Thoſe ſolemn feaſts propitious Phœbus pleaſe:
Theſe honours, ſtill renew'd, his ancient wrath appeaſe.
But ſay, illuſtrious gueſt! (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you ſpring?
The noble Tydeus ſtands confeſs'd and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And ſilent hours to various talk invite.
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes;
Confus'd and ſadly thus at length replies:
Before theſe altars how ſhall I proclaim
(Oh generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the ſad tale for ever reſt untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You ſeek to ſhare in ſorrows not your own;

ıen, from Cadmus I derive my race,
s ſon, and Thebes my native place.
m the King (who felt his generous breaſt
l with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
:—Ah why forbears the ſon to name
tched father, known too well by fame?
that delights around the world to ſtray,
ıot to take our Argos in her way.
hoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance
l,
hern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
ɔſe who tread the burning Lybyan lands,
thleſs Syrtes, and the moving ſands;
ew the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
k of Ganges in their eaſtern grounds;
e the woes of Oedipus have known,
ıes, your furies, and your haunted town.
e ſons the parents' crimes deſcend,
'rince from thoſe his lineage can defend?
thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
irtuous acts thy anceſtor's diſgrace,
thyſelf the honour of thy race.
! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
ine more ſai. tly at approaching day.
our the wine; and in your tuneful lays
ıore reſound the great Apollo's praiſe.
her Phœbus! whether Lycia's coaſt
owy mountains thy bright preſence boaſt;
er to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
the in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
as'd to find fair Delos float no more,
in Cynthus, and the ſhady ſhore;
ſe thy ſeat in Ilion's proud abodes,
ining ſtructures rais'd by labouring Gods;
e the bow and mortal ſhafts are borne;
charms thy blooming youth adorn:
in the laws of ſecret fate above,
ıe dark counſels of almighty Jove,
ine the ſeeds of future war to know,
ıange of ſceptres, and impending woe;
direful meteors ſpread through glowing
r
rails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair.
ıge the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
el the muſic of thy heavenly lyre;
afts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
ımortal victim of thy mother's fame;
ınd ſlew Python, and the dame who loſt
ımerous offspring for a fatal boaſt.
egya's doom thy juſt revenge appears,
mn'd to furies and eternal fears;
ws his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
nouldering rock that trembles from on
high.

pitious hear our prayer, O Power divine!
n thy hoſpitable Argos ſhine,
ıer the ſtyle of Titan pleaſe thee more,
: purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
at Oſiris, who firſt taught the ſwain
ırian fields to ſow the golden grain;
ıtra, to whoſe beams the Perſian bows,
ays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
whoſe head the blaze of light adorns,
graſps the ſtruggling heifer's lunar horns.

THE

FABLE

OF

DRYOPE.

From OVID's METAMORPHOSES, Book IX.

SHE ſaid, and for her loſt Galanthis ſighs,
When the fair Conſort of her ſon replies:
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride).
This Nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the
day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought:
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.
Not diſtant far, a watery Lotos grows;
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with bloſſoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of theſe ſhe cropp'd to pleaſe her infant ſon;
And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done,
But lo! I ſaw (as near her ſide I ſtood)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I caſt a rightful look:
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form; and fixing here became
A flowery plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight:
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And thoſe offended ſylvan powers ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And, as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſs'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw unhappy! what I now relate,
And, ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate.

Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear and for their Dryope enquire;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains:
If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of Heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let founding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey!
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddess is in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

From OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, Book IV.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improved the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God who sole enjoys the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprize the fair!
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoak'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose straglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The God in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And "Happy you!" (he thus address'd the maid)
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow;)
Then plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread;
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah, beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love,
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you?

he whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
's' Queen; nor Helen's fatal charms.
now, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,
uſand court you, though they court in vain,
uſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
f you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
n age and long experience render wiſe,
me whoſe tender care is far above
at theſe lovers ever felt of love,
more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſs'd)
Vertumnus, and reject the reſt.
is firm faith I dare engage my own;
to himſelf, himſelf is better known.
ſtant lands Vertumnus never roves;
you, contented with his native groves;
t firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
on he lives, and you alone ſhall ſhare
ſt affection, as his early care.
s, he's lovely far above the reſt,
youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
that he varies every ſhape with eaſe,
ries all forms that may Pomona pleaſe.
hat ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
rural cares and pleaſures are the ſame.
im your orchard's early fruit are due,
eaſing offering when 'tis made by you)
alues theſe; but yet (alas!) complains,
ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
he fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
aſteful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
h the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;
only you, can move the God's deſire:
crown ſo conſtant and ſo pure a fire;
ft compaſſion touch your gentle mind;
k, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
ay no freſt, when early buds appear,
oy the promiſe of the youthful year;
winds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
e the light bloſſoms from their blaſted boughs!
is when the various God had urg'd in vain,
rait aſſum'd his native form again;
, and ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
hen through clouds th' emerging ſun appears,
thence exerting his refulgent ray,
ls the darkneſs, and reve ls the day.
he prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign:
when, appearing in a form divine,
Nymph ſurveys him, and beholds the grace
harming features, and a youthful face;
r ſoft breaſt conſenting paſſions move,
the warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

CHAUCER.

I

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie:
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond.
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſilly Clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs."
But, as he glozeth with ſpeeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe roote:
Forè-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quaake.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
" Be thilke ſame thing Maids longen after?
" Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

II.

SPENCER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN every Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat, ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall.
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſlinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry;

Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping trebie flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Queen to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round;
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billingſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by every Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull dog's at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, ev'n the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twickenham ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch.
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandering ſtreams, and Windſor's towery pride.

III.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heavenly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heavenly muſick ſhould be heard alive.

Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he.
A Poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN *of the Author's deſign, in which was p ed the ſtory of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *wit Motto,* AURA VENI.

COME, gentle air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſai
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound;
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gi
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muſe the flowery Treaſure ſin
And humble glories of the youthful Spring:
Where opening Roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft Carnations ſhower their balmy dews;
Where Lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undreſs of ſuperficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips ſhow ſo dazzling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus in the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here Orange trees with blooms and pendants ſhine
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By Laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the ſtream;
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's Coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
Sun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
us from the Ocean firſt did riſe:
thus through Miſts we ſee the Sun,
h elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

ſilver drops, like morning dew,
retell the fervour of the day:
om one cloud ſoft ſhowers we view,
id blaſting lightnings burſt away.
ſtars that fall from Celia's eye,
re our Doom is drawing nigh.

Baby in that ſunny Sphere
like a Phaëton appears,
Heav'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
ought fit to drown him in her Tears:
might th' ambitious Nymph aſpire
t, like him, Heaven too on fire.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity,
Thou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be;
as one vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

hine was the ſway, ere heaven was form'd, or earth,
re fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

hen various elements, againſt thee join'd,
one more various animal combin'd,
fram'd the clamorous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

he tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low.
ill wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

ut rebel Wit deſerts thee oft in vain;
oft in the maze of Words he turns again,
ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

fflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
ppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
as varniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſs'd;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But couldſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State ſhould be oblig'd to thee!
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wouldſt thou be!

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe;
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy Laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Favourites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant the lawyer's ſophiſtery,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt, all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHYRNE.

PHYRNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging she 'd appear;
'Twas Si Signior, 'twas Yaw Mynheer,
'Twas S' il vous plaist, Monsieur.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
At length she turns a Bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

Dr. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a Country Parson.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing,
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia.
Tythe Pig, and mortuary Guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays——if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews;
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor Swift.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope. Inscri
Mr. Warburton.

By J. Brown, A. M.

PART I.

Of the End and Efficacy of Satire. The L Glory and Fear of Shame universal, v This Passion, implanted in Man as a Spur tue, is generally perverted, ver 41. An becomes the Occasion of the greatest Follies, and Miseries, ver. 61. It is the Work of to rectify this Passion, to reduce it to its Channel, and to convert it into an Inc Wisdom and Virtue, ver. 89. Hence it that Satire may influence those who defy al Human and Divine, ver. 99. An Object swered, ver. 131.

FATE gave the word: the cruel arrow sp
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in Yours and Britain's
You mourn: but Britain, lull'd in rest profou
(Unconscious Britain!) slumbers o'er her wou
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Nigh
Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing Re
With inextinguishable rage they burn;
And Snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monsters spit their deadly f.ar
To blast the laurel that surrounds his Tomb.

But you, O Warburton! whose eye refin'
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taste the Raptures of a pure Delight;
You visit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd ther
You trace the Chain that links his deep design
And pour new lustre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursu
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
Satire's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may com
And reverence His and Satire's generous End

ry breaſt there burns an active flame,
re of Glory, or the Dread of Shame:
ſion One, though various it appear,
ten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
ing Infant, and the hoary Sire,
uth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
rms of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt woo,
y fly, that Glory may purſue
wer reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
r'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
he proud City, and the lowly Shade,
ys alike the Sceptre and the Spade.

Heaven in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
n, vain Man, in Folly only wiſe,
the Manna ſent him from the Skies;
ptures hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
udly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
deceitful Shadow tempts his view,
he imag'd Subſtance quits the true;
catch the viſionary Prize,
of Glory plunges deep in Vice;
dly zealous, impotently vain,
its every Praiſe he pants to gain.

ſtill imperious Nature plies her part;
ll her Dictates work in every heart.
ower that ſovereign Nature bids enjoy,
ay corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy.
ighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
ſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
new heights, forbidden paths explore,
own thoſe virtues which they fed before.

ſure, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
rſt of Evils, is perverted Shame.
this load, what abject numbers groan,
ta ngled Slaves to folly not their own!
by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
k our Virtues in each other's breaſt;
ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
r's weakneſs, intereſt, or caprice.
ool to low Ambition, poorly great,
ines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
the treacherous Chaſe, would nobly yield,
ut for ſhame, like Sylla, quit the field:
æmon Shame paints ſtrong the ridicule,
iſpers cloſe, "The World will call you Fool."

ld yon Wretch, by impious faſhion driven,
s and trembles, while he ſcoffs at Heaven.
kneſs ſtrong, and bold through fear alone,
ads the ſneer by ſhallow Coxcombs thrown;
eſs purſues the path Spinoza trod;
a Coward, and a Brave to God.

, Juſtice, Heaven itſelf now quit their hold,
to falſe Fame the captive Heart is ſold:
blind to truth, relentleſs Cato dy'd;
could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
chaſte Lucretia's Innocence betray'd
that Honour which was meant its aid.
Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
Paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence Satires's power: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes towering Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd Power,
Though oft ſhe mourns thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And every foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the clouded cane;
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd Bee, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From poiſonous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapp'd in wiles!
And Force, ſtrong-ſinew'd, rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Power too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;
The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But Satire's Shaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a ruling Paſſion on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the Brave that Earth and Heaven defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold Satire ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as Death, deſies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is Spleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural ſhapes,
Turns Ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beauxs to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſperer from his dark abode,
Till all the Dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue wakes her ſcorn of Vice:
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.

Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than Satires' frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as That to bleſs was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heaven.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent;
Though ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are pain'd, who merit Satire moſt;
Folly the Laureat's, Vice was Chartres' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft Satire acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Though folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whole is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs;
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

Rules for the Conduct of Satire. Juſtice and Truth its chief and eſſential Property, ver. 169. *Prudence in the Application of Wit and Ridicule, whoſe Province is, not to explore unknown, but to enforce known Truths, ver.* 191. *Proper Subjects of Satire are the Manners of preſent Times, ver.* 239. *Decency of Expreſſion recommended, ver.* 255. *The different Methods in which Folly and Vice ought to be chaſtiſed, ver.* 269. *The Variety of Style and Manners which theſe two Subjects require, ver.* 277. *The praiſe of Virtue may be admitted with Propriety, ver.* 315. *Caution with regard to Panegyric, ver.* 329. *The Dignity of True Satire, ver.* 341.

DARE nobly then; But conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold be ever juſt;
Nor court applauſe in theſe degenerate days:
The Villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As Foplings grin to ſhew their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a name,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart:
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou Fiend accurſt, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Raviſher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.
With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind Ridicule conceives a jeſt:
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo Shaftſbury rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this tittering crew,
And own the Idiot Guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who therefore ſmil'd, becauſe they ſaw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our ille,
We therefore ſee a Fool, becauſe we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each ſurly Academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conquering hand
Shall work Herculean wonders through the Land
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her power divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And Coxcombs vanquiſh Berkeley by a grin.

But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad Adventurer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-eyed Reaſon at her helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore
This point the way, that waſt us glad to ſhore.

Though diſtant Times may riſe in Satire's page
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the preſent Age:
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt:
Bid Britain's Heroes (awful Shades!) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When low-born Sharpers only dar'd to lye,
Or falſify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd
Or public Spirit was the public jeſt.

Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a Scold;

unworthy mein her form debase,
her smile, and let her frown with grace:
h be temperate, temperate in her spleen;
hile she preaches modesty, obscene.
et her wound, not rankle to a fore,
l his Lordship ——. her Grace a ——;
use's charms resistless then assail,
wrapp'd in Irony's transparent veil:
nities half-conceal'd, the more surprise,
ener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
e your line with sharp or comums grac'd;
lodius honourable, Buta chaste.

not on Folly an indignant eye;
er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
ot Vice; Absurd the thought and vain,
the Tiger in so weak a chain.
re; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
ave exults: to smile, is to approve.
ase's labour then success shall crown,
olly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

r next what measures to each Theme belong,
t your thoughts and numbers to your song;
g proportion'd to your quarry rise,
op to earth, or soar among the skies.
hen a modish folly you rehearse,
expression, simple be the verse.
s numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
ounts the box, and shines a Charioteer:
s familiar sing the midnight toil
ips and Senates disciplin'd by Hoyle;
and Chiefs, whose deep design invades,
ies off the captive King—or Spades!
e here in milder vigour shine,
ly graceful sport along the line;
dly passion quit her thin pretence,
ie each Affectation into sense.

when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid;
imes, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
itless, and insult the eye of day;
t Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
te-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
nk Adultery on the genial bed
Cocytus rears her baleful head:
ivate Faith and public Trust are sold,
itors barter Liberty for gold:
ll Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
foundation of a sinking State:
iant-Vice and Irreligion rise,
tain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
rmer numbers glow through Satire's page,
er smiles are darken'd into rage:
-wing she gains Parnassus' height,
Epic soars a nobler flight:
ner indignation fires her eye;
h her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
r wrath involves the guilty World.

ire oft assumes a gentler mien,
s on Virtue's friends a smile serene!
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine;
Where bursting glories, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the close of Britain's Day:
With joy she sees the stream of Roman art,
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees York to fame, ere yet to Manhood known,
And just to every virtue, but his own;
Hears unstain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim,
A Sage's, Critic's, and and a Poet's name:
Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view;
And culls each flower to form a Wreath for you.

But tread with cautious steps this dangerous ground,
Befet with faithless precipices round:
Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native lustre that must shine;
The Poet can but set it in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real Merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by Satire's Law confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the Landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolsey or a Cromwell rise;
Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Chesterfield's or a Lonsdale's mind.
Here sweet or strong may every Colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

The History of Satire. Roman Satirists, Lucilius, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, ver. 357, &c. Causes of the Decay of Literature, particularly of Satire, ver. 389. Revival of Satire, 401. Erasmus one of its principal Restorers, ver. 405. Donne, ver. 411. The Abuse of Satire in England, during the licentious Reign of Charles II. ver. 415. Dryden, ver. 429. The true Ends of Satire pursued by Boileau in France, ver. 439. and by Mr. Pope in England, ver. 445.

THROUGH Ages thus has Satire keenly shin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind;
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet sung.

This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of Greece ſhe prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next, avenging Satire flew:
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then ſportive Horace caught the generous fire;
For Satire's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre;
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe;
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart;
But, while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

In graver ſtrains majeſtic Perſius wrote;
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.
More ardent Eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And ſwept audacious greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swoln Luxury!—pale Ruin ſtalks behind!
As countleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the Spring, and ravage every flower;
So barbarous Millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſickening Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove;
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.

At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, Satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great Eraſmus breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
(In vain the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain Donne in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His Wit harmonious, though his Rhyme was proſe;
He 'midſt an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and Roman ſtrength of thought.

Yet ſcarce had Satire well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commerce,
And treacherous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinſel beauty ſhine:
Wit's ſhattered Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing;
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay "the oddeſt thing."
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in The
Flames that could mount, and gain the kindred ſkie
Low creeping in the putrid ſink of vice:
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vai
The Pimp of Power, the Proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alo
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd Parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And Genius life, a Monument of ſhame!

More happy France; immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious Satire bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt;
Fancy and Senſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs Judgment guides the pureſt Fire.

But ſee, at length, the Britiſh Genius ſmile.
And ſhower her bounties o'er her favour'd Iſle:
Behold for Pope ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centres every Poet's power in one:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As Spectres vaniſh at approaching light;
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each Image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme dec
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joys ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I fi
But faintly to expreſs the Poet's mind!
Who yonder Stars' effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paints God, unleſs the God inſpire?
What catch the lightning, but the ſpeed of fir
So, mighty Pope, to make thy Genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongu
Next to her Bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs Mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.

Wit ſhoots momentary fires,
e a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
lled by the ſulphurous breath of Vice,
blue lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
ius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
ar and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
its beam, prolific and refin'd,
ms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
ſpels each wintery Paſſion's gloom,
is all the Virtues into bloom.
iſe, immortal Pope, to thee be given.
nius was indeed a Gift from Heaven.
rd unequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
nd wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
natchleſs Wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
bly loſt, in Truth's ſuperior blaze.
ndſhip e'er miſlead thy wandering Muſe?
iendſhip ſure may plead the great excuſe:
red Friendſhip which inſpir'd thy Song,
lefect, and amiably wrong.
te this ev'n Truth can ſcarce reprove;
oſt Virtue when it flows from Love.

eathleſs Names, ye Sons of endleſs praiſe,
ue crown'd with never-fading bays!
all an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
r pale lamp at your immortal fire?
O Warburton, inſpir'd by You,
ing Muſe a nobler path purſue,
inſpir'd, on trembling pinions ſoar,
red founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
old numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
her Country's glory fire her page;
her fate, do thou, fair Truth, deſcend,
tchful guard her in an honeſt end:
ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
t no Friend, nor own a Foe but thine.
ier giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
red paths, to run the maze of wit;
poſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
r incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
ſh the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
w'd to fear, inſtructed Bards may ſee
uilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

AN

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES;

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the Univerſe.

OF Man in the abſtract.—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our own ſyſtem, being ignorant of the relations of ſyſtems and things, ver.* 17, *&c.* II. *That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being ſuited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver.* 35, *&c.* III. *That it is partly upon his Ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends, ver.* 77, *&c.* IV. *The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The impiety of putting himſelf in the place of God, and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations, ver.* 109, *&c.* V. *The abſurdity of conceiting himſelf the final cauſe of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver.* 131, *&c.* VI. *The unreaſonableneſs of his complaints againſt Providence, while in the one hand he demands the Perfection of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the ſenſitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miſerable, ver.* 173, *&c.* VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal order and gradation in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a ſubordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradation of ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; that reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties, ver.* [illegible]. VIII. *How much further this order and ſubordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that only, but the whole connected creation muſt be deſtroyed, ver.* 233. IX. *The extravagance, madneſs, and pride of ſuch a deſire, ver.* 250. X. *The conſequence of all the abſolute ſubmiſſion due to Providence, both as to our preſent and future ſtate, ver.* 281, *&c. to the end.*

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A Wild, where weeds and flowers promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar:
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples every ſtar,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or weaker than the weeds they ſhade;
Or aſk of yon'der argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt,
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reaſoning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call
May, muſt muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain:
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand juſt raiſ'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watery waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;

all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
, if Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
alone ingroſs not Heaven's high care,
nade perfect here, immortal there:
from his hand the balance and the rod,
ge his juſtice, be the God of God.
e, in reaſoning Pride, our error lies;
: their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
ill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
ould be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
g to be Gods, if Angels fell,
g to be Angels, Men rebel:
o but wiſhes to invert the laws
ler, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies ſhine,
or whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
me kind Nature wakes her genial power;
des each herb, and ſpreads out every flower;
ual for me, the grape, the roſe, renew
juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."

ers not Nature from this gracious end,
urning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
s not by partial, but by general laws;
exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
great end be human Happineſs,
Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?
ch that end a conſtant courſe requires
wers and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;
ch eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
i for ever temperate, calm, and wiſe.
ues or earthquakes break not Heaven's deſign,
ien a Borgin, or a Catiline?
nows, but he whoſe hand the lightning forms,
eaves old Ocean, and who winds the ſtorms;
ierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
s young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
ride, from pride, our very reaſoning ſprings;
it for moral as for natural things:
harge we Heaven in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.

er for us, perhaps, it might appear,
here all harmony, all virtue here;
ever air or ocean felt the wind,
ever paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
aſſions are the elements of Life.
neral Order, ſince the whole began,
: in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
ittle leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say, what their uſe, had he the powers of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?

The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics given,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heaven had left him ſtill
The whiſpering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental powers aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs;
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtle true
From poiſonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How Inſtinct varies in the groveling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reaſoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier!
For ever ſeparate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The powers of all ſubdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing—On ſuperior powers
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full Creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs through the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundation to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bleſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heaven beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear;
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good.
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with to Himſelf, as an Individual.

I. *THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, ſtudy himſelf. His Middle Nature: his and Frailties, ver.* 1 *to* 19. *The Limits of pacity, ver.* 19, *&c.* II. *The two Princ Man, Self-love and Reaſon, both neceſſary, &c. Self-love the ſtronger, and why, &c. Their end the ſame, ver.* 81, *&c.* II *Paſſions, and their uſe, ver.* 93 *to* 130. *T dominant Paſſion, and its force, ver.* 132 *Its neceſſity, in directing men to different ver.* 165, *&c. Its Providential Uſe, in fixi Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue, ver* IV. *Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed N the limits near, yet the things ſeparate and What is the Office of Reaſon, ver.* 202 *to* 21 *How odious Vice in itſelf, and how we decei ſelves into it, ver.* 217. VI. *That, howev Ends of Providence and general Good are an in our Paſſions and Imperfections, ver.* 238 *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all Or Men, ver.* 241. *How uſeful they are to ver.* 251. *And to Individuals, ver.* 263. *In ſtate, and every age of life, ver.* 273, *&c.*

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God t
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the ſceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reaſoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where S
guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tide

: the planets in what orbs to run,
old Time, and regulate the Sun;
ır with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
d the mazy round his followers trod,
itting ſenſe call imitating God;
ern prieſts in giddy circles run,
n their heads to imitate the Sun.
ich Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
rop into thyſelf, and be a fool!

rior beings, when of late they ſaw
al Man unfold all Nature's Law,
d ſuch Wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
ew'd a Newton as we ſhew an Ape.

d he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
e or fix one movement of his Mind?
w its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
his own beginning or his end?
/hat wonder! Man's ſuperior part
k'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
en his own great work is but begun,
ieaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

e Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
ip off all her equipage of Pride;
what is but Vanity or Dreſs,
ning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;
:s to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
arious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;
e the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
ur Vices have created Arts;
e how little the remaining ſum,
ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

'wo Principles in human nature reign;
e, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
i a good, nor that a bad we call,
rks its end, to move or govern all:
their proper operation ſtill,
all Good, to their improper, Ill.

ove, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
s comparing balance rules the whole.
ut for that, no action could attend,
at for this, were active to no end;
ce a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
nutrition, propagate, and rot;
:eor-like, flame lawleſs through the void,
ng others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

ſtrength the moving principle requires;
ts taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
nd quiet the comparing lies,
out to check, deliberate, and adviſe.
:, ſtill ſtronger, as its object nigh;
i at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
:s immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
the future and the conſequence.
than arguments, temptations throng,
more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
on of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
n, habit, and experience gain;
:ngthens Reaſon, and ſelf-lo- reſtrains.
:e ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
idious to divide than to unite;
ice and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
the raſh dexterity of wit.

Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every good we can divine,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, though ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul;
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but Paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions, like elements, though born to fight
Yet mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different ſenſes, different objects ſtrike:
Hence different Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter Paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, which muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its ruling Paſſion came;
Each viral humour, which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;

Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawless sway,
In this weak queen, some favourite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we're fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Power the strong direction sends,
And several Men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passion shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and Vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view, is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice:
That disappoints th' effect of every vice:
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd:
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To king's presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign:
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king:
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the Poet in his Muse.

me ſtrange comfort every ſtate attend,
de beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
e fit paſſion every age ſupply;
avels through, nor quits us when we die.
ld the child, by nature's kindly law,
with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
velier plaything gives his youth delight,
e louder, but as empty quite:
garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
ads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
hile Opinion gilds with varying rays
ainted clouds that beautify our days;
nt of happineſs by Hope ſuppiy'd,
:h vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
uild as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy:
ſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
e a vanity is giv'n in vain;
ean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
le to meaſure other's wants by thine.
id confeſs one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
is, Though Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE III.

e Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Society.

E whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Society, ver. 7. Nothing made wholly for itſelf, nor yet wholly another, ver. 27. The happineſs of Animals tal, ver. 49. II. Reaſon or Inſtinct operate to the good of each Individual, ver. 79. Rea- r Inſtinct operate alſo to Society in all animals, 109. III. How far Society carried by Inſtinct, 115. How much farther by Reaſon, ver. . IV. Of that which is called the State of Na- , ver. 144. Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in Invention of Arts, ver. 166. and in the Forms ociety, ver. 176. V. Origin of Political So- s, ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. Marchal Government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of Religion and Government, from the ſame prin- , of Love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of Super- n and Tyranny, from the ſame principle of Fear, 237, &c. The Influence of Self-love operat- to the ſocial and public Good, ver. 266. Re- tion of true Religion and Government, on their principle, ver. 285. Mixed Government, ver. . Various Forms of each, and the true end of ver. 300, &c.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt; "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World, behold the chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the General Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food!
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is this alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of Heaven ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit, and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods:

For ſome his intereſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, make him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heaven aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that power which ſuits them beſt;
To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long:
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chooſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps,
Or breathes through air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the intereſt, and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe natural love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Memory and forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the intereſt, and preſerve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they bl
The State of Nature was the reign of God: [
Self-love and Scocial at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed:
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undre
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heaven's Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of time to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer ſavage, Man.

See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part:
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions tak
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to
"Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving g
"Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
"And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankin
"Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
"There towns aërial on the waving trees.

arn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
he Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
ow thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
185
id Anarchy without confuſion know;
nd theſe for ever, though a Monarch reign,
eir ſeparate cells and properties maintain.
ark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
ws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190
vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
tangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
id right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
ll for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
t go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway, 195
us let the wiſer make the leſt obey:
id for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd;
s were built, Societies were made: 200
roſe one little ſtate; another near
r by like means, and join'd, through love or fear.
ere the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend? [205
t War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow;
he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
erſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
n Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
ſtates were form'd; the name of King unknown,
ommon intereſt plac'd the ſway in one. 210
s VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts and arms,
ſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
ame which in a ſire the ſons obey'd,
ince the Father of a People made.
. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate, 215
, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate:
im, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
om the wondering furrow call'd the food,
ht to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
tch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
rooping, ſickening, dying, they began
n they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
reat Firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
ain tradition that this All begun,
y'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
vorker from the work diſtinct was known,
ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one: 230
Vit oblique had broke that ſteady light,
like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
irtue, in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
own'd a Father when they own'd a God.
all the faith, and all th' allegiance then; 235
ature knew no right divine in Men,
could fear in God; and underſtood
ereign being, but a ſovereign good.
faith, true policy, united ran;
was but love of God, and this of Man. 240
o firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
normous faith of many made for one;

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, Law;
Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe, [245
Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midſt the lightning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground, 250
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Power unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes; 255
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heaven on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food: 265
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through juſt, and through unjuſt,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, luſt: 270
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence: 280
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the ſtudious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore 285
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's Image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Power's due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings, [290
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring intereſts of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings 295
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and might, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt; 300
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwarts this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, ſupported lives:
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade Self love and Social be the ſame.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

I. *Falſe Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from ver.* 19 *to* 77. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, ver.* 30. *God intends Happineſs to be equal; and to be ſo, it muſt be ſocial, ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by general, not particular Laws, ver.* 37. *As it is neceſſary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods ſhould be unequal, Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe, ver.* 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the balance of Happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of Hope and Fear, ver.* 70. III. *What the Happineſs of Individuals is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage, ver.* 77. *The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver.* 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, ver.* 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt, ver.* 133, *&c.* VI. *That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with deſtructive of Virtue, ver.* 167. *even theſe can make no Man happy out Virtue: Inſtanced in Riches, ver. Honours, ver.* 193. *Nobility, ver. Greatneſs, ver.* 217. *Fame, ver. Superior Talents, ver.* 257, *&c. pictures of human infelicity in Men, ſed of them all, ver.* 269, *&c.* VII. *Virtue only conſtitutes a Happineſs, object is univerſal, and whoſe proſpect nal, ver.* 307. *That the perfect Virtue and Happineſs conſiſts in a mity to the Order of Providence and a Reſignation to it here and her ver.* 326, *&c.*

EPISTLE IV.

O Happiness! our being's end and a
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! v
thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eter
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſ
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to gro
Fair opening to ſome Court's propitious ſhri
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If v
toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwe
thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Lea
blind:
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankir
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment the
Some, ſunk to Beaſts, find Pleaſure end in
Some, ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtu
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinions
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads concei
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dw
There needs but thinking right, and meanin
And, mourn our various portions as we ple
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eal
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;

akes what Happineſs we juſtly call,
not in the good of one, but all.
s not a bleſſing Individuals find,
ue-way leans and hearkens to the kind:
dit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
em'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
oſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
admirer, or would fix a friend:
t what others feel, what others think,
ſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
s his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
d, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
:n is Heaven's firſt Law; and this confeſt,
e, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
h, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
:h are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
equal in their Happineſs:
ual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
ire's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
n, circumſtance, is not the thing;
he ſame, in ſubject, or in king,
obtain defence, or who defend,
vho is, or him who finds a friend:
breathes through every member of the
whole
mon bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
une's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
h were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
o all Men Happineſs was meant,
Externals could not place Content.
ne her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
ſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
ven's juſt balance equal will appear,
hoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in
ear:
ent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
ire views of better, or of worſe.
ons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
ntains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
ies madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
, all the good that individuals find,
and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
s whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
ence.
lth conſiſts with Temperance alone;
ice, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
d or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
e leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
purſuit of profit or delight,
k the moſt, that take wrong means, or
ight?
or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
neets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
ll th' advantage proſperous Vice attains,
: what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
nt the bad what happineſs they would,
y muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
l to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
ncy Bliſs to Vice, or Virtue Woe!
es and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
ows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
ls, the Good alone, unhappy call,
or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike Turenne proſtrate on the duſt!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ſtill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak Prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his favourites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part, will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too;
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want Power?"

Add Health and Power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded Power? why private? who no
"king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand? [165
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust,
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind.
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with
strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness
lies:
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the Politic and Wise:
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's un-
known,
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In Parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost:
How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

united, thy ambition call,
ncient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
ts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
ppy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
y what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
irt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
that mais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
irope's laurels on their brows behold,
d with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
e them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
ious for plunder'd provinces.
lth ill-fated! which no act of fame
ght to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
eater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
eedy minion, or imperious wife,
hy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
nt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
ot dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
e the morn and evening to the day;
le amount of that enormous fame,
that blends their glory with their ſhame!
then this truth (enough for Man to know)
alone is Happineſs below."
point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
es the good without the fall to ill;
nly Merit conſtant pay receives,
what it takes and what it gives;
unequal'd, if its end it gain,
loſe, attended with no pain:
ſatiety, though e'er ſo bleſs'd,
more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
deſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
ſing far than Virtue's very tears:
om each object, from each place acquir'd,
exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
ited, while one man's oppreſs'd;
jected, while another's bleſt;
re no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain
ſole bliſs Heaven could on all beſtow!
vho but feels can taſte, but thinks can
ow:
with fortune, and with learning blind,
muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
no ſect, who takes no private road,
through Nature, up to Nature's God;
hat Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
ven and earth, and mortal and divine;
no Being any bliſs can know,
ies ſome above, and ſome below;
om this union of the riſing Whole,
laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
ws where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN
lone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
s ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;

Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kindred, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer,
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our bliſs below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

THE

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood;
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And, binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will:

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heaven purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd, or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

MORAL ESSAY

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.

I. *That it is not ſufficient for this knowledge to conſider Man in the Abſtract: Books will not ſerve the purpoſe, nor yet our own Experience ſingly, ver.* 1. *General maxims, unleſs they are formed upon both, will be but notional. ver.* 10. *Some peculiarity in every Man, characteriſtic to himſelf, yet varying from himſelf, ver.* 15. *Difficulties ariſing from our own Paſſions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. ver.* 31. *The ſhortneſs of Life to obſerve in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to obſerve by, ver.* 37. *&c. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourſelves, ver.* 41. *Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, diſſembled, or inconſiſtent, ver.* 51. *The ſame man utterly different in different places and ſeaſons, ver.* 71. *Unimaginable weakneſſes in the greateſt, ver.* 70, *&c. Nothing conſtant and certain but God and Nature, ver.* 95. *No judging of the Motives from the actions; the ſame actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the ſame Motives influencing contrary actions, ver.* 100. II. *Yet, to form Characters, we can only take the ſtrongeſt actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itſelf, and from Policy, ver.* 120. *Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver.* 135. *And ſome reaſon for it, ver.* 140. *Education alters the Nature, or at leaſt Character, of many, ver.* 149. *Actions, Paſſions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles all ſubject to change. No judging by Nature, ver.* 158. *to ver.* 178. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his Ruling Paſſion: That will certainly influence all the reſt, and can reconcile the ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of all his actions, ver.* 175. *Inſtanced in the extraordinary Character of Clodio, ver.* 179. *A caution againſt miſtaking ſecond qualities for firſt, and which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver.* 214. *Examples of the ſtrength of the Ruling Paſſion, and its continuation to the laſt breath, ver.* 222, *&c.*

EPISTLE I.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human-kind;
Though what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and
Knave,
Though many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.

An

the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
e read, as well as Books, too much.
tions which ourſelves we make,
nore partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
e drawn from Notions, theſe from Gueſs.
me Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
ark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Man be taken in the groſs?
as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.
:h from other differs, firſt confeſs;
he varies from himſelf no leſs;
e's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
inion's colours caſt on life.
ths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
rls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
actions reaſon though you can,
Reaſon, but it is not Man:
ple of action once explore,
nt 'tis his Principle no more.
ving life through creatures you diſſect,
: in the moment you detect.
re; the difference is as great between
ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
ers take a tincture from our own;
liſcolour'd through our Paſſions ſhown.
s beam enlarges, multiplies,
inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
l Life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay,
all too faſt to mark their way:
late reflections we would make,
lf our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not
e.
e Paſſion's wild rotation toſt,
; of action to ourſelves is loſt:
: determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
comes then is maſter of the field.
: image of that troubled heap,
ſe ſubſides and fancy ſports in ſleep,
aſt the recollection of the thought)
he ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
; as dim to our internal view,
erhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.
ome are open, and to all men known;
very cloſe, they 're hid from none;
:ſs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than light)
ious Chandos is belov'd at ſight;
child hates Shylock, though his ſoul
ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
ankind when generous Manly raves,
'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
verſal homage Umbra pays,
s Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
ttery glares, all hate it in a Queen,
there is who charms us with his Spleen.
ſe plain Characters we rarely find:
trong the bent, yet quick the turns of
nd:
g Contraries confound the whole;
ations quite reverſe the ſoul.
flat Falſehood ſerves, for policy;
e Cunning, Truth itſelf 's a lie:
t-of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
lies hid in inconſiſtencies.
ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
company; in place, or out;

Early at Buſineſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithful at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Veniſon to a Saint without.
Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all Intereſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.
What made (ſay, Montague, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs through Piety, and dup'd through Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold if Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in buſineſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions ſhew the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in Reaſoning, not in Acting, lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Aſk why from Britain Cæſar could retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper, he was beat.
Why riſk the World's great empire for a Punk?
Cæſar perhaps might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis

'Tis from high Life high characters are drawn:
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chancellor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will?
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but, if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more every thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heaven's influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Though the ſame ſun with all diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the Roſe, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his power,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flower.
'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of power:
A Quaker? ſly: A Preſbyterian? ſour:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Aſk men's Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay *Free*-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid, ſilent, dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Intereſt o'ercome, or policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turns with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times
Search then the Ruling Paſſion: There, alone,
The Wild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the luſt of Praiſe:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies:
Though wondering Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His paſſion ſtill, to covet general praiſe;
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty, which no Friend has made;
An Angel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd.
A Tyrant to the wiſe his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad outcaſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Aſk you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice,
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by Chaſtity, at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in buſineſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Laneſborow dancing in the gout.
Behold a reverend ſire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy," cries Helluo, "mercy on my ſoul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas! then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace,
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human-kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir.
"If—where I am going—I cou'd ſerve you, Sir!"
"I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned"
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir! what all?
"Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul"

The

ıor, Sir?—" The manor! hold, he cry'd. 260
ıat,—! cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
you! brave Cobham, to the lateſt breath,
el your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
ı thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
ave my Country, Heaven!" ſhall be your laſt.

ORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the Characters of Women.

nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finiſh-n this Epiſtle: Yet its ſucceſs was in no pro-t to the pains he took in compoſing it. Something nced to drop in a ſhort advertiſement prefixed on its firſt publication, may perhaps account for all attention given to it. He ſaid that no one Her in it was drawn from the life. The public ed him on his word, and expreſſed little curio-out a Satire, in which there was nothing per-

'HING ſo true as what you once let fall,
Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
oo ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
t diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
many pictures of one Nymph we view,
unlike each other, all how true!
's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
, Paſtora by a fountain ſide.
mnia, jeering on her own good man,
:re, a naked Leda with a Swan.
ı the fair-one beautifully cry,
dalene's looſe hair, and lifted eye,
t in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
mpering Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
:r the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
grow romantic, I muſt paint it.
e then, the colours and the ground prepare!
the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
:re ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
, whoſe eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
s each light gay meteor of a Spark,
as ill with Ruſa ſtudying Locke,
pho's diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
pho at her toilet's greaſy taſk,
appho fragrant at an evening Maſk:
ning Inſects, that in muck begun,
uzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting ſun.

How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend.
To her Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a Pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her amorous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—" How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—" Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than Wiſe;
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's prayer,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim;
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres;
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk,
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with Poets through pure love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th' Addreſs, the Delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.

Wife Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
You purchaſe pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or Her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
Or her, whoſe Life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Prayer.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet vicifſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to Fair-ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No Paſſion gratify'd, except her Rage,
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with Violence purſued,
Not more a ſtorm her Hate than Gratitude:
To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curſe!
But an Inferior not dependant? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you—Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe—then fall again to duſt.
Laſt night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Power, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Followers! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf, through very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown deſcends th'unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the Poor.
Pictures, like theſe, dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit them right:
For how ſhould equal Colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot."
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With every pleaſing, every prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought;
But never, never, reach'd one generous Thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er ſhould cancel—but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your ſecret ſtill in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.
One certain portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heaven has varniſh'd out, and made a Queen:
The ſame for ever! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhew their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but, Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exacteſt traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queenſberry to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain Parſon Hale.
But grant, in public Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.
In Men we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.

Men, ſome to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But every Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to public Strife;
But every Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Power all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,
Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures, the ſex, as children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an Old-age of Cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end;
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign;
To raiſe the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring orb declines
Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day:
She, who can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er anſwers till a Huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, though China fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a contradiction ſtill.
Heaven, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Favourite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taſte of Follies, with our ſcorn of Fools:
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.
Be this a Woman's Fame! with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' ſimple prayer;
And gave you Beauty, but denv'd the pelf
That buys your ſex a tyrant o'er itſelf.
The generous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens ſpirits as he ripens mines,
Kept droſs for Dutcheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe of Riches.

That it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profuſion, ver. 1, &c. The Point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happineſs, ſcarcely Neceſſaries, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an abſolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpoſe, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avarice, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a Miſer acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the ſame, ver. 199. The due medium, and true uſe of Riches, ver. 219 The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuſe and the Covetous, in two examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, &c. The Story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

P. WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heaven:

And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, ſurely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival too, its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heaven ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
To ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide again.
Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven or token of th' Elect;
Given to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows.
P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:
What Nature wants (a phraſe I muſt diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt:
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what Life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires.
B. Trade it may help, Society extend:
P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend.
. . . . . .
B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid:
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If ſecret Gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bleſt Paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and 'Squires confound,
Or watch all the Quorum ten miles round?
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom, with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd,
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd as to ancient games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us, let us then enquire?
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat, Cloaths, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
To ſome, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part;
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies:
But the good Biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
B. Who ſuffers thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives powerful, though unknown.
P. Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine, they foreſee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Veniſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas, they fear a man will coſt a plum.

Wife

fees the World's respect for Gold,
hopes this Nation may be sold.
bition! Peter, swell thy store,
Rome's great Didius was before.
of Poland, venal twice an age,
millions stinted modest Gage.
nes, Maria's dreams unfold,
alms, and worlds of Gold.
ls; whose life one Avarice joins,
buries in th' Asturian Mines.
r'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's
?
l him in these words our fate:
Corruption, like a general flood,
watchful Ministers withstood)
e all; and Avarice, creeping on,
low-born mist, and blot the Sun;
and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
l Butler share alike the Box,
s job, and Bishops bite the town,
y Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
s!"
urt-badge, great Scrivener, fir'd thy

xury, nor City Gain:
y righteous end, asham'd to see
erate, Patriots disagree,
shing Party-rage to cease,
fides, and give thy Country peace.

s madness," cries a sober sage:
friend, has reason in his rage?
g Passion, be it what it will,
g Passion conquers reason still."
wildest whimsey we can frame,
at Passion, if it has no Aim;
ch motives Folly you may call,
reater to have none at all.
he truth: "'Tis Heaven each Passion
ls,
nt men directs to different ends.
n Nature equal good produce,
n Man concur to general use."
makes one keep, and one bestow?
who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
e, harvest, equal course maintain,
ncil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Death, on Change Duration founds,
eternal wheels to know their rounds.
e insects, when conceal'd they lie,
wings, and in their season fly.
Mammon pine amidst his store,
kward steward for the Poor;
eservoir, to keep and spare;
ountain, spouting th ough his Heir,
ms to quench a Country's thirst,
dogs shall drink him till they burst.
ham'd his fortune and his birth,
Cotta void of wit or worth:
(the use of barbarous spits forgot)
ied in coolness with his grot?
h nettles, meats with cresses stor'd,
nbought and sallads bless'd his board?

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smoakless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the fav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his Son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.
The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, or ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
To balance Fortune by a just expence,
Join with Œconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.
B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty given,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatterer, or Buffoon?
Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Player?

Who

Who copies Your's, or Oxford's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh bounty yet a while may ſtand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heaven-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of ROSS," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the power to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that generous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, ſearch it there, were to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch who living ſav'd a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live long wig, which Gorgon's ſelf might own,

Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of Pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewſbury and Love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick Stateſmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And Fame, this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me.
As well his Grace reply'd "Like you, Sir John
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe are worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What! even deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend;
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing to the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Devil was piqued ſuch ſainthip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwind ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the Diamond, and the rogue was bit.

So

ıe ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
'll now give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am ſo clear too of all other vice "
The Tempter ſaw his time: the work he ply'd;
ıcks and Subſcriptions pour on every ſide,
ll all the Dæmon makes his full Deſcent
one abundant ſhower of Cent per Cent,
nks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
hen dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
ſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
hat late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
nd God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
hings change their titles, as our manners turn:
is Compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday morn:
ldom at Church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
ut duly ſent his family and wife.
here (ſo the Devil ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
y good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
aves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the Fair)
ıe well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
rſt, for his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
ho drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
s Daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
e bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
ıd one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
y Lady falls to play. ſo bad her chance,
muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
ıe Houſe impeach him, Coningſby harangues;
ıe Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
ife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
s wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
ıe Devil and the King divide the prize,
ıd ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

CHARD BOYLE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe of RICHES.

Vanity of Expenſe in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuſe of the word Taſte, ver. 13. That the firſt principle and foundation in this, as in every thing elſe, is Good Senſe, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Inſtanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all muſt be adapted to the Genius and Uſe of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it, ver. 50. How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe long, if at all; and the beſt Examples and rules will be but perverted into ſomething burthenſome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A deſcription of the falſe Taſte of Magnificence; the firſt grand error of which is, to imagine that Greatneſs conſiſts in the Size and Dimenſion, inſtead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver. 97 and the ſecond, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely reſembling, or in the Repetition of the ſame too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of falſe Taſte in Books, in Muſic, and in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer and laſtly in Entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE *is juſtified in giving Wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the firſt Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epiſtle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expenſe of Great Men, ver. 177, &c. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, ver. 191, to the end.*

EPISTLE IV.

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chooſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham Drawings and Deſigns;
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare Monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhew, how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got Wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heaven viſits with a Taſte the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive Fate to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expenſe,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arts of triumph to a Garden gate:
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;

Then

Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on 't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear.
Something there is more needful than Expenſe,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'tis Senſe:
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.
Conſult the Genius of the Place in all:
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heavens to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls-in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.
Still follow Senſe, of every Art the Soul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a Lake;
Or cut wide views through mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet;
The wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Blushing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quivering rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.
Through his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thickening ſhade,
With annual joy the reddening ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an opener Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews:
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground,
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On every ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful Wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuffering eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe that knows no ſhade;
Here Amphitrite ſails through myrtle bowers:
There Gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure to be ſeen:
But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt through the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Prayer:
Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.
To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh their face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.

So

retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.
ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
plaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
s civil pride from morn to eve;
ch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
r no day was ever paſt ſo ill.
ice the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
himſelf, and to his infants bread,
rer bears: What his hard heart denies,
able vanity ſupplies.
r age ſhall ſee the golden ear
the ſlope, and nod on the parterre,
veſt bury all his pride has plann'd,
hing Ceres re-aſſume the land.
ien ſhall grace, or who improve the ſoil?
its like Bathurſt, or who builds like Boyle.
lone that ſanctifies expenſe,
idor borrows all her rays from ſenſe.
her's acres who enjoys in peace,
his Neighbours glad, if he increaſe:
earful tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
eir Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
ple lawns are not aſham'd to feed
heifer and deſerving ſteed;
ing foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
buildings, future navies, grow:
antations ſtretch from down to down,
a country, and then raiſe a town.
proceed! make falling arts your care,
wonders, and the old repair;
Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
hate'er Vitruvius was before:
call forth th'Ideas of your mind,
(accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd)
ours open, public Ways extend,
les worthier of the God aſcend;
oad Arch the dangerous flood contain,
projected break the roaring Main;
is bounds their ſubject ſea command,
obedient rivers through the land;
iours, peace to happy Britain brings;
Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

ORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ſioned by his Dialogues on Medals.

wild waſte of all-devouring years!
Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
ding arches, broken temples ſpread!
Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead;
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey;
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mouldering age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
Ambition ſigh'd: ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs column, and the crumbling buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her triumphs ſhrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learn'd ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine:
Her Gods and godlike Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regards engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh, when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There, Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurel'd bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine:
With aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,

" Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
" Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

EPISTLE TO Dr. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to crose,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving council, " Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
" The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take
" it;
" I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make
" it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: " You know his Grace:
" I want a Patron; ask him for a Place."
Pitholeon libel'd me—" but here's a letter
" Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
" Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
" He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."
Bless me! a packet.—" 'Tis a stranger sues,
" A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, " Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, " Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath! I'll
" print it,
" And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with
" Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, " Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
" Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a King)
His very Minister, who spy'd them first,
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a surer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack.

and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
id'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
mes a Scribbler? break one cobweb
rough,
he ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
is ſib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
ure's at his dirty work again,
on the centre of his thin deſigns,
a vaſt extent of flimſy lines!
ve I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
urch'd eyebrow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
ers Henley, his free-maſons Moor?
one table Bavius ſtill admit?
ie Biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
pho—A. Hold; for God's ſake—you'll
ſend,
s—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
d write, and I am twice as tall;
ike theſe—P. One Flatterer's worſe than
l.
d creatures, if the learn'd are right,
laver kills, and not the bite.
ite angry is quite innocent:
ten times worſe when they repent.
dicates in high heroic proſe,
ules beyond a hundred foes:
all Grub-ſtreet will my fame defend,
re abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
ts my letters, that expects a bribe,
irs roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe!"
are, who to my perſon pay their court:
ike Horace, and, though lean, am ſhort.
great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
l's noſe, and, "Sir! you have an eye!"—
bliging creature, make me ſee
iſgrac'd my betters, met in me.
y comfort, languiſhing in bed,
immortal Maro held his head;"
n I die, be ſure you let me know
ner dy'd three thouſand years ago.
id I write? what ſin to me unknown
e in ink, my parents', or my own?
hild, nor yet a fool to fame,
numbers, for the numbers came.
alling for this idle trade,
broke, no father diſobey'd:
but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not wife;
ne through this long diſeaſe, my life;
l, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
, the being you preſerv'd, to bear.
y then publiſh? Granville the polite,
wing Walſh, would tell me I could write;
ur'd Garth inflam'd with early praiſe,
greve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
ly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
ed Rocheſter would nod the head,
ohn's ſelf, (great Dryden's friends before)
n arms received one poet more.
y ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
heir Author, when by theſe belov'd!
ſe the world will judge of men and books,
the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did ſome more ſober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakeſpeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can gueſs?
The Bard whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
Who turn a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who, ſtill wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who, now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad tranſlate,
And own'd that nine ſuch poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear, not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.
Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er obliged;

Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars every ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!
What though my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Aſian Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But, ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Caſtalian ſtate.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long.
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong,
His Library (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd every day, and ſometimes eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the Great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey gooſe quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo ſtill!
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
Or ſimple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the Great! for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me Gay:
Left me to ſee neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe, and Queenſberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a Patron, though I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my prayers;
Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltleſs I! and can I chooſe but ſmile,
When every Coxcomb knows me by my Style?
Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a Tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lie, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can your merit ſelfiſhly approve,
And ſhew the ſenſe of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lie not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the Dean and ſilver bell can ſwear,
And ſees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babbling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
Satire or ſenſe, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt.
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.

Not

ıe's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
madman, nor Ambition's tool,
ıor ſervile; be one Poet's Praiſe,
leas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
y, e'en to Kings, he held a ſhame,
: a Lie in verſe or proſe the ſame;
Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
o Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:
Fame, but Virtue's better end,
furious foe, the timid friend,
ş critic, half approving wit,
b hit, or fearing to be hit;
ıe loſs of friends he never had,
: proud, the wicked, and the mad;
hreats of vengeance on his head,
felt, the tear he never ſhed;
v'd, the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,
traſh, and dullneſs not his own;
olacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
erſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
l he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
xile, or a father dead;
, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—
· thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt:
r Virtue! welcome e'en the laſt!
y inſult the poor, affront the great?
's a knave, to me, in every ſtate:
ırn, if he ſucceed or fail,
urt, or Japhet in a jail;
ribbler, or a hireling peer,
ıe poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
ry, or near a Throne,
Prince's ear, or loſe his own.
y nature, more a dupe than wit,
:ell you how this man was bit:
l Sat'riſt Dennis will confeſs
·ide, but friend to his diſtreſs:
ıe has knocked at Thibbald's door,
/ith Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
·s ſlander'd, did he once reply?
and ſuns went down on Welſted's lie.
e miſtreſs, one aſpers'd his life;
m not, but let her be his wife:
charge low Grub-ſtreet on his quill,
vhate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two Curlls of Town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul and nurſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, James Moore!
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in Britain Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P.
Their own.
And better got, than Beſſus's from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe!
Healthy by temperance, and by exerciſe;
His life, though long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a Queen!
A Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or given,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heaven.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wife Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Timorous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.
F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life,
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine; "Probatum eſt."
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
Or, if you needs muſt write, write Cæſar's Praiſe,
You'll gain at leaſt a Knighthood, or the Bays.
P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough and fierce,
With Arms and George and Brunſwick crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?
F. Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let Carolina ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.
P. Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And juſtly Cæſar ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to Hiſtory he truſts for Praiſe.
F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.
P. What ſhould ail 'em?
F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.
P. Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe
The doubling Luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe:
F— loves the Senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And every friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verſman or Proſeman, term me what you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too diſcreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore.
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.
Slander or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels:
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he 's not ſtung by Pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They 'll never poiſon you, they 'll only cheat.
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court;
Whether Old-age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkewer to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flower of Age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
P. What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatterers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?

Could

reate Dryden Pimp and Friar engage,
r Charles nor James be in a rage?
ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
unpenſion'd, no man's heir or ſlave?
periſh in the generous cauſe:
, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the
ws.
e I live, no rich or noble knave
the World, in credit, to his grave.
ne only and her friends a Friend,
d beſide may murmur, or commend.
the diſtant din that world can keep,
my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
my retreat the beſt Companions grace,
of war, and Statesmen out of place.
John mingles with my friendly bowl
of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
s my Quinctenx, and now ranks my
es;
he Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
quickly as he conquer'd Spain,
uſt own. I live among the Great,
of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate;
that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;
read friendſhips, but to cover heats;
who want, to forward who excel;
who know me, know; who love me,
;
unknown defame me, let them be
or Peers, alike are Mob to me.
Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
my Council, learned in the laws?
Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
xplain'd by men—ſo have a care.
n record, that in Richard's times
s hang'd for very honeſt rhymes;
Statute, "quart." I think, it is,
ſext." or "prim. et quint. Eliz."
Satires—here you have it—read.
s and Satires! lawleſs things indeed!
Epiſtles, bringing Vice to light,
ing might read, a biſhop write,
Robert would approve—
F. Indeed?
s alter'd—you may then proceed;
aſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
the judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

BOOK II.

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

T, and how great, the Virtue and the
Art
little with a cheerful heart;
ſage, but truly none of mine)
my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will chooſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.
Old field, with more than Harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecued!"
Oh blaſt it, South-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the rankneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Beccaficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
Let me extol a Cat, on oyſters fed,
I 'll have a Party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfiſh recommend;
I 'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; though not ſplendid, clean.
Avidien, or his Wife, (no matter which
For him you 'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots:
One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank-bill, or heard their ſon was drown'd),
At ſuch a feaſt, old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error paſs,
The muſty wine, ſoul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſt Health: The ſtomach (cramm'd from every diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,

Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temperate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
How pale, each Worſhipful and Reverend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heavenly particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind!
How eaſy every labour it purſues!
How coming to the Poet every Muſe!
Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage;
And more the ſickneſs of long life, Old-age;
For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate Youth the veſſel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
Why had not I in theſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear;
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)
Who has not learn'd, freſh ſturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd be thy neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
"Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a rogue in need
"To have a taſte, is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
Thus BETHEL ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-ſea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of thouſands, and if now Excis'd;
In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
From yon old walnut-tree a ſhower ſhall fall;
And grapes, long-lingering on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place);
And, what 's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt:
Though double tax'd, how little have I loſt!
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I 'll hire another's? is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whoſe free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
"Pray heaven it laſt! (cries Swift) as you go on;
"I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
"Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife;
"Why, you 'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What 's Property? dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome ungracious ſon,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all 's my own."
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scrivener, or a City Knight.
Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own maſter's ſtill.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modest Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Generals now, retir'd to their Estates,
Hang their Old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Evening satiate of Applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK'S cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
"And never gallop Pegasus to death;
"Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."
Farewell then Verse, and Love, and every Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke:
Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love 's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of the soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite:
I 'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Avarice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controul
Between the Fits this Fever of the soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which fresh and fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There London's voice, "Get Money, Money still!
"And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Bernard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds?
A pension, or such Harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Bernard, thou art a Cit with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their Honours, and so forth.
Yet every child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour, is to feel no sin,
He 's arm'd without that 's innocent within;
Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass;
Compar'd to this, a Minister 's an Ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at CRESSY or POITIERS?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
"With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
"If not, by any means, get Wealth and Place."
For what? to have a Box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness through:
And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
If such a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the weil dress'd Rabble stare;
In honest S*z take scandal at a Spark,
That less admires the Palace than the Park:

Faith, I ſhall give the anſwer Reynard gave:
" I cannot like, dread Sire, your Royal Cave;
" Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you 're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King 's a Lion, at the leaſt
The People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some with fat Bucks on childleſs dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkneſs, hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But ſhew me one who has it in his power
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-hill!"
Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſey, or that Devil within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
" Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
" For Snug 's the word: My dear! we 'll live in Town."
At amorous Flavio is the ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the Poor—The Poor have the ſame itch;
They change their weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner, to their ſhoes;
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.

You laugh, half-Beau, half-Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when no Prelate's Lawn, with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One ebb and flow of Follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round
You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine, whom Wiſdom calls her own
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppreſs'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power
At home, though exil'd; free, though in the Tower;
In ſhort, that reaſoning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt leſs than Jove, and much above a King,
Nay, half in heaven—except (what 's mighty odd
A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-god!

BOOK I.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

" NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
" To make men happy, and to keep them ſo
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flowers of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look through and truſt the Ruler with his ſkies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what Earth's low entrails hold
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say, with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.

or bad, to one extreme betray
nc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
ſ ſelf may too much zeal be had;
of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
ıd if yon can, admire the ſtate
; diamonds and reflected plate;
'aſte to double the ſurprize,
n Parian Charms with learned eyes:
vith bright Brocade or Tyrian Dye,
day Nobles' ſplendid Livery.
eas'd, at Council-board rejoice,
Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
ı to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
ı, read more, dine late, or not all.
ore all this labour, all this ſtriſe?
for Riches, for a noble Wife?
whom Nature, Learning, Birth con-
'd
ot to admire, but be admir'd,
: his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
ich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
nobles or degrades each Line;
d Craggs's, and may darken thine:
is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
ſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
hou art, with all the Power of Words,
ſo honour'd, at the houſe of Lords:
s Scene! another yet is nigh,
t far) where Kings and Poets lie;
ıay (long enough his Country's pride)
more than Tully or than Hyde!
vith Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
ortal let himſelf alone?
y batter'd Beaux invited over,
ate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
len may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
e bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
atever Cornbury diſdains;
ı, and be happy for your pains.
hou one, whom new opinions ſway,
elieves as Tindal leads the way,
e and a Church alike diſowns,
ıt but words, and this but brick and
ies?
n all the wings of wild deſire,
ıate'er the maddeſt can admire:
ıy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
ds can carry, or where waves can roll,
ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
: greedy, or outbid the bold:
ıy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
ıd baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
ınd hundred, and (if that's not fair)
ıore, and bring it to a ſquare.
th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore,
Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch Friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a German Prince is worſe,
Who, proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
But if to Power and Place your Paſſion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
Then hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord,
To do the Honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
"That makes three members, this can chuſe a Mayor."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace proteſt,
Adopt him Son or Couſin at the the leaſt,
Then turn about and laugh at your own Jeſt.
Or if your life be one continued Treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we every Decency confound;
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew;
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts;
Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our Country and degrade our Name?
If after all, we muſt with Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you great Patron of mankind! ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend;
At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more ſacred Name,
After a Life of generous toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdued or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind;
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, every Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, but mature the praiſe:
Great Friend of Liberty! in Kings a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
As Heaven's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.
Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial to the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton heads of houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
He ſwears the Muſes met him at the Devil.
Though juſtly Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not we be wiſer than our ſires?
In every Public Virtue we excell;
We build, we paint, we ſing, we dance as well;
And learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh Bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who laſts a century can have no flaw;
"I hold that Wit a Claſſic, good in law."
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound
And ſhall we deem him Ancient, right and ſound
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine a Modern and a Dunce?
"We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By courteſy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you to meaſure merits, look in Stowe,
And, eſtimating authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a Bier.
Shakeſpeare (whom you and every Playhouſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
The Life to come in every Poet's Creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill I love the language of his heart.
"Yet ſurely, ſurely, theſe were famous men!
"What boy but hears the ſaying of old Ben?
"In all debates where Critics bear a part,
"Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art
"Of Shakeſpeare's Nature and of Cowley's Wit;
"How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
"How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow;
"But for the Paſſions, Southerne ſure and Rowe.
"Theſe, only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage,
"From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the Public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the Obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now ſerpent-like, in proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
Not that I 'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like ſlaſhing Bently with his deſperate hook,
Or damn all Shakeſpeare, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at ſchool.
But ſot the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Eaſe;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er)
One Simile, that ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new;
While, if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon but Applauſe.

ron's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
ask if any weed can grow;
igic sentence if I dare deride,
Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
) but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)
ll our Fathers rise up in a rage,
ar, all shame is lost in George's Age!
think no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
some grave examples yet remain,
rn a Lad should teach his father skill,
ving once been wrong, will be so still.
) to seem more deep than you or I,
d Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
him not; he envies, not admires,
debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
ient times conspir'd to disallow
ien was new, what had been ancient
ow?
remain'd, so worthy to be read
ed Critics, of the mighty dead?
ys of Eass, when now the weary Sword
ath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd;
taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
y the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
ers grew proud in Horsemanship t' excel,
ket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
lier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
y flowery Courtier writ Romance.
arble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
ding Metal flow'd to human form:
animated Canvas stole
by Eye, that spoke the melting soul.
der then, when all was love and sport,
ing Muses were debauch'd at Court:
enervate string they taught the note
, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
ritain, changeful as a Child at play,
ls in Princes, and now turns away.
hig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
for Pleasure, now for Church or State;
Prerogative, and now for Laws;
nhappy! from a Noble Cause.
was, a sober Englishman would knock
nts up, and rise by five o'clock,
his family in every rule,
d his Wife to Church, his Son to School.
hip like his Fathers, was his care;
i their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
: that Luxury could never hold;
ce, on good Security, his Gold.
ies are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
r'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
ires, and Grandsires, all will wear the
ays,
ves read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
atres and to Rehearsals throng,
our Grace at table is a Song.
o oft renounce the Muses, lye,
-'s self e'er tells more Fibbs than I;
ck of Muse, our follies we deplore,
mise our best Friends to rhyme no more;

We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our Wit.
He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n Radcliffe's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they 've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely Avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he 'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his Book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his diet.
Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me show, a Poet 's of some weight,
And (though no Soldier) useful to the State.
What will a Child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What 's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King:
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison's remains;
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attac'd, a Poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the Ideot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And stretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Stern hold glad the heart with Psalms:
The Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.

The

The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And Heaven is won by Violence of Song.
Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
And Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and Nature ill-inclin'd,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to Flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with Wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms:
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.

Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert low Dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our Poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd:
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the Taste of Mobs, but now of Lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot, and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
Loud as the Wolves, on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long-wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the Poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

The

, when to come, and when to go,
r ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
will recite nine hours in ten,
our patience juſt like other men.
we hurt ourſelves, when, to defend
erſe, we quarrel with a friend;
aſk'd; lament, the Wit 's too fine
eyes, and point out every line;
when, ſtraining with too weak a wing,
will write Epiſtles to the King;
the moment we oblige the town,
lace, or Penſion from the Crown;
d Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
our triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
o Court to plan ſome work divine,
r Louis, Boileau and Racine.
, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
what Poet beſt may make them known?
at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
ow the Laureat's weighty place.
, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
iis figure to Bernini's care;
: Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
n graceful on the bounding Steed;
paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
s in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.
William, and the Martyr Charles,
ited Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
ade old Ben and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
'd 's anointed, but a Ruſſian Bear."
th ſuch majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
is auguſt, of King, or conquering Chief,
'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
'd verſe) the manners and the Mind.
d I mount on the Mæonian wing,
ns, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing;

you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
intry's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
barous rage ſubſided at your word,
ions wonder'd while they dropp'd the
ord;
hen you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
le her wing, and wrapp'd the world in
ep;
's extremes your mediation own,
's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:
of Fools offends at any time,
of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
a fate attends on all I write,
en I aim at praiſe, they ſay I bite.
comium doubly ridicules:
nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
a woeful likeneſs; and if lies,
undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
y he bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
n I flatter, let my dirty leaves
urnals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
en, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
ice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE II.

"Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur." Hor.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows, and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
"My only ſon; I'd have him ſee the world:
"His French is pure; his Voice too—you ſhall hear.
"Sir, he 's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
"Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
"Your Barber, Cook, Upholſterer, what you pleaſe:
"A perfect genius at an Opera ſong—,
"To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord:
"But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15
"Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
"And then unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
"(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to ſteal." 20
If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh, away, 25
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws, to which you gave your own aſſent? 30
Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night, 35
He ſlept, poor dog; and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall, 40
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter);
"Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
"Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
"More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble General, ſuch a Sot?
"Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad: 55
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

But

But knottier points, we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by ſufferers though unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I ſhould ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
Years following Years, ſteal ſomething every day.
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtands ſtill?
But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learn'd roaſt an egg.
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf deteſts.
But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crouds, and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomſbury-ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
"And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-v-—nce in a Car?
Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottos and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, every Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The man, who, ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſeven years complete,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stepp'd from its Pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers at their doors
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the R
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your quence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Tall ſenſe."
Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpiri
Call Theobald Shakſpeare, and he'll ſwear the
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut through Merlin's Cave, to
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what name pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming r
And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bi
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
In vain, bad Rhymers, all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſp
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The Men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grac
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtea
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a boſd, expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright through the rubbiſh of ſome hundred yea
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wak
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Rawleigh ſpak
Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhew no mercy to an empty line:
Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
"But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chanc
"As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learned dance."
If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleaſed, and play the fool;

y'u will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.
liv'd in primo Georgii (they record)
hy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord:
hough the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
ut this, a man of ſober life,
his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
te a madman, though a paſty fell;
ich too wiſe to walk into a well.
he damn'd Doctors and his Friends im-
mur'd,
led, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort,
they cur'd:
it the gentleman began to ſtare---
ends! he cry'd, p-x take you for your
care!
m a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
ed and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
, on the whole, plain proſe muſt be my
fate:
(curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
a time when Poets will grow dull:
leave verſes to the boys at ſchool:
s of Poetry no more confin'd,
n to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
very thought within its bounds to roll,
ep the equal meaſure of the Soul.
as I enter at my country door,
d reſumes the thread it ſtopp'd before;
its which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
d rejoin me, in the Penſive Grot.
ll alone, and compliments apart,
eſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
hen the more you drink, the more you
crave,
l the Doctor; when the more you have,
re you want, why not with equal eaſe
as well your Folly, as diſeaſe?
art reſolves this matter in a trice,
only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
n golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
ve all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and
place
Peer with honour, truth, and grace;
n that breaſt, moſt dirty Dean! be fair,
n you find out one ſuch lodger there?
ll, not heeding what your heart can teach,
o to church to hear theſe Flatterers
preach.
ed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
'eſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
ere be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
erty, that's yours on which you live.
ful Abs-court, if its fields afford
fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
ordly's hens, nay, partridge, ſold to town,
nion too, a guinea makes your own:
ight at thouſands, what with better wit
urchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
or long ſince, what difference will be found?
ay a penny, and be paid a pound.

Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-ſcored men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy every ſtick of wood that ſends them heat;
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Wights who fondly call their own
Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln-
town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
Looſe on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man, and for ever? wretch! what would'ſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood's hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Incloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, Silver, Ivory, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not---and thank heaven there
are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's Turnips, and all Groſvenor's
mines:
Why one like Bu---with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driven by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
Yes Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more:
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.
What is 't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The ſhip itſelf may make a better figure;
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger:
I neither ſtrut with every favouring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.

In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
"But why all this of Avarice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of power?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrep'd and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each Birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no ſourneſs, drawn ſo near its end;
Canſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live will, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to triſle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

DR. DONNE's SATIRES *(Verſified.)*

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry 's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' Exciſe and Army in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's, is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean Bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the Fair: but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the devil, and all but gold.
Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt through him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs,
Who live like S--tt--n, or who die like Charles,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Caniniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young divine, new-benefice'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive, than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft labyrinth of a Lady's Ear
With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year!
Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows' hearts,
Call himſelf Barriſter to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your own!
What thanks, what praiſe, if Peter but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when priſoners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretiſhip that brought them there.
His Office keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire:
For you he walks the ſtreets through rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots Peter puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to every Lord in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite---or like a King.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till, like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to Janſſen pays at White's,

Heir in mortgage melts away;
mſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
al they win this acre firſt, then that,
n, and gather up the whole eſtate.
rongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
tes, Covenants, Articles they draw,
the fields themſelves, and larger far
ivil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;
our new Divines, we muſt conſeſs,
ners of the Church for writing leſs.
hem write for you, each rogue impairs
ds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires*:
mentator can more ſlily paſs
arn'd, unintelligible place:
otation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
ords that would againſt them clear the doubt.
her thought the Pater-noſter long,
oom'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;
ng caſt his cowl, and left thoſe laws,
Chriſt's prayer the Power and Glory clauſe.
ds are bought; but where are to be found
ncient woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
o new-built palaces aſpire,
ens emulate the veſtal fire.
are thoſe troops of poor that throng'd of yore
old landlord's hoſpitable door?
ould wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
ſts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;
extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
n faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
ankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
heſe works are not in faſhion now:
old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
fine, but what no man will wear.
nuch I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence;
urt Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
former watch theſe words to draw
e reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

A T I R E IV.

if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
u to all the follies of the age!
arity with fool and knave,
peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
ny Purgatory here betimes,
for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
s hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
re trifles, toys, and empty names.
oliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
in itch t' admire, or be admir'd;
no commiſſion from his Grace;
o benefice, I begg'd no place:
w verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
o Court!---the Devil would have it ſo.
Fool that in reforming days
to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter, than on Afric's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain.
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night would ſwear him dropp'd out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
And the wiſe Juſtice ſtarting from his chair
Cry, By your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Though coarſe, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Beſs,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travell'd, and ſpeaks language too,
And knows what's fit for every ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd,
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henly himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole Artillery of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe Plagues in one) the bawling Bar;
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat Widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal Favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if ——'s your name.
What Speech eſteem you moſt? "The King's," ſaid I.
But the beſt words?---"O Sir, the Dictionary."
You miſs my aim! I mean the moſt acute
And perfect Speaker?---"Onſlow, paſt diſpute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for cloſer ſtyle,
"But Hoadly for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;

Nay troth th' Apoſtles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus, others talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tower had ſtood.
"Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
"Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
"Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
"The King would ſmile on you---at leaſt the Queen."
Ah, gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajole us---
But Tully has it, "Nunquam minus ſolus:"
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And though the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entrance'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
"Oh, 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal Family;
He every day from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk;
And get, by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
"Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! ſtrangely low,
"And coarſe of phraſe,---your Engliſh all are ſo.
"How elegant your Frenchmen!" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one; I hope the fellow 's clean.
"Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
"Your only wearing is your Paduaſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille---
Wild to get looſe, his patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, "What news?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a ſtill with ſimples in it,
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to inrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere houſhold traſh! of birthnights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollingſheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:
Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore;
Who, having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who, in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Truſt of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why Turnpikes riſe, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis ſee the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what Strumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what Citizen his wife:
At laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,---yet he thruſts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſtboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels every Man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's guests,
To ſee themſelves fall headlong into beaſts,
Than mine to find a ſubject ſtav'd and wiſe
Already half turn'd traitor by ſurpriſe.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me;
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free:
And quick to ſwallow me methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.
In that nice Moment, as another Lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again;
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Faunius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and, ſtill afraid to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of Senſe;
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſued th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Heil tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a livery'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,

oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
as ſwell this bladder of a court?
on thoſe who ſhow a Court in wax! 205
bring all Courtiers on their backs:
ed puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
gewgaws, only dreſs and face!
n noſes, ſtately ſtaring things---
ſome ſolks bow, and think them Kings.
ere the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more,
t White's, with ſelons, or a whore,
laſt duty to the Court, and come
nd fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215
gay, and odours as divine,
r fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
velvet for a King!" the flatterer ſwears;
for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
may juſtly to our ſtage give rules, 220
s it both to fool's coats and to fools.
not players ſtrut in courtiers clothes?
are actors too, as well as thoſe:
ch all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
ſplendid poverty at beſt. 225
for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
tes fraught with ſpice and cochinell,
e Ladies: how each pirate eyes
veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
nt he, and ſhe in all her trim, 230
ng her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
ounreſs! you have charms all hearts to
hit!"
eet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
he beauty and the wit are bought. 235
ourſt even Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
e'e anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
nce ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
ue of Mahmoud, or ſome queer Pa-god.
urvey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
u-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
eir clothes, and to confeſſion draw
ial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw:
hat terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
of that mortal crime, a hole; 245
one pound of powder leſs beſpread
nkey-tails that wag behind their head!
h'd, and corrected to a hair,
ſch, to prate their hour before the Fair.
preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
d of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
ian Sharon, in immac'late trim,
ſelf impertinent in him.
e Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
s! how the things proteſt, proteſt? 255
ds, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
e catch you at your Jeſu! Jeſu!
made every Fop to plague his brother,
e Beauty mortifies another.
's the Captain that will plague them
both, 260
cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath,
ain 's honeſt, Sirs, and that 's enough,
his ſoul 's bullet, and his body buff.
ore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
ring rams, beats open every door: 265
a face as red, and as awry,
's hangdogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe:
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than them all: 275
Each Man an Aſkapart, of ſtrength to toſs
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as
mine: 280
Charge them with Heaven's Artillery, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satire 's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains; but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
Howe'er, what 's now Apocrypha, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for Holy Writ.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel--- 5
Why new, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their truſt in Peter." 10
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of Vice:
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy ſerv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do Buſineſs, Higgins knew the Town;
In Sappho touch the Failings of the Sex, 15
In reverend Biſhops note ſome ſmall Neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggiſh thing,
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS
ſmile: 20
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen.
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you 'd jeſt no more--
And where 's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.

Go ſee Sir ROBERT---
P. See Sir ROBERT!---hum---
And never laugh---for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a Venal tribe
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me! let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with Scripture ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at honeſty;
A Joke on JEKYLL, or ſome odd Old Whig,
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig;
A Patriot is a Fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old virtue, as they will.
If any aſk you, "Who 's the Man ſo near
"His prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?"
Why anſwer LYTTELTON; and I 'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's caſe,
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſman in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue balance all again.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth and Truth!
Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flowers of Bubo, and the Flow of Young!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That firſt was H---vy's, F---'s next, and then,
The S---te's, and then H---vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, though the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the Nation's Senſe;
Or teach the Melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA'S Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All parts perform'd, and all her Children bleſt!
So---Satire is no more---I feel it die---
No Gazetteer more innocent than I---
And let, a God's name, every Fool and Knave
Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his Grave,

F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt---in Diſgrace:
For merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal S---k, and grave De——re.
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remov'd to Heaven,
All Ties diſſolv'd, and every ſin forgiven,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.
P. Good Heaven forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sovereigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſidering what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the dignity of Vice be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A Favourite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
It is for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man;
And ſo mayſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!
But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin.
Let modeſt Foſter, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,---yea in Life:
Let humble Allen, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame;
Virtue may chooſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She 's ſtill the ſame belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a Whore;
Let Greatneſs own her, and ſhe 's mean no more

her Beauty, Crowds and Courts con-
eſs,
itrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops
leſs;
Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
:he Goſpel is, and hers the Laws;
: Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
ale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
wheels of her triumphal Car,
id's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
the duſt! his arms hang idly round,
iverted trails along the ground!
,all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold,
dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
ing Millions to the Pagod run,
Country, Parent, Wife, or or Son!
lack Trumpet through the land pro-
laim,
T TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE
HAME.
, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Power,
.ce all, Ambition is no more!
r Nobles begging to be Slaves!
r Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
f Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
ten thouſand envy and adore:
ok up, with reverential Awe,
that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
uth, Worth, Wildom, daily they decry
is ſacred now but Villainy."
y this Verſe if ſuch a Verſe remain)
e was one who held it in diſdain.

PILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

DIALOGUE II.

S all a Libel---Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow
faith it may;
iat very cauſe I print to-day.
ld I fret to mangle every line,
ce to the Sins of Thirty-nine!
ſuch Giant-ſtrides comes on amain,
ſtrives to be before in vain;
t I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
g Genius ſins up to my Song.
ione but you by name the guilty laſh;
iry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.
the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.
', Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the
Dice?
hen, Satire! general, unconfin'd,
broad wing, and ſouce on all the kind.
ien, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
ſmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
nd Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them,
who?
that 's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a ſiſter, who foreſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town 's enquiring yet.
The poiſoning Dame--- F. You mean--- P. I
don't.---F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman---F. Hold, too high you
go.
P. The brib'd Elector---F. There you ſtoop
too low.
P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which
not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires,
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure---you know what I mean---
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? no; his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that 's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be
ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a Court or Country 's made a job,
Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter 's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there---why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire, then, nor riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that Wild, I 'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years
ago:
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſperate, if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence (o
P. As S---k, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange ſpleen to S---k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.
When I confeſs, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I Scarborow name?
Pleas'd let me own, in Eſher's peaceful Grove
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's Love)
The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my Craggs anew?
Ev'n a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert:
Secker, is decent; Rundel has a Heart;
Manners with Candour are to Benſon given;
To Berkley, every Virtue under Heaven.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love:
I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.

Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd Shrewſbury, the wiſe and great;
Carleton's calm Senſe, and Stanhope's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their generous End the ſame:
How pleaſing Atterbur'y's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'ed in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Chelterfield forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
Argyll, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or Wyndham, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own?
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, nor number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays:
I follow Virtue; where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe;
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Roſs, or my Lord Mayor.
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man, I beat about;
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe---the taſk can ne'er be done:
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for the Beſt of Men,
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds again.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground:
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What Richlieu wanted, Louis ſcarce cou'd gain,
And what young Ammon wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No Power the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Power, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
---What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and wou'd be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply---
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave,
And Lyttelton a dark, deſigning Knave;
St. John has ever been a mighty Fool——
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accompliſh'd St. John! deck thy ſhrine?
What? ſhall each ſpur-gall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent General turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do---
F. Hold, Sir! for God's ſake, where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S---k writ?
Or P---ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[In Power a Servant, out of Power a Friend]
To W---le guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery bedropt the Crown
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in Huts of Weſtphaly;
If one, through Nature's bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the Houſe.
F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach---
P. So does Flattery mine:
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further---Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?
Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and ſhould be yours.

ne profeſs'd to falſe pretence,
a Coxcomb's honour like his ſenſe;
riend to every worthy mind;
is man who feel for all mankind.
re ſtrangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no ſlave:
it, I own myſelf no knave:
country's ruin makes me grave.
proud, I muſt be proud to ſee
mid of God, afraid of me:
e Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
l and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.
weapon! left for truth's defence,
of folly, vice, and inſolence!
heaven-directed hands deny'd,
may give thee, but the Gods muſt
le:
touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
he watchmen of the public weal,
work provoke the tardy hall;
he prelate ſlumbering in his ſtall.
ects! whom a court maintains,
s your beauties only by your ſtains,
ır cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
: wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
ree preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
nakes Saints of Queens, and Gods of
ngs.
: truth, drops dead-born from the preſs,
ſt Gazette, or the liſt Addreſs.
lack ambition ſtains a public cauſe,
h's ſword, when mad vain-glory
ws,
's wreath can hide the nation's ſcar,
ıu turn the feather to a ſtar.
when, diadem'd with rays divine,
.ith the flame that breaks from virtue's
ine,
ſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
he temple of Eternity.
ıer trophies deck the truly brave,
as Anſtis caſts into the grave;
Stars than * and * * wear,
lefcend to Mordington from Stair;
n Hough's unſully'd mitre ſhine,
good Digby, from a heart like thine)
howl, while Heaven's whole chorus
gs,
at honour not conferr'd by kings;
y ſickening ſee the incenſe riſe,
ıe world, and grateful to the ſkies:
rds the poet, ſanctifies the line,
s immortal, verſe as mean as mine.
e laſt pen for Freedom let me draw,
uth ſtands trembling on the edge of
w;
of Britons! let your names be read;
none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
that Cauſe which made your fathers
ne,
e Votes of their degenerate line.

, alas! pray end what you began,
e next winter more Eſſays on Man.
VI.

Horace

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it---as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetick?
In town what objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in every ſtreet,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a duſt in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your hard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt ſun and fire,
And you ſhall ſee, the firſt warm weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to every one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his plums.
"Pray take them, ſir---Enough 's a feaſt:
Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt"
What, rob your boys? theſe pretty rogues!
"No, ſir, you 'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments beſiege ye.
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt: I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhould
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you 'll find in me
A ſafe companion and a free:
But if you'd have me always near---
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your reſolution
To give me back my conſtitution!
The ſprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging ſmile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a ſummer ſun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my ſtrain.
A weazel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the Houſe
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, "You 'ſcape not ſo,
"Lean as you came, ſir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your application,
I'm no ſuch beaſt, nor his relation;

Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea ſubſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but liberty and eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modeſty, and ſmil'd.
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My bread, and independency!
So bought an annual-rent or two,
And liv'd——juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I truſt that ſinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little houſe, with trees a-row,
And, like its maſter, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
To ſet this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his ſtory.
"Harley, the nation's great ſupport——"
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

The latter Part of SATIRE VI.*

O Charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I ſup or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon ſet before 'em,
The grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And even the very dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A neighbour's madneſs, or his ſpouſe's,
Or what 's in either of the Houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of merit, or a miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What goods or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely "à propos:"
Name a town-life, and in a trice
He had a ſtory of two mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A Country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his board,
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal mouſe, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a ſoul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, "coûte qui coûte."
He brought him bacon (nothing lean);
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his gueſt though no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our courtier ſcarce could touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my friends, this ſavage ſcene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with men:
"Conſider, mice, like men muſt die,
"Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
"Then ſpend your life in joy and ſport,
"(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at Court)."
The veriеſt hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſate late.)
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with ſilver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and ſtucco floors,
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The napkin 's white, the carpet red:
The gueſts withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice ſate, "tête à tête."
Our courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of fowl and fiſh,
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"Que ça eſt bon! Ah goûtez ça!
"That jelly 's rich, this malmſey healing,
"Pray dip your whiſkers and your tail in.
Was ever ſuch a happy ſwain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
"I 'm quite aſham'd——'tis mighty rude
"To eat ſo much——but all 's ſo good.
"I have a thouſand thanks to give——
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid but from the hall
Ruſh chaplain, butler, dogs and all.
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"——
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd ſtucco has no chink.)
"An't pleaſe your honour, quoth the Peaſant
"This ſame deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
"Give me again my hollow tree,
"A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!"

* *See the firſt part in Swift's Poems.*

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

To VENUS.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me r
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen An

id no more thy ſoft alarms,
ircle ſober fifty with thy charms!
too fierce of dear deſires
turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
ber five direct your doves,
: ſpread round Murray all your blooming loves;
id young, who ſtrikes the heart
every ſprightly, every decent part;
be injur'd to defend,
arm the miſtreſs, or to fix the friend.
a hundred arts refin'd,
ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind;
each rival ſhall ſubmit,
but his riches equal to his wit.
ll thy form the marble grace,
Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
:, emboſom'd in the grove,
to ſocial life and ſocial love,
ter o'er the pendent green,
: Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
the ſilver-ſounding lyres
call the ſmiling loves, and young deſires;
very Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
he dance, or animate the ſong;
ouths and nymphs, in conſort gay,
ail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
: the vernal garlands bloom no more.
ond hope of mutual fire,
ill-believing, ſtill renew'd deſire;
:he heart-expanding bowl,
l the kind deceivers of the ſoul!
? ah tell me, ah too dear!
lown my cheek th' involuntary tear?
rds ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
r turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
eſs'd in fancy's airy beam,
I follow through th' extended dream;
w I ceaſe, I claſp thy charms,
ow you burſt (ah, cruel!) from my arms;
ly ſhoot along the Mall,
ly glide by the Canal,
vn by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
ow on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

T OF THE NINTH ODE

OF THE

OURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die.
cli ſounds the ſilver Thames along,
in the wings of truth to fly
the reach of vulgar ſong;

Though daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spenſer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay---

Sages and chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Then rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And thoſe, new Heavens and Syſtems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died:
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

ON

Receiving from the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY

FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms.

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard deſert,
" And if a vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipp'd them in the fable well,
The fount of ſame or infamy.

" What well? what weapon? (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at flattery or fib.

" Athenian Queen! and ſober charms!
" I tell you, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
" I'll lift you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of Thoſe poor eyes."

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER,

SENT to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by our Author after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,
'Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oh hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend!
For Swift and him despis'd the force of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Behold thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, she shades thy evening-walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise):
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

TO JAMES CRAGGS, I

SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE YEA

A SOUL as full of worth, as void of p
Which nothing seeks to shew, or
hide:
Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution
And boasts a warmth that from no passio
A face untaught to sign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontle's fla
All this thou wert; and being this befor
Know, kings and fortune cannot mal
more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile w
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path p
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE

TO MR. JERV

With Mr. DRYDEN's Translati

OF

FRESNOY'S ART OF PAIN

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor
fuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free
Where life awakes, and dawns at every
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd
And from the canvass call the mimic fa
Read the instructive leaves, in which
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate a
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our
Like them to shine through long succe
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of sister-arts we ca
And met congenial, mingling flame wi
Like friendly colours found them b th
And each from each contract new fire
light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the d
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd a w
How oft our slowly-growing works imp
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding like a frie
Something to blame, and something to c
What flattering scenes our wander
wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our th
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

ee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
inſpiring dreams at Maro's urn:
ee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
ſome ruin's formidable ſhade:
ancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
ilds imaginary Rome anew.
y well-ſtudied marbles fix our eye;
g Frſco here demands a ſigh:
gvenly piece unwearied we compare,
aphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
i's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
all, well-poliſh'd gem the work of years!
how faint by precept is expreſs'd
ing image in the painter's breaſt!
endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
el's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.
! at that name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
ears eternal that embalm the dead;
nd her tomb each object of deſire,
rer frame inform'd with purer fire:
be all that cheers or ſoftens life,
ider ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
be all that makes mankind adore;
iew this marble, and be vain no more!
ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
ideſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
, frail flower that every ſeaſon fears,
in thy colours for a thouſand years.
hurchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurpriſe,
her beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
leaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
ſt Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.
laſting as thoſe colours may they ſhine,
thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
aces yearly like thy works diſplay,
hout weakneſs, without glaring gay;
ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains:
niſh'd more through happineſs than pains!
ndred arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
p the pencil, and ſtring the lyre.
ould the Graces all thy figures place,
reathe an air divine on every face;
ould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul:
Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
eſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
how little from the grave we claim!
but preſerv'it a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE

TO

MISS BLOUNT,

H THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

eſe gay thoughts the loves and Graces ſhine,
d all the Writer lives in every line:
ſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
themſelves are elegant in Him.

Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare;
His time, the Muſe, the witty and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt;
As ſmiling infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before:
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious comedy;
In every ſcene ſome moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native eaſe and grace,
Though not too ſtrictly bound to time and place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe;
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.
Too much your ſex are by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty tyrants chace,
But ſets up one, a greater in their place;
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuffering ſex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe ſhews, nor empty titles pleaſe:
Aim not at joy, but reſt content with eaſe.
The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bliſs, a Fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and ſtate, but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.
Let, madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, age or ſickneſs, ſoon or late diſarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes them ſweeter ſeen, and laſt retains the paſt;

Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our heart may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouïllet in you.
The brighteſt eyes in France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes in Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME,

On her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholeſome country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd, not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, aſſembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the 'Squire;
Up to her godly garret after ſeven,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to Heaven.
Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is whiſt, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack:
Who viſits with a gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—no
Or with his hounds comes hallooing fr
ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and, knees beneath
Whoſe laughs are hearty, though his je
coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his ho
In ſome fair evening, on your elbow lai
You dream of triumphs in the rural ſhad
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcen
See coronations riſe on every green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and g
Knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſin
Then give one ſtirt, and all the viſion flies
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty wa
So when your ſlave, at ſome dear idle t
(Not plagu'd with head-aches, or the v
rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the c
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of yo
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly e
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quit
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, ruſh upon my
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a tune, as you may no

THE

BASSET-TABL

AN

ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILIND

CARDELIA.

THE baſſet-table ſpread, the Tallier co
Why ſtays Smilinda in the dreſſing-ro
Riſe, penſive nymph; the Tallier waits for

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, ſince my Sharper is untru
I joyleſs make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I ſaw him ſtand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the li
ing fair,

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your romantic ſtrain
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As you by love, ſo I by fortune croſs'd;
One, one bad deal, three Septlevas have

* *Madamoiſelle Paulet.*

SMILINDA.

t the grief, which you compare with
mine?
ſe, the ſmiles of fortune I reſign:
ll my gold in one bad deal were gone,
vely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

er loſt, is but a common care;
ident Nymphs againſt that change prepare:
ve of clubs thrice loſt: Oh! who could
gueſs
al ſtroke, alas unforeſeen diſtreſs!

SMILINDA.

letty Lovet! very à propos,
the cares of Love and Play does know:
etty ſhall th' important point decide;
who oft the pain of each has try'd:
al, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
e ill-uſage, or by lovers loſt.

LOVET.

, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
time is precious, and I want ſome tea.

CARDELIA.

ld this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
ſty guineas (a great pen'worth), bought.
the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
ch the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
he bottom ſhines the Queen's bright face;
le foliage round the thimble-caſe;
love himſelf does on the ſciſſars ſhine;
etal, and the workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

; ſnuff-box,---once the pledge of Sharper's
love,
rival beauties for the preſent ſtrove;
rticelli's he the Raffle won;
firſt his paſſion was in public ſhown:
ſta bluſh'd, and turn'd her head aſide,
l's envy (all in vain) to hide.
uff-box, on the hinge ſee brilliants ſhine!
uff-box will I ſtake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
nade a ſoldier ſigh a lover ſwear.
h! what makes the diſappointment hard,
my own Lord that drew the fatal card,
plaiſance, I took the queen he gave;
h my own ſecret wiſh was for the knave.
nave won Sonica, which I had choſe;
e next pull, my Septleva I loſe.

SMILINDA.

ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
ruel thought, that ſtabs me to the heart;
urs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
oſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears.
An awkward thing, when firſt ſhe came to town;
Her ſhape unfaſhion'd and her face unknown:
She was my friend;---I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enlivening red;
I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
And by my intereſt, Cozens made her ſtays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my Favourite Lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I ſwore,
When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And ſee the folly; which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd!
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
Yet his known falſehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on Baſſet, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are ſet in decent
rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the ſhining train;
The winner's pleaſure, and the loſer's pain:
In bright confuſion open Rouleaus lie,
They ſtrike the ſoul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the ſight, all reaſon I diſdain;
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Baſſet, you who reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if reaſon muſt not there be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his bluſhes riſe!
When awful love ſeems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves,---I whiſper to myſelf, he loves!
Such unfeign'd paſſion in his looks appears,
I loſe my memory of my former fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-Porter's, batter'd bullies play,
Some Dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To Baſſet's heavenly joys, and pleaſing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a Beau;
Prudina likes a Man, and laughs at ſhow.
Their ſeveral graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the footman, as the maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage ſhall grace Smilinda's ſide;
The ſnuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

ONCE (ſays an Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Travellers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While ſcale in hand Dame Juſtice paſs'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame Juſtice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays juſtice) take you each a Shell.
We thrive at Weſtminſter on fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter---live in Peace---Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Queſtion of MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is PRUDERY?
'Tis a a Beldam
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miſs Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious ſhrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and You.

Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

A PROLOGUE.

BY MR. POPE.

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in when he was old, blind, and in great di a little before his death.

AS when that Hero, who in each campai
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a V
ſlain,
Lay fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every foe
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belliſarius old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the ſight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mi
Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in Britons riſe,
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs Dennis li
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern l
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their pun
A deſperate bulwark, ſturdy, firm, and fier
Againſt the Gothic ſons of frozen verſe:
How chang'd from him who made the
grman,
And ſhook the ſtage with thunders all his o
Stood up to daſh each vain Pretender's hop
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the P
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born
Who holds dragoons and wooden ſhoes in ſco
If there's a Critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his juſt aſſiſtance lend,
And be the Critic's, Briton's, Old Man's F

PROLOGUE

TO SOPHONISBA.

*BY POPE AND MALLET.**

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic ni
Fair, o'er the Weſtern world, renew
light,
With arts ariſing, Sophoniſba roſe:
The Tragic Muſe, returning, wept her woe
With her th' Italian ſcene firſt learn'd to gl
And the firſt tears for her were taught to fl
Her charms the Gallic Muſes next inſpir'd:
Corneille himſelf ſaw, wonder'd, and was
What foreign theatres with pride have ſ
Britain, by juſter title, makes her own.
When Freedom is the cauſe, 'tis hers to ſig
And hers, when Freedom is the theme, to

* *I have been told by Savage, that of t
logue to Sophoniſba the firſt part was writ
Pope, who could not be perſuaded to finiſ
and that the concluding lines were writ
Mallet.* DR. JOHNS

s a Britiſh Author bids again
roine riſe, to grace the Britiſh ſcene.
as in life, ſhe breathes her genuine flame:
:s, what boſom has not felt the ſame?
f the Britiſh Youth—Is ſilence there?
es to aſk it of the Britiſh Fair.
night, our home-ſpun author would be true,
e, to nature, hiſtory, and you.
leas'd to give our neighbours due applauſe,
is their learning, but diſdains their laws.
his patient touch, or happy flame,
his Britiſh heart he truſts for fame.
ice excel him in one free-born thought,
an, as well as poet, is in fault.
ire! informer of the Poet's art,
force alone can raiſe or melt the heart,
rt his guide; each paſſion, every line,
er he draws to pleaſe, muſt all be thine.
i his judge: in every candid breaſt,
ent whiſper is the ſacred teſt.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

EN ſimple Macer, now of high renown,
irſt ſought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
all th' Ambition his high ſoul could feel,
ir red ſtockings, and to dine with Steel.
'nds of verſe his Betters might adord;
ve the harmleſs fellow a good word.
with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
th a borrow'd Play out-did poor Crown.
he ſtopp'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
s the Wit to make the moſt of little:
unted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
nt ſap at once to bear and rot.
e begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
me coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
s to town, and firſt turns Chamber-maid;
ard and ſupple, each devoir to pay,
tters her good Lady twice a day;
ht wondrous honeſt, though of mean degree,
angely lik'd for her Simplicity:
nflated Suit, then tries the Town,
orrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
t endur'd the Winter ſhe began,
four Months a batter'd Harridan.
thing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
vd for others, and go ſhares with Punk.

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

HOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

W much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er ſince our Grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their riſe,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are Muck worms, Silk-warms Beaus,
And Death-watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm is ſeen
By all their winding play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who ſett'ſt our entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG by a Perſon of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature muſt give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days conſuming,
All beneath yon flowery Rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling Youth;
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors.
Watering soft Elysian Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's Brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander
With thy flowery Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate,
See the Bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

On a certain LADY at Court.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not wrap'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour;
Not grave through Pride, nor gay through Folly;
An equal Mixture of Good-humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his Grotto at Twickenham.

COMPOSED OF

Marble, Spars, Gems, Ores and Minerals.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad Mirrour through the shadowy Cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral Roofs distil,
And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,
Unpolish'd Gems no Ray on Pride bestow,
And latent Metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.
Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

To Mrs. M. B. on her Birth-day

OH, be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend!
Not with those Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years, if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former year.
Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year.
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or Ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

To Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN

On his Birth-Day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair Account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

ADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

IN beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
) queſtion your empire has dar'd;
But men of diſcerning
Have thought that in learning,
) yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent ſchools,
With muſty dull rules,
ive reading to females deny'd:
So Papiſts refuſe
The Bible to uſe,
ſt flocks ſhould be wiſe as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
knowledge that taſted delight,
And ſages agree
The laws ſhould decree
) the firſt of poſſeſſors the right.

IV

Then bravely, fair dame,
Reſume the old claim,
hich to your whole ſex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
ne knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the firſt Eve
Hard doom did receive,
hen only apple had ſhe,
What a puniſhment new
Shall be found out for you,
ho taſting, have robb'd the whole tree?

e Fourth EPISTLE of the Firſt BOOK of HORACE's Epiſtles.

A MODERN IMITATION.

Y, St. John, who alone peruſe
Vith candid eye, the mimic Muſe,
it ſchemes of politics, or laws,
iallic lands the patriot draws!
ien a greater work in hand,
n all the tomes of Haines's band?
)r ſhoots he fully as it flies?
)r catches manners as they riſe?
ıg'd by unquench'd native heat,
ı St. John Greenwich ſports repeat?
ere (emulous of Chartres' fame)
ı Chartres' ſelf is ſcarce a name.
o you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heaven)
indulgent gods, unaſk'd, have given
)rn complete in every part,
, to enjoy that gift, the art.
Vhat could a tender mother's care
h better, to her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A ſtock of health, and golden ſhowers,
And graceful fluency of ſpeech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
Amidſt thy various ſubs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black deſpair;
Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In juſtice for your labours paſt)
That every day ſhall be your laſt;
That every hour you live renew
Is to your injur'd country due.
In ſpight of fears, of mercy ſpight
My genius ſtill muſt rail and write.
Haſte to thy Twickenham's ſate retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There half devour'd by ſpleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and ſtate.

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS.

A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE, BUT VERY COVETOUS AND PROUD.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their Orpheus along;
But ſuch is thy avarice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have died.

EPIGRAM

On one who made LONG EPITAPHS.

FREIND, for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where ſtill ſo much is ſaid;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

To SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

WHAT God, what Genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted theſe?
'Twas Friendſhip——warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And ſtrong as Hercules.

A FAREWELL to LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd diſtracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teaze:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, ſleep at eaſe!

Soft B—— and rough C——, adieu!
Earl of Warwick make your moan,
The lively H———k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his ſoul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned ſot;
And Garth, the beſt good chriſtian he,
Although he knows it not,

Lintot, farewell! thy bard muſt go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonſon!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loſs of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnſon.

Why ſhould I ſtay? Both parties rage;
My vixen miſtreſs ſqualls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Hallifax's urn;
And not one Muſe of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y——r's ſold for fifty pound,
And B———ll is a jade.

Why make I friendſhips with the great,
When I no favour ſeek?
Or follow girls ſeven hours in eight———
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a buſy air,
Deep whimſies to contrive;
The gayeſt valetudinaire,
Moſt thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others ends,
Though fond of dear repoſe;
Careleſs or drowſy with my friends,
And frolick with my foes.

Luxurious lobſter-nights, farewell,
For ſober ſtudious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For ſallads, tarts, and peaſe!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whoſe ſoul, ſincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And ſo may ſtarve with me.

A DIALOGUE.

POPE. SINCE my old friend is grown ſo great
As to be miniſter of ſtate,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be aſham'd of Pope.

CRAGGS. Alas! if I am ſuch a creature,
To grow the worſe for growing greater
Why faith, in ſpite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope muſt be aſham'd of Craggs.

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave his Royal Highneſs.

I AM his Highneſs' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe dog are you?

EPIGRAM.

Occaſioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you ſent, are the Muſes Graces;
You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in faces.

ON AN OLD GATE

ERECTED IN CHISWICK GARDENS.

O Gate, how cam'ſt thou here?
Gate. I was brought from Chelſea laſt year
Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone:
Burlington brought me hither.
1742.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant ſhades
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades
But ſoft receſſes for th' uneaſy mind
To ſigh unheard in, to the paſſing wind!
So the ſtruck deer, in ſome ſequeſter'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in ſhades, and waſting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his ſoul away.

ES left by Mr. Pope, on his lying in the
: Bed which WILMOT the celebrated Earl of
hester ſlept in, at Adderbury, then belonging
e Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

'H ſo poetic ardour fir'd
preſs the bed where Wilmot lay;
ere he lov'd or here expir'd,
:ts no numbers grave, or gay.

thy roof, Argyle, are bred
thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
'd out in honour's nobler bed,
ath a nobler roof—the ſky.

ames as high in patriots burn,
ſtoop to bleſs a child or wife;
:h as wicked kings may mourn,
n freedom is more dear than life.

VERSES TO MR. C.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE,

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

words are beſt; I wiſh you well
hel, I'm told, will ſoon be here:
orning walks along the Mall,
evening friends, will end the year.

his interval, between
e falling leaf and coming froſt,
aſe to ſee, on Twit'nam green,
our friend, your poet, and your hoſt;

e whole days you here may reſt,
office, buſineſs, news, and ſtrife:
hat moſt folks would think a jeſt)
t nothing elſe, except your wife.

EPITAPHS.

ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
iere!" VIRG.

I.

CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam in Suſſex.

SET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes' Pride,
tron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
ourge of Pride, though ſanctified or great,
n in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
t his Nature, though ſevere his Lay,
ver moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
atiriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
r'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.

Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS ſhine,
And Patrons ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who, having reſigned his place, Died in his Retirement at Eaſthamſted in Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, though prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but moderate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A generous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was: who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT.

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor, HARCOURT, at the Church of Stanton-HARCOURT in Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear;
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET
DELICIÆ,
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,
Ennobled by Himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE.

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair Urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense:
No Conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable Robert Digby, and of his Sister Mary, erected by their Father the Lord Digby, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
And 'till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a Verse receive:
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a Master taught
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Picture Thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or what e'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IX.

On GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee, the hardy Veteran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy Social love!
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted, in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest Stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace,

ly he look'd on either Life, and here
nothing to regret, or there to fear;
Nature's temperate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
k'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr. GAY,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
n Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
native Humour tempering virtuous Rage,
'd to delight at once and lath the age:
s Temptation in a low Eſtate,
ncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
: Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
m'd through Life, lamented in the End.
: are thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
t'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
at the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
ing their penſive boſoms—Here lies GAY.

Another.

:LL then! poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honeſt Jack:
tle juſtice here he found,
s ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

XII.

:nded for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

e and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
ſaid, Let Newton be! and all was Light.

XIII.

Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Biſhop of Rocheſter,
Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

only Daughter having expired in his arms, imately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE

', we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heaven, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
h! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
'ou are duſt like me,

HE

Dear ſhade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!
Is there on Earth, one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

XIV.

On EDMOND Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

If modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And every opening Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking State;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of Gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And, Chiefs or Sages long to Britain given,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heaven.

XV.

For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

HEROES and KINGS! your diſtance keep;
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

Another, on the ſame.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the Mortal within:
But who, living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

XVI.

Lord CONINGSBY's EPITAPH*.

HERE lies Lord Coningſby—be civil;
The reſt God knows—ſo does the Devil.

* This Epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Charitres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkeſworth edition, vol. vi. S.

On BUTLER's MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. POPE.

RESPECT to Dryden, Sheffield juſtly pay'd,
And noble Villiers honour'd Cowley's ſhade:
But whence this Barber?—that a name ſo mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be ſeen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

THE DUNCIAD:

TO

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Propoſition, the Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulneſs, and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddeſs in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long proceſſion of her Sons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bays to be the Inſtrument of that great Event which is the ſubject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his Books, giving up the Cauſe, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himſelf to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raiſes an Altar of proper books, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddeſs beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out by caſting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herſelf to him, tranſports him to her, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Myſteries; then announcing the death of Euſden the Poet Laureat, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him Succeſſor.

BOOK I.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who l
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kin
I ſing. Say you, her Inſtruments the Great
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and F
You by whoſe care, in vain decry'd and curſt
Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the
Say, how the Goddeſs bade Britannia ſleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, ſic MS. It may well be di
whether this be a right reading: Ought it not
to be ſpelled Duncead, as the Etymology evi
demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceia
an e. That accurate and punctual Man of L
the Reſtorer of Shakſpeare, conſtantly ot
the preſervation of this very Letter e, in ſ
the Name of his beloved Author, and not lil
common careleſs Editors, with the omiſſion o
nay ſometimes of two ee's (as Shakeſpear)
is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglec
"Single Letter ſo trivial as to ſome it may a
"the alteration whereof in a learned langu
"an atchievement that brings honour t
"Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley
"remembered to poſterity for his performa
"this ſort, as long as the world ſhall have a
"teem for the remains of Menander and
"lemon."

THEOB

This is ſurely a ſlip in the learned author of th
going note; there having been ſince produced
accurate Antiquary, and Autograph of Shake
himſelf, whereby it appears that he ſpelled hi
name without the firſt e. And upon this aut
it was, that thoſe moſt Critical Curators
Monument in Weſtminſter Abbey eraſed the f
wrong reading, and reſtored the new ſpellin
new piece of old Egyptian Granite. Nor
only do they deſerve our thanks, but for exhibiti
the ſame Monument the firſt Specimen of an
tion of an author in Marble; where (as n
ſeen on comparing the Tomb with the Book)
ſpace of five lines, two Words and a whole
are changed, and it is to be hoped will there
and outlaſt whatever hath been hitherto do
Paper; as for the future, our learned Siſter U
ſity (the other Eye of England) is taking c
perpetuate a Total new Shakeſpeare at the C
don preſs.

ER

It is to be noted, that this great Critic al
omitted one circumſtance; which is, that th
ſcription with the Name of Shakeſpeare w
tended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to
he points with his hand; inſtead of which it i
placed behind his back, and that Specimen
Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Sh
peare hath great reaſon to point at.

In eldeſt time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas iſſu'd from the Thunder's head,
Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old Empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
For born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.

REMARKS.

Though I have as juſt a value for the letter E, as any Grammarian living, and the ſame affection for the Name of this Poem as any Critic for that of his Author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with thoſe who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Dunceiade; which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely Engliſh, and vernacular. One e therefore in this caſe is right, and two ee's wrong. Yet upon the whole I ſhall follow the Manuſcript, and print it without any e at all; moved thereto by Authority (at all times, with Critics, equal, if not ſuperior to Reaſon.) In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praiſe my good friend, the exact Mr. Thomas Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, Sic MS. In like manner we ſhall not amend this error in the Title itſelf, but only note it obiter, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBL.

This Poem was written in the Year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo: and three others in twelves the ſame year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Poſterity, that this Poem was preſented to King George the Second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. SCHOL. VET

It was expreſsly confeſſed in the Preface to the firſt Edition, that this Poem was not publiſhed by the Author himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only inſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our Notes with a diſcovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this piece was preſented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is the Man

"——— who brings
"The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings."

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom his Prince conferred the honour of the Laurel.

VOL. VI.

Oh Thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rabelais' eaſy chair,
Or praiſe the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her Power retires,
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

REMARKS.

It appears as plainly from the Apoſtrophe to the Great in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an Author in faſhion or careſſed by the Great; whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true Hero: who, above all other Poets of his time, was the Peculiar Delight and Choſen Companion of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his works at the earneſt deſire of Perſons of Quality.

Laſtly, the ſixth verſe affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a Son ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could juſtly be ſaid of him,

"Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt." BENTL.

Ver. 1. The mighty Mother and her Son, &c.] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the Mother, and not the Son, is the principal Agent of this Poem; the latter of them is only choſen as her Colleague (as was anciently the cuſtom in Rome before ſome great expedition,) the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very firſt book, but the Reſtoration of the Empire of Dulneſs in Britain, which is not accompliſhed until the laſt.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield Muſes.] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whoſe ſhows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taſte of the Rabble, were by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's-inn fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleaſures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. By Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their Judgments, their Intereſts, and their Inclinations.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned Scribleras has omitted to adverti'e the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulneſs here is not to be taken contradictedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged Senſe of the word, for all Slowneſs of Apprehenſion, Shortneſs of Sight, or imperfect Senſe of things. It includes (as we ſee by the Poet's own words) Labour, Induſtry, and ſome degrees of Activity and Boldneſs; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topſy-turvy the Underſtanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confuſed State of Mind. This remark ought to

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines:
Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jails
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,

REMARKS.

be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion,)

"Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder rise,
"Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies."

BENTL.

Ver. 17 Still her old Empire to restore.] This restoration makes the Completion of the Poem.—Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22.—Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,] Ironicè, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our Realm acquires.] Ironicè iterum. The Politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our Author of the former.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand,] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets,) not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an Apology for all that are to be satirized.

Ver. 40. Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene Books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

Ver. 41. Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,] It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths at the same time, or before.

Ver. 43. Sepulchral lies,] is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occasioned the following Epigram:

"Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
"So very much is said;
"One half will never be believ'd,
"The other never read."

Ver. 44. New-year Odes.] Made by the Poet Laureat for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The New-year Odes of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly.

Ver. 45. In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone.] See this Cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, Book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the Majesty of Dulness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own Virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonson. The famous race of Booksellers of that name.

half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
to crawl upon poetic feet.
oor word an hundred clenches makes,
le Dulneſs new meanders takes;
tly Images her fancy ſtrike,
pair'd, and Similies unlike.
Mob of Metaphors advance,
ith the madneſs of the mazy dance;
;edy and Comedy embrace;
: and Epic get a jumbled race;
e himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
ift their place, and Ocean turns to land:
leſcription Ægypt glads with ſhowers,
s Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
ited vallies of eternal green,
:cember fragrant chaplets blow,
/ harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.
e, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
rough fogs, that magnify the ſcene.
l'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
applauſe her wild creation views;
ntary monſters riſe and fall,
her own fools-colours gilds them all.
n the day, when * * rich and grave,
n triumph'd both on land and wave:
thout guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
s, warm furs, broad batners, and broad
;es)
it deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
in Settle's numbers, one day more.
ors and Shrieves all huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
n dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
ſive Poets painful vigils keep,
hemſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
he mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
/ Swans once ſung within the walls;
revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.

REMARKS.

, 86. 'T was on the day, when * * * rave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a or's Day; his name the author had left in it moſt certainly could never be that which : foiſted in formerly, and which no way a the chronology of the poem.

BENTL.

ceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly nd partly by water—Cimon, the famous General, obtained a victory by ſea, and land, on the ſame day, over the Perſians ians.

. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with raiſe of poetry.

But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day ettle was poet to the City of London. was to compoſe yearly panegyrics upon Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the

But that part of the ſhows being at length boliſhed, the employment of City poet that upon Settle's demiſe, there was no o that place

. John Heywood, whoſe Interludes were the time of Henry VIII.

She ſaw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line;
She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

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Ver. 103. Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel.] The firſt edition had it,

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine:

a great Miſtake: for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verſes as well as Politics; as appears by the Poem de Jure Divino, &c. of De. Foe, and by ſome lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies on the other. And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike ſentenced to the Pillory.

Ver. 104. And Euſden eke out, &c.] Laurence Euſden, Poet Laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

"Euſden, a laurell'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414, affirms, "That all the Galimatia's "he ever met with, none comes up to ſome verſes "of this poet, which have as much of the Ridi-"culum and the Fuſtian in them as can well be "jumbled together, and are of that ſort of non-"ſenſe, which ſo perfectly confounds all ideas, "that there is no diſtinct one left in the mind." Farther he ſays of him, "That he propheſied his "own poetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catullus, Ovid, "and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the ac-"compliſhment of it, from what he hath lately "publiſhed." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflexion, "That the putting the laurel on "the head of one who writ ſuch verſes, will give "futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and "juſtice of thoſe who beſtowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well known learning of that noble Perſon, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have ſcreened him from this unmannerly reflexion. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, ſo long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquieſce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter.

"—In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, Who ſhall have it,
"But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

Seſſion of Poets.

There hapleſs Shakeſpeare, yet of Tibbald ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.
The reſt on Outſide merit but preſume,
Or ſerve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
Such with their ſhelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond Parents dreſt in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is ſav'd by beauties not his own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf with Ogilby the great;
There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtles ſhines complete:
Here all his ſuffering brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

REMARKS.

Ver. 134. Wiſh'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praiſe which the Players gave to Shakeſpeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonſon honeſtly wiſhed he had blotted a thouſand; and Shakeſpeare would certainly have wiſhed the ſame, if he had lived to ſee thoſe alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and eſpecially the darling Hero of this Poem) have made on the Stage, but the preſumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions.

Ver. 135. The reſt on Outſide merit, &c.] This Library is divided into three parts: The firſt conſiſts of thoſe authors from whom he ſtole, and whoſe works he mangled; the ſecond of ſuch as fitted the ſhelves, or were gilded for ſhow, or adorned with pictures: the third claſs our author calls ſolid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old Engliſh Printers, or old Engliſh Tranſlations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulneſs.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great;] "John Ogilby "was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made ſuch a progreſs as might well ſtyle "him the prodigy of his time! His tranſlations of "Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with "ſuch excellent ſculptures: And (what added "great grace to his works) he printed them all on "ſpecial good paper, and in a very good letter." WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

Ver. 142. There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:] "The Ducheſs of Newcaſtle "was one who buſied herſelf in the raviſhing delights of Poetry; leaving to Poſterity in print "three ample volumes of her ſtudious endeavours." WINSTANLY, ibid. Langbaine reckons up eight Folios of her Grace's; which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The Poet has mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his Brother Laureat; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City inſtead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occaſions, ſuch as ſhows, Birth days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in Tragedy (though more ſucceſsful) in one of his Tragedies, the Earl of Eſſex, which is yet alive:

But, high above, more ſolid Learning ſhone,
The Claſſics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkyn at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like Mummies, many a yeer,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends,
Of theſe twelve volumes, twelve of ampleſt ſize,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inſpir'd he ſeizes: Theſe an altar raiſe:
An hecatomb of pure unſully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the baſe:
Quartos, octavos, ſhape the leſſening pyre;
A twiſted Birth-day Ode completes the ſpire.
Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
Firſt in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,
With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall end,
E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praiſe,
To the laſt honours of the Butt and Bays:

REMARKS.

Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. Theſe he dreſt in a ſort of Beggar's Velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick Fuſtian and thin Proſaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Iſidora, Cæſar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a ſerving-man of Ben Jonſon, who once picked up a Comedy from his Betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his Maſter, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More ſolid Learning] Some have objected, that books of this ſort ſuit not ſo well the library of our Bays, which they imagined conſiſted of Novels, Plays, and obſcene books; but they are to conſider, that he furniſhed his ſhelves only for ornament, and read theſe books no more than the Dry bodies of Divinity, which, no doubt, were purchaſed by his Father when he deſigned him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. Caxton] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in his proeme, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare paſſage from him in Miſt's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a ſtraunge and marvayllouſe beaſte called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakeſpeare to mean rather than Teucer, the Archer celebrated by Homer

Ver. 153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, Doctor in Phyſic. "He tranſlated ſo many books, that a man would "think he had done nothing elſe; inſomuch that "he might be called Tranſlator general of his "age. The books alone of his turning into Engliſh are ſufficient to make a Country Gentleman "a compleat Library." WINSTANLY.

Ver. 167 E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig.] The firſt viſible cauſe of the paſſion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd Periwig,

! of Buſineſs the directing ſoul!
our head like biaſs to the bowl,
, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
ly waddling to the mark in view:
r gracious to perplex'd mankind,
ead a healing miſt before the mind;
eſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
us kindly in our native night.
to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
the ſure barrier between that and Senſe;
e unravel all the reas'ning thread,
ng ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
c'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
nderous flugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky;
ks to weight their nimble motion owe,
eels above urg'd by the load below:
ptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
ere my Elaſticity and Fire.
Jæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th' offence)
ce betray'd me into common ſenſe:
my Proſe and Verſe were much the ſame;
roſe on ſtilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
the ſtage my Fops appear confin'd?
e gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
dead Letter unſucceſsful prove?
ſk Example never fail'd to move.
e had Heaven decreed to ſave the State,
had decreed theſe works a longer date.
Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
ey-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.

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he tells us, he wore in his firſt play of the Faſhion. It attracted, in a particular manner Friendſhip of Col. Brett, who wanted to e it. "Whatever contempt (ſays he) Phi-hers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, was not to deſpiſe the world but live in it, v very well that ſo material an article of dreſs the head of a man of ſenſe, if it became him, d never fail of drawing to him a more partial rd and Benevolence, than could poſſibly be d for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may n the grave cenſure, which ſo youthful a haſe might otherwiſe have laid upon him. word, he made his attack upon this Peri- as your young fellows generally do upon a of p'eaſure, firſt by a few familiar praiſes of perſon, and then a civil inquiry into the price , and we finiſhed our bargain that night a bottle." See Life, octavo, p. 303. This ible Periwig uſually made its entrance upon e in a ſedan, brought in by two chairmen, finite approbation of the audience.

178, 179. Guard the ſure barrier—Or quite , &c.] For Wit or Reaſoning are never hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is in Truth, and the other in Uſefulneſs.

181. As, force'd from wind-guns, &c.] ught of theſe four verſes is founded in a our Author's of a very early date (namely at fourteen years old, and ſoon after printed) Author of a poem called Succeſſio.

198.—grey-gooſe weapon] Alluding to the liſh weapon, the grow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-gooſe.

IMITATION.

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be ſav'd—This grey-gooſe weapon]

"——Si Pergama dextra
"Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent."
Virg. ib.

Ver. 199. my Fletcher] A familiar manner of ſpeaking, uſed by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as juſtly ſpeak this of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois "bien; c'eſt le meme que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made ſo free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a Clergyman, or (as he thinks himſelf) a Biſhop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, "the Prince of Orange, and myſelf, were on the "anvil, Providence thought fit to poſtpone mine, "till theirs were determined: But had my father "carried me a month ſooner to the Univerſity, who "knows but that purer fountain might have waſhed "my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, in-"ſtead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons, and "Paſtoral Letters? Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver. 203. at White's amidſt the Doctors] Theſe Doctors had a modeſt and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Maſters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were juſtly ſtyled ſubtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being ſometimes examined, and by a nice diſtinction, divided and laid open.

SCRIBL.

This learned Critic is to be underſtood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than falſe Dice, a Cant phraſe uſed among Gameſters. So the meaning of theſe ſonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. Ridpath—M.ſt] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-poſt; Nathaniel Miſt, of a famous Tory Journal.

Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?
Hold—to the Minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 202. This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God.]

"Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod missile libro."
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

REMARKS.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that sav'd the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
"Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ecl. ix.

"——argutos inter strepere anser olores."

Read it, therefore, adesse strepebat. And why auratis porticibus? does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis) to correct it auritis. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

"——Auritas fidibus canoris
"Ducere quercus."

And to say that walls have ears is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all Ministerial writers whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme powers, "as the Geese by their cackling defended the Ro-"mans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured "them no more than the Gauls, their Enemies, "but were as ready to have defended the Gauls, "if they had been possessed of the Capitol." Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Ver. 215. Gazetteers] A band of Ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle with Politicks.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated

This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;
This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer:
This arch Abstract, that wit and fool delights;
This Mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.
O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more christian progeny!
Unstain'd, and untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a Pass, and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale house fire;
Nor wrap up Oranges, to pelt your sire!

REMARKS.

by our Poet for his great Modesty—modest Cibber—Read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, Homerical; the Dog was the ancient; as the bitch is the modern, symbol of Impudence: (Κυνος; αμμες εχουσιν, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the Dog with three heads.—But as to the latter part of this verse, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading.

BENTL.

Ver. 225. O born in sin, &c.] This is a tender and passionate Apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

Ver. 228. My better and more christian progeny!] "It may be observable, that my muse and "my spouse were equally prolific; that the one "was seldom the mother of a Child, but in the "same year the other made me father of a Play. "I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; "of both which kinds some died in their infancy, "&c". Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo. edit.

Ver. 231. gratis-given Bland—Sent with a Pass,] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial Pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them Post-free to all Towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233 — with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,] "Edward, a very voluminous poet in "Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London "Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public "house in the City (but in a genteel way) and "with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) af-"forded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, es-"pecially those of the high church party."—JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.——Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the City, but in Moor-fields.

O! paſs more innocent, in infant ſtate,
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
Or peaceably forget, at once he bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom with eternal reſt!
Soon to that maſs of Nonſenſe to return,
Where things deſtroy'd are ſwept to things unborn.
With that, a Tear (portentous ſign of Grace!)
Stole from the maſter of the ſeven-fold Face:
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the ſtructure, with averted eyes:
The rolling ſmokes involve the ſacrifice.
The opening clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Caſar roars, and hiſſes in the fires;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.
Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.
Rous'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head,
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thule from her bed;
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms, it o'er the pyre;
Down ſunk the flames, and with a hiſs expire.
Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veal of fogs dilate her awful face:
Great in Her charms! as when on Shrieves and Mayors
She looks, and breaths herſelf into their airs.

She bids him wait her to her ſacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.
So, Spirits ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recogniſe their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here ſtood her Opium, here ſhe nurs'd her Owls,
And here ſhe plann'd th' Imperial ſeat of Fools.
Here to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhows;
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loitering into proſe:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes ſelons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, and Corneille
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

Ver. 238, 240. Tate—Shadwell] Two of his predeceſſors in the Laurel.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the firſt Notes on the Dunciad it was ſaid, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This "(ſays he) is as unjuſt as to ſay I could not dance "on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell moſt ſhamefully, having produced no leſs than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preſerves in theſe few lines); the three firſt of them were faithfully printed, acted, and damned; the fourth ſuppreſſed in fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253. the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old ſtubble] A Comedy threſhed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and ſo much the Tranſlator's favourite, that he aſſures us all our author's diſlike to it could only ariſe from diſaffection to the Government. He aſſures us, that "when he had the honour to kiſs his Ma"jeſty's hand upon preſenting his dedication of it, "he was graciouſly pleaſed, out of his Royal boun"ty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And "this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfiniſhed poem of that name, of which one ſheet was printed many years ago, by Ambroſe Philips, a Northern Author. It is an uſual method of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this ſheet was of the nature of the Aſbeſtos, which cannot be conſumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical alluſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the writing.

Ver. 269. Great Mother] Magna mater, here applied to Dulneſs. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were conſtantly inquiring Quid nunc? What news?

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and ſon to an Attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of ſome forgotten Plays, Tranſlations, and other Pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Cenſor, and a Tranſlation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, "one hight Wachum, who, from an under-ſpur"leather to the law, is become an under-ſtrapper "to the Play-houſe, who hath lately burleſqued the "Metamorphoſes of Ovid by avile Tranſlation, &c. "This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper "called the Cenſor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9. 10.

Ibid. Ozell] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. "Jacob) did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where "ſomebody left him ſomething to live on, when he "ſhall retire from buſineſs. He was deſigned to be "ſent to Cambridge, in order for Prieſthood; but he "choſe rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in "the City, being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill "in arithmetic, and writing the neceſſary hands. "He has obliged the world with many tranſlations "of French Plays." JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this envious "wretch knew, and every body knows, that the

The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed.
And lo! her bird (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heidegger and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic fire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou Cibber! thou, his Laurel ſhalt ſupport,
Folly, my ſon, has ſtill a Friend at Court.
Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my ſons,
Light arm'd with Points, Antitheſes, and Puns.
Let Rawdry, Billinſgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:

REMARKS.

"whole Bench of Biſhops, not long ago, were "pleaſed to give me a purſe of guineas, for diſcover-"ing the erroneous tranſlations of the Common-"prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian, "&c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland ſhew "better verſes in all Pope's works, than Ozell's "verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord "Halifax was ſo pleaſed with, that he compli-"mented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. "Let him ſhew better and truer Poetry in the Rape "of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket "(la Secchia rapita). And Mr. Toland and Mr. "Gildon publicly declared Ozell's tranſlation of "Homer to be, as it was prior, ſo likewiſe ſupe-"rior to Pope's.—Surely, ſurely, every man is "free to deſerve well of his country!" JOHN. OZELL.

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, as thoſe of the Bench of Biſhops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Ver. 290. a Heidegger] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an eminent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was ſaid of Petronius, Arbiter Elegantiarum.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

Ver. 296. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels in the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the Divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of Reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad Plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. Howard] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rochetter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

And under his, and under Archer's wings,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the King.
O! When ſhall riſe a Monarch all our own,
And I, a Nurſing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt Prince and People cloſe the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law:
Fatten the Courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle Armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an Ode of thine.
She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal throat:
God ſave king Cibber! mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, God ſave king Colley! cries;
God ſave king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphant rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

REMARKS.

Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming &c.] When the Statute of Gaming was drawn up, it was repreſented, that the King, by ancient cuſtom, plays at Hazard once a year; and therefore a clauſe was inſerted, with an exemption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the ſummer the Court was at Kenſington, which his Majeſty accidentally being acquainted with, with a juſt indignation, prohibited. It is reported the ſame practice is yet continued wherever the Court reſides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the profeſt Gameſters in town.

"Greateſt and juſteſt SOVEREIGN: know you
"this?
"Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head
"can know,
"Whoſe meads his arms drown, or whoſe corn
"o'erflow."
DONNE to Queen Eliz.

Ver. 319. Chapel-royal] The Voices and Inſtruments uſed in the ſervice of the Chapel-royal being alſo employed in the performance of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was, that ſhe might "get enough "by her profeſſion to leave it off in time, and make "her peace with God." But her fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great Friends and Votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, where theſe Odes are uſually rehearſed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of thoſe times made this Epigram:

"When Laureates make Odes, do you aſk of
"what ſort?
"Do you aſk if they're good, or are evil?
"You may judge—From the Devil they come
"to the Court,
"And go from the Court to the Devil."

Jove's block deſcended from on high
y great forefather Ogilby)
ider to its bottom ſhook the bog,
arſe nation croak'd, God ſave king Log!

REMARKS.

3—Ogilby)—God ſave king Log!] See
Æſop's Fables, where, in the ſtory of the
their King, this excellent hemiſtich is

or manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a pro-
erneſs for the bad writers. We ſee he
nly good paſſage, perhaps, in all that
l which ſhews how candid and patient a
uſt have been. What can be more kind
nate than the words in the preface to his
re he labours to call up all our humanity,
ieſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the
ite repreſentation of their caſe, that has
iven by any author?
much all indulgence is loſt upon theſe,
appear from the juſt reflection made on
it conduct and conſtant fate, in the fol-
ram:

little Wits, that gleam'd a-while,
When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
s! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
low ſoon ye fade away!
compaſs Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours riſe,
h lends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the ſkies.
s! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
There he ſhall ever burn:
ep, weep, and fall! for Earth you were,
And muſt to Earth return."

THE

NCIAD:

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced
lic Games and ſports of various kinds; not
by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but
r honour by the Goddeſs in perſon (in like
s the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were an-
l to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis
ppearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. xxiv.
he prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles).
k the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but
i their Patrons and Booksellers. The God-
ſs pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games
ſellers, and ſetteth up the Phantom of a
h they contend to overtake. The races de-
with their divers accidents. Next, the Game
ſs. Then follow the Exerciſes for the Poets,
of tickling, vociferating, diving: The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the ſecond of Diſputants and fuſtian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Laſtly, for the Critics, the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an Exerciſe, not of their parts but of their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verſe, and the other in proſe, deliberately read without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of the operation, are here ſet forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat that far out-ſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,

REMARKS.

Two things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the very baſis of all criticiſm is founded and ſupported: The firſt, that an author could never fail to uſe the beſt word on every occaſion; the ſecond, that a Critic cannot choſe but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt that the author could never have uſed it; and, ſecondly, that he muſt have uſed that very one, which we conjecture, in its ſtead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the preceding book, which in all the former editions ſtood thus:

Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave King Log.

He has, with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epithets; putting hoarſe to the nation, and loud to the thunder; And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the juſt right of a Critic he merits the acknowledgment of all ſound Commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a Diſſenter is uſually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inſcription, 'The Primitive Euchariſt.' See the Hiſtory of this perſon, book iii.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Iriſh Throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh Prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to whom this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defeat des Bouts rimées of Saraſin.

It may be juſt worth mentioning, that the Eminence from which the ancient Sophiſts entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. Themiſtius, Orat. I.

Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden ſhowers,
Great Cibber ſate: The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
His Peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dullneſs, and new bronze their face,
So from the Sun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling ſparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſeven hills, the Antichriſt of Wit.

REMARKS.

Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,] Edmund Curll ſtood in the pillory at Charing-croſs, in March 1727-8. "This (ſaith Edmund "Curll) is a falſe Aſſertion—I had indeed the cor-"poral puniſhment, of what the Gentlemen of the "long Robe are pleaſed jocoſely to call mounting the "Roſtrum for one hour: but that ſcene of action "was not in the month of March, but in February." [Curlliad, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the Hiſtory of his being toſt in a Blanket, he ſaith, "Here Scriblerus! "thou leeſeſt in what thou aſſerteſt concerning the "blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug," "p. 25. Much in the ſame manner Mr. Cibber remonſtrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not Brazen, but Blocks; yet our author let it paſs unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationſhip.

We ſhould think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly thoſe of the Printer. Since what moved us to this Work, was ſolely the Love of Truth, not in the leaſt any Vain-glory, or Deſire to contend with Great Authors. And further, our Miſtakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as ſcarce poſſible to be avoided in writing of ſuch Perſons and Works as do ever ſhun the Light. However, that we may not any way ſoften or extenuate the ſame, we give them thee in the very Words of our Antagoniſts: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuſe of the Parties offended: For ſurely in this work, it hath been above all things our deſire to provoke no Man. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement which Leo X. gave to Poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a Buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jeſt which the Court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Pope himſelf was ſo tranſported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly and poured forth verſes without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Proluſions.

* *See Life of C. C. chap.* vi. p. 149.

And now the Queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They ſummon all her Race: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (ſo ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.
With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
A Poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimbleſt racer win the prize;
No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
But ſuch a Bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarveling bards of theſe degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out at one lucky hit,
A Fool, ſo juſt a copy of a Wit;
So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

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Ver. 34. And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.] This ſpecies of mirth called a joke, ariſing from a Mal-entendu, may be well ſuppoſed to be the delight of Dulneſs.

Ver. 47. Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit.] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of Dulneſs making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the foam of Alexander's horſe, daſhed his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the Phantom More.] CURLL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-Moore Smith, Eſq. and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the Teſtimonies) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief: "Sir," (ſaid the thief, finding himſelf detected) "do not "expoſe me, I did it for mere want; be ſo good "but to take it privately out of my pocket again,

All gaze with ardour: Some a Poet's name,
Others a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.

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" and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cried out, " See, gentlemen, what a thief " we have among us! look, he is ſtealing my hand- " kerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Hiſtorico-phyſical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young; F. Billers, Eſq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another copy of the letter, it came out in Swift's and Pope's Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems, he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his proceedings by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728.) " That the " contempt which he and others had for thoſe pieces," (which only himſelf had ſhewn, and handed about as his own) " occaſioned their being loſt, and for that cauſe only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conſcious, none but he could be the publiſher of it. The plagiariſm of this perſon gave occaſion to the following Epigram:

" Moore always ſmiles whenever he recites;
" He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
" And yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
" A modeſt man may like what's not his own."

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a paſſion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very ſtrong inſtance atteſted by Mr. Savage, ſon of the late Earl Rivers; who having ſhewn ſome verſes of his in manuſcript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called firſt of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning ſent to Mr. Savage to deſire him to give thoſe verſes another turn, to wit, " That Pope " might now be the firſt, becauſe Moore had left " him unrivalled, in turning his ſtyle to Comedy." This was during the rehearſal of the Rival Modes, his firſt and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modeſt Motto:

" Hic cæſtus, artemque repono."

The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are an Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Coſmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock-Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parſon, by Dr. W. The Saw-Pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Phyſical works on Sir James Baker; and ſome unowned Letters, Advertiſements, and Epigrams againſt our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithſtanding what is here collected of the Perſon imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; ſince our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verſes to himſelf, which every reader had done for him; ſince the name itſelf is not ſpelled Moore, but More; and

But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe:
" This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
" With me began this genius, and ſhall end."
He ſpoke: and who with Lintot ſhall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curll; " Behold that rival here!
" The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
" So take the hindmoſt, Hell," (he ſaid) and run. 60

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laſtly, ſince the learned Scriblerus has ſo well proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real perſon, but fictitious. More from μωρος, ſtultus, μωρια, ſtultitia, to repreſent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Eraſmus, " Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad " Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipſe a re alie- " nus." Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, Vale, More! et moriam tuam gnaviter defende. Adieu! More! and be ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIB.

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the epiſode of the Bookſellers; Perſons whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the authors in this poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a Bull. This eminent Bookſeller printed the Rival Modes before-mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntleſs Curll;] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed himſelf of a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very Names their own. He was not only famous among theſe; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: He ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomede; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is favoured of the Gods; he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard: a Goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter: Though he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once inſtructive and prophetical: After this he is unrivalled, and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. Never he owed

Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-ſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies and wades, and hops;
So labouring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop)
Here fortun'd Curll to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the Miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:
Then firſt (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
Hear, Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
Where, from Ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.
There in his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods diſtils.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands.
Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her Votary's prayer,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the Goddeſs heard her ſervant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Liſtening delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vigorous he riſes; from the effluvia ſtrong,
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Re-paſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.
And now the Victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night.
To ſeize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers, light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;
Songs, Sonnets, Epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whiſk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey,
That ſuit an unpay'd taylor ſnatch'd away.
No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heaven rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-ſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;

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two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curll ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: Witneſs innumerable inſtances; but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being firſt threatened, and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from her to him, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favour ſince received from him: So true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one ſhall be, at ſome time or "other, the better or the worſe, for having but "ſeen or ſpoken to a good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either of thoſe Gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.] The Bible, Curll's ſign: the Croſs-keys, Lintot's.

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Ver. 101. Where, as he fiſh'd, &c.] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of thoſe perſons, whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver. 118. an unpay'd Taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in Mift, June 2, Defic. to Sawney, and others, as a moſt inhuman ſatire on the poverty of Poets: But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen; if it be a ſatire on any body, it muſt be on a bad paymaſter, ſince the perſon to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himſelf was not in debt, it was "becauſe nobody would truſt him." Pref to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary.—Beſaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers—"Bond writ a ſatire againſt Mr. P—. "Capt. Breval was author of The Confederates,

Warner, Wilkins, run: deluſive thought!
Bond, Beſaleel, the varlets caught.
etches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
ps an empty Joſeph for a John:
us, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
m the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down
nt his whole illuſion on the town:
ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
s of Toaſts retails each batter'd jade;
e hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
gs from Ducheſſes and Lady Maries;)
, my Stationer! this magic gift;
ill be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:

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enious dramatic performance to expoſe Mr.
r. Gay, Dr. Arb. and ſome ladies of qua-
ſays CURLL, Key, p. 11.

125. Mears, Warner, Walkins] Bookſel-
Printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

126. Breval, Bond, Beſaleel,] I foreſee
e objected from this line, that we were in
our aſſertion on ver. 50. of this book,
was a fictitious name, ſince thoſe perſons
y repreſented by the poet as phantoms. So
ht it may be ſeen; but be not deceived,
theſe alſo are not real perſons. 'Tis true
lares Breval, a Captain, author of a piece
e Confederates; but the ſame Curll firſt
s written by Joſeph Gay: Is his ſecond
o be credited any more than his firſt? He
ffirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatire on
But where is ſuch a ſatire to be found?
s ſuch a writer ever head of? As for
it carries forgery in the very name; nor is
others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt de-
it, no ſuch authors ever lived; all phan-
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128. Joſeph Gay, a fictitious name put by
re ſeveral pamphlets, which made them
many for Mr. Gay's—The ambiguity of
Joſeph, which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe
, gives much pleaſantry to the idea.

132. And turn this whole illuſion on the
t was a common practice of this bookſeller
vile pieces of obſcure hands under the
eminent Authors.

138. Cook ſhall be Prior,] The man here
rit a thing called The Battle of the Poets,
Philips and Welſted were the Heroes, and
Pope utterly routed. He alſo publiſhed
volent things in the Britiſh, London, and
nals; and at the ſame time wrote letters
e, proteſting his Innocence. His chief
a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theo-
otes and half notes, which he carefully

138. and Concanen, Swift:] In the firſt
his poem there were only aſteriſks in this
the names were ſince inſerted, merely to
verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the

So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.
With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)

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Ver. 140. And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praiſing good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addiſon; in a word, almoſt every man of his time that deſerved it; even Cibber himſelf (preſuming him to be the author of the Careleſs Huſband). It was very difficult to have that pleaſure in a poem on this ſubject, yet he has found means to inſert their panegyric, and has made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce it. It muſt have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his conſtant friend, and as he was his predeceſſor in this kind of ſatire. The Diſpenſary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more uſeful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It alſo did, what Mr. Theobald ſays is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced perſons independent of his ſubject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whatever, on all occaſions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greateſt ſervice to learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that way be made of any uſe to it. This truth is very well ſet forth in theſe lines addreſſed to our author.

"The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
"(Though neither birds of moral kind)
"Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
"To ſhew us which way blows the wind.

"Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
"Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
"Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
"And point inſtruction every way.

"With Ægypt's art thy pen may ſtrive
"One potent drop let this but ſhed,
"And every Rogue that ſtunk alive,
"Becomes a precious Mummy dead."

Ver. 142. rueful length of face] "The decre-
"pid perſon or figure of a man are no reflections
"upon his Genius: An honeſt mind will love
"and eſteem a man of worth, though he be deformed
"or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath
"libelled a perſon for his rueful length of face!"
Miſt's Journal, June 8. This Genius and man of worth, whom an honeſt mind ſhould love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he ſtood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to re-

A ſhaggy Tapeſtry, worthy to be ſpread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure.

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flections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not "by our fault; it is often occaſioned by calamities "and diſeaſes, which a man can no more help "than a monſter can help his deformity. There "is no one misfortune, and no one diſeaſe, but "what all the reſt of mankind are ſubject to.—— "But the deformity of this Author is viſible, pre- "ſent, laſting, unalterable, and peculiar to him- "ſelf. It is the mark of God and Nature upon "him, to give us warning that we ſhould hold "no ſociety with him, as a creature not of our "original, nor of our ſpecies: and they who have "refuſed to take this warning which God and Na- "ture has given them, and have, in ſpite of it, "by a ſenſeleſs preſumption, ventured to be fa- "miliar with him, have ſeverely ſuffered, &c. "It is certain his original is not from Adam, but "from the Devil, &c." DENNIS, character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingſ- "gate can never be the language of charity, nor "conſequently of Chriſtianity." I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator than to behold his author thus pourtrayed? Yet I conſider it really hurts not him! whereas to call ſome others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr D. may call another a little aſs or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothleſs lion or an old ſerpent. Indeed, had I written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellation of balatro, calceatum caput, ſcurra in triviis, being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby chriſtian charity, decency, and good accord among authors might be preſerved.

SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminently ſhews his humanity. But it was far otherwiſe with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always perſonal, and of that nature which provoked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amiable Verſes:

"While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
"Its own celeſtial fire;
"While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
"Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth aſſail,
"And envious tongues decry;
"Theſe times though many a Friend bewail,
"Theſe times bewail not I.

Earleſs on high, ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows!
In every loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;

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"But when the World's loud praiſe is thine,
"And ſpleen no more ſhall blame,
"When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
"In one eſtabliſh'd fame:

"When none ſhall rail, and every lay
"Devote a wreathe to thee;
"That day (for come it will) that day
"Shall I lament to ſee."

Ver. 143. A ſhaggy Tapeſtry,] A ſorry kind of Tapeſtry frequent in old Inns, made of worſted or ſome coarſer ſtuff; like that which is ſpoken of by Donne—Faces as frightful as theirs who whipt Chriſt in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookſeller, and abuſive ſcribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome miniſters of ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Biſhop of Peterborough, &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: He was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the Flying-poſt and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

Ver. 151. Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,] The hiſtory of Curll's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,] In this game is expoſed, in the moſt contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſhameleſs ſcribblers (for the moſt part of that ſex which ought leaſt to be capable of ſuch malice or impudence) who, in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both ſexes, to the ruin of public fame, or diſturbance of private happineſs. Our good poet (by the whole caſt of his work being

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
"The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
"His be yon Juno of majestic size,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife,
Though this his son dissuades, and that his Wife.
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.

Remarks.

obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy.
Scribl.

Ibid. Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Caramania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of love, see Curll, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for Reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and "that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures; that, though she "should find the little inadvertencies of her own life "recorded in his papers, she was certain it would "be done in such a manner as she could not but "approve." Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Ver. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.

Ver. 167. Osborne, Thomas] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. [Chapman, the publisher of Mrs: Haywood's New Utopia, &c. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which book he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739, "How melancholy must it "be to a Writer to be so unhappy as to see his "works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his "fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your Subscribers, can this be done! "What an Ingratitude to be charged on the Only "honest Poet that lived in 1738! and than whom "Virtue has not had a shriller Trumpeter for many "ages! That you were once generally admired "and esteemed, can be denied by none; but that "you and your works are now despised, is verified "by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the Bookseller.

First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
Put now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus express,
"He wins this Patron who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dextrous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:

Remarks.

Ver. 185. Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines: thus,

"And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow;
"His rapid waters in their passage glow."

This I cannot but think the right: For, first, the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance a je ne scay quoy, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word glow in other parts of his works: To instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with generous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taſte directs our Operas:
Bentley his mouth with claſſic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.
But Welſted moſt the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welſted! thy unfeeling maſter,
The more thou tickleſt, gripes his fiſt the faſter.
While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her ſiſter ſends, her votareſs, from above,
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
Now turn to different ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wondrous power of Noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh every heart,
With Shakeſpeare's nature, or with Jonſon's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With thunder rumbling from the muſtard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand.
Improve we theſe. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chattering ſhames the Monkey tribe
And his this Drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſs
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Aſs.
Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The Monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart,
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen): A Cat-call each ſhall win,
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well diſputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake;
Sore ſighs Sir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So ſwells each wind-pipe: Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from labouring lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blow
High ſounds, attemper'd to the vocal noſe;
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine;
There Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield thine.

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I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent; but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time: But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half Scribl.

Ver. 203. Paolo Antonio Rolli,] an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that Language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c.] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to dedicated to Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley.

Ver. 207. Welſted.] Leonard Welſted, author of the Triumvirate, or a Letter in verſe from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a ſatire on Mr. P. and ſome of his friends about the year 1718. [He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: And there was another in praiſe either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the Πὶ Βαθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper and after as an Eel, is ſaid to be this perſon, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was alſo characteriſed under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the enſuing Simile, which handed about at the ſame time:

"Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a Mole:
"Above ground never born to grow;
"What mighty ſtir it keeps below!
"To make a Mole-hill all his ſtrife!
"It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
"How proud a little dirt to ſpread;
"Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
"Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
"It blunders into Light and dies."]

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.

Ver. 226. With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,] The old way of making Thunder and Muſtard were the ſame; but ſince, it is much advantageouſly performed by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but 'tis certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing falſe Thunder and cried, "Sdeath! that is my Thunder."

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417.—J. Dennis. Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and ſome Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

But far o'er all ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.
In Tottenham fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

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Ver. 258. Webſter—and Whitefield!] [The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miſcellany, the other a Field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of ſpiritual madneſs: That by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober Clergy. From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary perſons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthuſiaſm are, while the Civil Magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the other.]

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourouſly allegorized in theſe lines.

Ver. 268. Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"

and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the everlaſting Blackmore. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, "that this admirable author did not think "himſelf upon the ſame foot with Homer."—Comp. Art. of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25. who ſays, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to miſtake his proper talents; and that he has "not for many years been ſo much as named, or even "thought of among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's Action (ſaith he) has neither unity, "nor integrity, nor morality, nor univerſality; "and conſequently he can have no Fable, and no "Heroic Poem: His Narration is neither probable, "delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have "none of the neceſſary qualifications; the things "contained in his narration are neither in their own "nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor "rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurpriſing, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has no Genius, firſt laying down, that "Genius is cauſed "by a furious joy and pride of ſoul, on the con"ception of an extraordinary Hint. Many men

This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning-prayers and flagellation end)

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"(ſays he) have their Hints without thoſe motions "of fury and pride of ſoul, becauſe they want fire "enough to agitate their ſpirits; and theſe we call "cold writers. Others who have a great deal of "fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the fore"mentioned motions, without the extraordinary "hints; and theſe we call fuſtian writers. But he "declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints "nor the Motions." Remarks on Prince Arthur, octavo, 1696, Preface.

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his laſt, of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in very high and ſober terms of profaneneſs and immorality (Eſſay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. Mr. Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. "It was he who bur"leſqued the Pſalms of David. It is apparent "to me that Pſalm was burleſqued by a Popiſh "rhymeſter. Let rhyming perſons who have been "brought up Proteſtants be otherwiſe what they "will, let them be rakes, let them be ſcoundrels, "let them be Atheiſts, yet education has made an "invincible impreſſion on them in behalf of the "ſacred writings. But a Popiſh rhymeſter has been "brought up with a contempt for thoſe ſacred "writings; now ſhew me another Popiſh rhymeſter "but he." This manner of argumentation is uſual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the ſame againſt Sir Richard himſelf, in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion. "All Mr. Blackmore's celeſtial "Machines, as they cannot be defended ſo much "as by common received opinion, ſo are they di"rectly contrary to the doctrine of the church of "England; for the viſible deſcent of an Angel "muſt be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the "Church of England that miracles had ceaſed a "long time before Prince Arthur came into the "world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of "England be true, as we are obliged to believe, "then are all the celeſtial machines in Prince Ar"thur unſufferable, as wanting not only human, "but divine probability. But if the machines are "ſufferable, that is, if they have ſo much as di"vine probability, then it follows of neceſſity that "the doctrine of the Church is falſe. So I leave "it to every impartial Clergyman, to conſider, &c." Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſervice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumſtance of the Judges riſing from court, or of the labourers dinner: our author by one very proper both to the Perſons and the Scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced on the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the

To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
" Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
" Here prove who beſt can dash through thick and
" thin,
" And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
" Or dark dexterity of groping well.
" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
" The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
" A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt;
" A peck of coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And, Milo-like, ſurveys his arms and hands;

Then fighing thus, " And am I now three-ſcore?
" Ah, why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make
" four?"
He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.
Then * * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the ſabler ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If perſeverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:

Remarks.

Strand, thence along Fleet-ſtreet (places inhabited by Booksellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and laſtly through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddeſs.

Ver. 280. the Weekly Journals] Papers of news and ſcandal intermixed, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſhifting from one ſide to the other, called the London Journal, Britiſh Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for ſome time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

Ver. 283. In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr Dennis, the moſt ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, No. 43. which ſays of his own Simile, that " It is " as great as ever entered into the mind of man." " In Poetry he was not ſo happy as laborious, and " therefore characteriſed by the Tatler, No. 62. " by the name of Omicron the Unborn Poet." Curll, Key, p. 13. " He writ Dramatic works, " and a volume of Poetry conſiſting of heroic " Epiſtles, &c. ſome whereof were very well done," ſaid that great Judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol ii. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author But the top of his character was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by Biſhop Kennet in publiſhing the hiſtorians in his collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified, produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Ver. 291 Next Smedley div'd;] In the ſurreptitious editions, this whole Epiſode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a perſon dipped in ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing elſe in book i. ver. 102. But the perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * eſſay'd;] A gentleman of genius and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and perſonal invectives.

Ver. 299. Concanen] Matthew Concanen, an Iriſhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſes him of " having boaſted of " what he had not written, but others had reviſed " and done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece ſomebody humouroufly cauſed him to take for his motto, " De profundis clamavi." He was ſince a hired Scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was ſurpriſingly promoted to adminiſter Juſtice and Law in Jamaica.

No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion canſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſperate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!
And Monumental Braſs this record bears,
"These are—ah no! theſe were the Gazetteers!"

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Ver. 306, 307. With each a ſickly brother at his back:—Sons of a day, &c.] Theſe were daily Papers, a number of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver. 312. Oſborne] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who, at laſt, being aſhamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in age remained ſilent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers] We ought not to ſuppoſe that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachroniſm, affirming theſe Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any ſuch paper of that date. But we may with equal aſſurance aſſert theſe Gazetteers not to have lived ſince, and challenge all the learned world to produce one ſuch paper at this day. Surely therefore, where point is ſo obſcure, our author ought not to be cenſured too raſhly.

SCRIBL.

Notwithſtanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which laſted but a day. Into this, as a common ſink, was received all the traſh, which had been before diſperſed in ſeveral Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the ſame obſcure men: though ſometimes relieved by occaſional eſſays from Stateſmen, Courtiers, Biſhops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner ſort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thouſand a-year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no leſs than fifty thouſand ſeventy-ſeven "pounds eighteen ſhillings, were paid to Authors "and Printers of Newſpapers, ſuch as Free Bri-"tons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's Journals, "Gazetteers, and other political papers, between "Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which ſhews the Benevolence of one Miniſter, to have expended, for the current dullneſs of ten years in Britain, double the ſum which gained Louis XIV. ſo much honour, in annual Penſions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Penſion at a Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Univerſities, of any Conſideration, was beſtowed on any man diſtinguiſhed for his Learning ſeparately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics beſtowed by theſe writers on this great Miniſter, not one is at this day extant or remembered,

Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſkull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate, and his ponderous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Slow roſe a form, in majeſty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:
Firſt he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:

REMARKS.

not even ſo much credit done to his Perſonal character by all they have written, as by one ſhort occaſional compliment of our Author:

"Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
"Of ſocial Pleaſure, ill exchang'd for Power!
"Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
"Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe."

Ver. 315. Arnall.] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his Predeceſſor's. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the Poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witneſs a paper, called the Free Briton, a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid REPORT, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in "the ſpace of four years, no leſs than ten thouſand "nine hundred and ninety-ſeven pounds ſix ſhil-"lings and eight pence, out of the Treaſury."—But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged his honourable Patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging Prelate, &c.] It having been invidiouſly inſinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great Prelate, as reſpectable for his defence of the preſent balance of power in the civil conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to the Scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe ſo much to the memory of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid Man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.
Then ſung, how, ſhown him by the Nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here riſes from the Shades;
That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams
(As under ſeas Alpheus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſa's offering to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and ſleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repoſe,
They led him ſoft; each reverend bard aroſe;
And Milbourne chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.
"Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were mine,
"Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound Divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The reverend Flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
Around him wide a ſable Army ſtand,
A low-born cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,
Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heaven's Swiſs, who fight for any God, or Man.
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet,
Till ſhowers of Sermons, Characters, Eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways!
So clouds, replenifh'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.

Here ſtopt the Goddeſs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
"Ye Critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
"I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails:
"Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
"My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers,
"Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
"If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
"Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
"And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
"To him we grant our ampleſt powers, to ſit
"Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
"To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
"Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs and three pert Templars came,
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame;
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of Poeſy and Prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of Mum,
Till all, tun'd equal, ſend a general hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the ſenſe compoſe,
At every line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowſy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but, thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer,
Yet ſilent bow'd to "Chriſt's No kingdom here."

REMARKS.

Ver. 349. And Milbourn] Luke Milbourne, a Clergyman, the faireſt of Critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Ver. 355. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped that the ſatire in theſe lines will be underſtood in the confined ſenſe in which the Author meant it, of ſuch only of the Clergy, who, though ſolemnly engaged in the ſervice of Religion, dedicate themſelves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Miniſters or Factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aſpire to interfere in the government of it, and conſequently to diſturb and diſorder it; in which they fall ſhort of their Predeceſſors only by being inveſted with much leſs of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted in the lines above) either in ſupporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corrupting religion by ſuperſtition, or betraying it by libertiniſm, as either was thought beſt to ſerve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the Great.

REMARKS.

Ver. 397. Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak,] Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South Sea ſcheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious "gentleman, and hath written ſome excellent "Epilogues to plays, and one ſmall piece on Love, "which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well known to the greateſt Stateſmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two perſons not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the Religion of their Country. Toland, the author of the Atheiſt's liturgy, called Pantheiſticon, was a ſpy, in pay of Lord Oxford. Tindal was the author of the Rights of the Chriſtian Church, and Chriſtianity as old as the Creation. He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet againſt Earl S——, which was ſuppreſſed while yet in MS. by an eminent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ſhewed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards publiſhed the ſame piece, mutatis mutandis, againſt that very perſon.

Ver. 400. Chriſt's No kingdom, &c.] This is ſaid by Curll, Rev to Dunc. to allude to a ſermon of a reverend Biſhop.

Who ſate the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt, the diſtant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er them lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering ſeals his eyes,
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion from one circle to the reſt:
So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the ſea of heads.
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton from Daniel and Oſtrœa ſprung,
Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue
Hung ſilent down his never-bluſhing head;
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.
Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing, what Bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumbering viſit, and convey to ſtews;

Who prouder march'd with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

Remarks.

Ver. 411. Centlivre] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife to Mr Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majeſty. She writ many Plays, and a ſong, (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Ver. 413. Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A M. wrote with great zeal againſt the Stage; Mr. Dennis anſwered him with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. The ſame Mr. Law is author of a book intituled, An Appeal to all that doubt of or diſbelieve the truth of the Goſpel; in which he has detailed a Syſtem of the rankeſt Spinoziſm, for the moſt exalted Theology; and amonſt other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Iſaac Newton ſtole the principles of his philoſophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German Cobler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer againſt Religion, diſtinguiſhed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompouſneſs of his title; for having ſtolen his morality from Tindal, and his Philoſophy from Spinoſa, he calls himſelf, by the courteſy of England, a Moral Philoſopher.

Ibid. Mandevil] This writer, who prided himſelf in the reputation of an Immoral Philoſopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Chriſtian Virtue the Impoſition of fools; and that Vice is neceſſary, and alone ſufficient to render Society flouriſhing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton,] Norton [illegible]be, offspring of the famous Daniel, Fortes creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well bred work Mr. P. had ſome time the honour to be abuſed with his betters; and of many hired ſcurrilities and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name.

The

DUNCIAD:

BOOK THE THIRD.

Argument.

AFTER the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſeth all the Viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inaugurators, caſtle-builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elyſian ſhade; where, on the bank of Lethe, the ſouls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Viſion, from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the Empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: how ſmall a part of the world was, ever conquered by Science, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped, and thoſe very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the Iſland of Great Britain, ſhews by what aids, by what perſons, and by what degrees, it ſhall be brought to her Empire. Some of the perſons he cauſes to paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a ſudden the Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurpriſing and unknown to the King himſelf, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this ſubject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of theſe. He propheſies how firſt the nation ſhall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the Throne of Dulneſs ſhall be advanced over the Theatres, and ſet up even at Court: then how her ſons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glimpſe, or Piſgah ſight, of the future Fulneſs of her Glory, the accompliſhment whereof is the ſubject of the fourth and laſt Book.

Remarks.

Ver. 427. Fleet] A priſon for inſolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

BOOK III.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs inclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtains round with Vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the ſeat of Senſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reaſon know.
Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Hence the Fool's Paradiſe, the Statеſman's Scheme,
The air-built Caſtle, and the golden Dream,
The maid's romantic wiſh, the Chemiſt's flame,
And Poet's viſion of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The King deſcending, views th' Elyſian Shade.
A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs medit'ting ſong;
Her treſſes ſtaring from Poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams,

Remarks.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Viſion is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatire on the preſent Age, doubtleſs more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Geniuſes in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and ſciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our Poet's honeſt meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Viſion, repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſſed through the Ivory gate, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falſity.

SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was miſtaken, may be ſeen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never ſeen.

BENTL.

Ver. 15. A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl] This allegory is extremely juſt, no conformation of the mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real Madneſs, as that which produces real Dulneſs. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthuſiaſts of all ages were ever, in their natural ſtate, moſt heavy and lumpiſh; but on the leaſt application of heat, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickeſt into fuſion. Whereas fire in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its conſtituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered ſteel) for the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of Wit, juſt as the Turks and our modern Methodiſts do of Holineſs. But if the cauſe of Madneſs aſſigned by a great Philoſopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He ſuppoſes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea: Now as this attention is occaſioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulneſs; which hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it ſeeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it aments.

Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar
(Once ſwan of Thames, though now he ſings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious ſtill to Blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
Here, in a duſky vale where Lethe rills,
Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,
And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,

Remarks.

Ver. 19. Taylor,] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the Accidence: A rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

"I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
"And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence:
"For having got from poſſum to poſſet,
"I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourſcore books in the Reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Ale-houſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be ſeen from the many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagrammed his name Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.] Shadwell took Opium for many years; and died of too large a doſe, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius ſits,] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſes as Bays by our author, though not in ſo Chriſtian-like a manner: For heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and deteſted for his evil works; Qui Bavium non odit; whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great Good-nature and Mercifulneſs through the whole courſe of this Poem.

SCRIBL.

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of Light,] An Hemiſtich of Milton.

Remarks.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Bookſellers, Printers for any body —The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by Booksellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward and Pillory.
Wondering he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:

REMARKS.

Ver. 34. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney, Eſq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewiſe ſtood there) looks upon the mention of ſuch a Gentleman in a ſatire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d Edit p. 16. And another author reaſons thus upon it. Durgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Chriſtian Charity to animate the rabble to abuſe a worthy man in ſuch a "ſituation? What could move the Poet thus to "mention a brave ſufferer, a gallant priſoner, expoſed to the view of all mankind! It was laying "aſide his Senſes, it was committing a Crime for "which the Law is deficient not to puniſh him! "nay, a Crime which man can ſcarce forgive, "or Time efface! nothing ſurely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great "Lady, &c." (to whom this brave, honeſt, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verſe could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he ſtood there.

Ver. 36. and length of ears,] This is a ſophiſticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyiſts are miſtaken here; I believe I may ſay the ſame of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welſted, have paſſed it in ſilence. I have alſo ſtumbled at it, and wondered how an error ſo manifeſt could eſcape ſuch accurate perſons. I dare aſſert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of ſome Tranſcriber, whoſe head ran on the Pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himſelf ſhould overlook it! Yet that Scholiaſt takes not the leaſt notice hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our author was blamed for perſonal Satire on a Man's face (whereof doubtleſs he might take the ear to be a part;) ſo likewiſe Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Poſt, and all the herd of Commentators.—Tota armenta ſequuntur.

A very little ſagacity (which all theſe gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore to us the true ſenſe of the Poet thus:

By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of years.

See how eaſy a change; of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is moſt certain; but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the Pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALDS, partly SCRIBL.

All as the veſt, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:
Oh born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to uture fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll!
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages through old Monks ſhe rid?
And all who ſince, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
Shall, in the centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:
Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind,
Shall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt and future fire thy brain.

[redacted]ARKS.

Ver. 37. Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, "and that in the Univerſity of Cambridge there "were thoſe who gave him the preference." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor "Settle was formerly the Mighty rival of Dryden; "nay, for many years, bore his reputation above "him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And "Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was Dryden "able, even when his blood run high, to defend "himſelf againſt Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions; and no wonder ſome authors indulge them

He was author and publiſher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He anſwered all Dryden's political poems! and being cried up on one ſide, ſucceeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empreſs of Morocco [the firſt that was ever printed with cuts.] "Upon this he grew "inſolent, the Wits writ againſt his Play, he "replied, and the Town judged he had the bet"ter. In ſhort, Settle was then thought a very "formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only "the Town but the Univerſity of Cambridge was "divided which to prefer; and in both places the "younger ſort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Ver. 50. Might from Bœotian, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greateſt Poets and one of the greateſt Generals of Greece.

"Bœotum crafſo jurares aere natum." Horat.

Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs empire over ſeas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her ſable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright courſe begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long Wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the ſouth extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe,
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyſic of the Soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!
Lo! where Mœotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waſte of ſnows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' A[illegible] prophet draws,
And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the Weſtern world believe and ſleep.

Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thundering againſt heathen lore;
Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods;
Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn;
See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

Behold yon' Iſle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-wolſey brothers,
Grave Mufhmers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That one was Britain—Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace, great Goddeſs, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſt age
Oh ſpread thy Influence, but reſtrain thy Rage.

And ſee, my ſon! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddeſs to imperial ſway;
This favourite Iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
Dove-like ſhe gathers to her wings again.
Now look through Fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!

Remarks.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am ti Emperor of China, the ſame who built the great wall between China and Tartary, deſtroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, cauſed his General to burn the Ptolomæan Library, on the gates of which was this Inſcription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Phyſic of the Soul.

Ver. 96. (The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are ſaid to have been invented. In theſe countries Mahomet began his conqueſts.

Ver. 102. thundering againſt heathen lore;] A ſtrong inſtance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account John of Saliſbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the ſame time that he mentions one of the ſtrongeſt effects of this exceſs of zeal in him: "Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, "qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et in-"ebriavit eccleſiam; non modo Matheſin juſſit ab "aula, ſed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit "probatæ lectionis ſcripta, Palatinus quæcunque "tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fer-"tur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combuſſiſſe "gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior eſſet locus, "et major authoritas, et diligentia ſtudioſior." Deſiderius, Archbiſhop of Vienna, was ſharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; becauſe (ſays this Pope) "In "uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus Chriſti laudes non "capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque ſit Epiſco-"pis canere quod nec Laico religioſo conveniat, ipſe "conſidera." He is ſaid, among the reſt, to have burned Livy; "Quia in ſuperſtitionibus et ſacris "Romanorum perpetuo verſatur." The ſame Pope is accuſed by Voſſius, and others, of having cauſed the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtroyed, leſt thoſe who come to Rome ſhould give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn,] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen Temples and Statues, ſo that the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpared ſome of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and ſome of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre eaſily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117, 118. Happy! had Eaſter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter.

Ver. 126. Dove like, ſhe gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to aſſert her cauſe!] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Freethinkers. But as this Revolution is only here ſet on foot by the firſt of theſe Claſſes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they

See all her progeny, illuſtrious ſight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the Mother of the ſky,
Surveys around her, in the bleſt abode,
An hundred ſons, and every ſon a God:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd
Shall take through Grubſtreet her triumphant round;
And, her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.
Mark firſt that youth who takes the foremoſt place,
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another D'Urfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.
Thee ſhall each Alehouſe, thee each Gillhouſe mourn,
And anſwering Gin-ſhops ſourer ſighs return.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.

REMARKS.

only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulneſs, the Laureat. The others, who finiſh the great work, are reſerved for the fourth book, where the Goddeſs herſelf appears in full glory.

Ver. 149. Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;] "This Gentleman is ſon of a conſide-"rable Maſter of Romſey in Southamptonſhire, "and bred to the Law under a very eminent At-"torney: Who, between his more laborious ſtudies, "has diverted himſelf with Poetry. He is a great "admirer of Poets and their works, which has oc-"caſioned him to try his genius that way—He has "writ in proſe the Lives of the Poets, Eſſays, and "a great many Law books, The Accompliſhed "Conveyancer, Modern Juſtice, &c. GILES JA-COB of himſelf, Lives of the Poets, vol. i. He very groſsly, and unprovoked, abuſed in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.]

There may ſeem ſome error in theſe verſes, Mr. Jacob having proved our Author to have a Reſpect for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had "once a Regard for my Judgment, otherwiſe he "never would have ſubſcribed two Guineas to me, "for one ſmall book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I ſhould think the appellation of Blunderbuſs to Mr. Jacob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the ſame way. "My writ-"ings having made great impreſſion on the minds of "all ſenſible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give "proof of his Repentance, ſubſcribed to my two "Volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We ſhould hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this poem by ſome miſtake. But from

Lo, P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.
Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Friend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each Cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each Songſter, Riddler, every nameleſs name,
All crowd, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to Fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;
Some, free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls!

REMARKS.

hence, gentle reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy money to ſuch Authors, not to flatter thyſelf that thy motives are Good-nature, or Charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome]. Theſe two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in Honour and Employment. The firſt was Phil[illegible]neck, Author of a Billingſgate Paper called [illegible]gh German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon to an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers called Paſquin, where by malicious Inuendoes, he endeavoured to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face."

P—le was the author of ſome vile Plays and Pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill-natured Critic, who writ a ſatire on our Author, called The mock Æſop, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

Ver. 156. Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the Anquals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be nameleſs, and therefore the Poet ſlurs them over with others in general.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our author till he writ a ſwearing-piece called Sawney, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his, intitled Night, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of Engliſh Poets.

Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, Beer;
Though ſtale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heavy, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?

Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind;
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;

Remarks.

printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being adviſed to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he ſmiled and replied, "Shakeſpeare writ without rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink of all ſuch writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a ſmall pittance for pay.

Ver. 168. Morris,] Beſideel. See Book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Welſted, &c.] Of this author ſee the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. Welſted had, in his youth, raiſed ſo great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of ſtruggle between the moſt eminent of the two Univerſities, which ſhould have the honour of his education. To compound matters he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having paſſed ſome time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, whoſe encouragement he acknowledged in his occaſional poems, in a manner that will make no ſmall part of the Fame of his protectors. It alſo appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent age—Encouraged by ſuch a Combination in his favour, he—publiſhed a book of poems, ſame in the Ovidian, ſome in the Horatian manner; in both which the moſt Exquiſite Judges pronounce he even rivalled his maſters—His love-verſes have reſcued that way of writing from contempt—In his tranſlations, he has given us the very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His Ode—his Epiſtle—his Verſes—his Love-tale—all, are the moſt perfect things in all poetry. Welsted of himſelf, Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, page 23, 24. It ſhould not be forgot for his honour, that he received at one time the ſum of five hundred pounds for ſecret ſervice, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymouſly for the miniſtry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] Theſe men became the public ſcorn by a mere miſtake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (juſt as Ariſtotle and Longinus did of theirs), and diſcourſe upon the beauties and defects of compoſition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The Body's harmony, the beaming Soul.

Remarks.

Whereas had they followed the Example of thoſe microſcopes of wit, Kuſter, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticiſm on the learned Languages, their acuteneſs and induſtry might have raiſed them a name equal to the moſt famous of the Scholiaſts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apoſtaſy of the Prebendary of Rocheſter, who beginning in ſo good a train, has now turned ſhort to write comments on the Fire-side, and Dreams upon Shakeſpeare; where we find the ſpirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured obſervations. Scribl.

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the Fire-side, I want thy uſual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiaſt of ſo ſolid learning. Arist.

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, who has ſeen, through the courſe of theſe notes, what a conſtant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he ſhould be mentioned but twice, and ſo ſlightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with ſome eſteem, for having (more generouſly than all the reſt) ſet his name to ſuch writings. He was alſo a very old man at this time. By his own account of himſelf in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he muſt have been above threeſcore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was ſenior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longeſt bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon pair, &c.] One of theſe was Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Paſquin, in which Mr. Pope was abuſed with the Duke of Buckingham, and Biſhop of Rocheſter. They alſo joined in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to manſlate the Iliad, intituled, Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours diſcouraged him from purſuing his ſtudies. How few good works had ever appeared (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monſters ſhould come into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that the ſerpents ſhould ſtrangle one Hercules in his Cradle?

The union of theſe two authors gave occaſion to this Epigram:

Like all their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.
" But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
" Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myſter wight,
On parchment ſcrape y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt!
There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiaſts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, ſee only in the dark,
A Lumberhouſe of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hiſtory her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philoſophy repines to ſhow,
Dishoneſt ſight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ſtands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

REMARKS.

" Burnet and Ducket, friends in ſpite,
" Came hiſſing out in verſe;
" Both were ſo forward, each would write,
" So dull, each hang an A——.
" Thus Amphiſbœna (I have read)
" At either end aſſails;
" None knows which leads or which is led,
" For both heads are but Tails."

After ſeveral Editions of this poem, the author bought it to omit the names of theſe two perſons, whoſe injury to him was of ſo old a date.

Ver. 184. That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.] Such places were given at this time to ſuch out of Writers.

Ver. 187. myſter wight,] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius hight.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much leſs (as it was unwarrantably foiſted into the ſurreptitious editions) our own antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary publiſhed many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment peruſed.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] Theſe two lines exactly deſcribe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleaſed; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody ſaid well of theſe men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

Ver. 199. lo! Henley ſtands, &c.] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wedneſdays upon all other ſciences. Each auditor paid one ſhilling. He declaimed ſome years againſt the greateſt perſons, and occaſionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Tranſactions, N. 1. publiſhed by Henley himſelf, gives the following account of him: He was born at Melton Mowbray in Leiceſterſhire. From his own Pariſh ſchool he went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there to be uneaſy; for it ſhocked him to find he was commanded to believe againſt his own judgment in points of Religion, Philoſophy, &c. for

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibſon, preach in vain.
Oh great Reſtorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.

REMARKS.

" his genius leading him freely to diſpute all propo-
" ſitions, and call all points to account, he was impa-
" tient under thoſe fetters of the free-born mind.—
" Being admitted to Prieſt's orders, he found the
" examination very ſhort and ſuperficial, and that it
" was not neceſſary to conform to the Chriſtian reli-
" gion, in order either to Deaconſhip or Prieſthood."
He came to town, and, after having for ſome years been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for Miniſters of State. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the Church, we are told, " was the
" envy of others, and a diſreliſh entertained of him,
" becauſe he was not qualified to be a complete
" Spaniel." However, he offered the ſervice of his pen to two great men, of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being rejected, he ſet up a new Project, and ſtyled himſelf the Reſtorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought " it as
" lawful to take a licence from the King and Par-
" liament in one place as another; at Hickes's Hall,
" as at Doctor's Commons; ſo ſet up his Oratory in
" Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (ſays his
" friend) he had the aſſurance to form a plan, which
" no mortal ever thought of; he had ſucceſs againſt
" all oppoſition; challenged his adverſaries to fair
" diſputations, and none would diſpute with him;
" writ, read, and ſtudied twelve hours a day; com-
" poſed three diſſertations a week on all ſubjects;
" undertook to teach in one year what ſchools and
" univerſities teach in five; was not terrified by
" menaces, inſults, or ſatires, but ſtill proceeded,
" matured his bold ſcheme, and put the Church,
" and all that in danger." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. N. 1.

After having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke jeſts, and ſometimes that bread which he called the Primitive Eucharift.— This wonderful perſon ſtruck Medals, which he diſperſed as Tickets to his ſubſcribers: the device a ſtar riſing to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the ſecret ſervice of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonſenſe, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibſon,] Biſhops of Saliſbury, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe Sermons and Paſtoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, ſee Book ii.

Yet oh, my ſons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the years you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One, diſpenſe,
The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Senſe.
Content each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inſpires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to ſcorn your God."

REMARKS.

Tho. Woolſton was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the Miracles of the Goſpel, in the year 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my ſons, &c.] The caution again Blaſphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Goddeſs in the fourth book, ſhe encourages her ſons, and they beg aſſiſtance to pollute the Source of Light itſelf, with the ſame virulence they had before done the pureſt emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A NEWTON's genius, or a Milton's flame;] Thankfully received, and freely uſed, is this gracious licence by the beloved diſciple of that Prince of Cabaliſtic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinſon. Hear with what honeſt plainneſs he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonſtration "(ſaith he) founded upon the proportions of lines "and circles to each other, and the ringing of "changes upon figures, theſe have no more to do "with the greateſt part of philoſophy, than they "have with the Man in the Moon. Indeed the "Zeal for this ſort of Gibberiſh [mathematical "Principles] is greatly abated of late: and though "it is now upwards of twenty years that the Dagon "of modern Philoſophers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, "has lain with his face upon the ground before the "Ark of God, Scripture philoſophy; for ſo long "MOSES's PRINCIPIA have been publiſhed; and "the Treatiſe of Power Eſſential and Mechanical, "in whith Sir Iſaac Newton's Philoſophy is treated "with the UTMOST CONTEMPT, has been pub-"liſhed a dozen years; yet there is not one of the "whole ſociety who hath had the COURAGE to at-"tempt to raiſe him up. And ſo let him lie."—The philoſophical principles of Moſes aſſerted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. London, 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God."] The hardeſt leſſon a Dunce can learn. For being bred to ſcorn what he does not underſtand, that which he underſtands leaſt he will be apt to ſcorn moſt. Of which, to the diſgrace of all Government, and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS herſelf, we have had a late example in a book intitled Philoſophical Eſſays concerning human Underſtanding.

Thus he, for then a ray of Reaſon ſtole
Half through the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulneſs and her Sons admire!
See what the charms, that ſmite the ſimple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-blushing head he turn'd aſide
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd);
And look'd, and ſaw a ſable Sorcerer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants ruſh to war.
Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.
Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;
And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power theſe wonders wrought?
Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee! Look and find
Each Monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet would'ſt thou more! In yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſarſenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs Youth! his nod theſe worlds controuls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:

REMARKS.

Ver. 224.—not to ſcorn your God.]" See this ſubject purſued in Book iv.

Ver. 232. (Not half ſo pleas'd, when Goodman prophesy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearſal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the ſhoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, "I'll be d—d.—And (ſays Mr. Cibber) I make it "a queſtion, whether Alexander himſelf, or Charles "the twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their "firſt victorious armies, could feel a greater tranſport in their boſoms than I did in mine."

Ver. 233. a ſable Sorcerer.] Dr. Fauſtus, the ſubject of a ſet of Farces, which laſted in vogue two or three ſeaſons, in which both Playhouſes ſtrove to outdo each other for ſome years. All the extravagancies in the ſixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by perſons of the firſt quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Ver. 237. Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth:] This monſtrous abſurdity was actually repreſented in Tibbald's Rape of Proſerpine.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vaſt Egg] In another of theſe Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the ſtage, out of a large egg.

), you ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
heir light, and ſets their flames on fire.
Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe
ows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
ud his Miſtreſs' orders to perform,
the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
! to dark encounter in mid air,
ards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!
his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd
ing dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.
e conflict, diſmal is the din,
ts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
ng Theatres our empire raiſe,
ir labours, and alike their praiſe.
e theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
a to thee? Theſe wonders are thy own.
e reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
old walls though long I rul'd, renown'd
d Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;
my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
mmitting their eternal Praiſe,
l-fed Heroes, their pacific Mayors,
ual trophies, and their monthly wars:
long my Party built on me their hopes,
ng Pamphlets, and for roaſting Popes:

Yet lo: in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
Avert it, heaven; that thou my Cibber, e'er
Should'ſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carried off in ſome Dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs, ſhall never ſtray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And every year be duller than the laſt,
Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway;
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if Heav'n thou can'ſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine.

REMARKS.

61. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, was hat excelled this way.

66. I ſee my Cibber there!] The hiſtory egoing abſurdities is verified by himſelf, in ds, (Life, chap. xv.) "Then ſprung forth ceſſion of monſtrous medleys that have ſo nfeſted the ſtage, which aroſe upon one r alternately at both houſe, out vying each n expence." He then proceeds to excuſe art in them, as follows: "If I am aſked aſſented? I have no better excuſe for my han to confeſs I did it againſt my conſcience, d not virtue enough to ſtarve. Had Henry France a better for changing his Religion? ſtill in my heart, as much as he could be, ſide of Truth and Senſe; but with this ice, that I had their leave to quit them they could not ſupport me. But let the n go which way it will, Harry IVth has been allowed a great man." This muſt ed a full anſwer; only the queſtion ſtill e, 1. How the doing a thing againſt one's is an excuſe for it? and 2dly, It will be ove how he got the leave of Truth and uit their ſervice, unleſs he can produce a that he ever was in it.

66, 267. Booth and Cibber were joint ma- the Theatre in Drury-lane.

68. On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. ſolemnly his not to be literally true. We hope the reader will underſtand it allegorically

82. Annual trophies on the Lord Mayor's monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

83. Though long my party] Settle, like moſt Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popiſh ſucceſſor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other ſide. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounſlow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention: he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

Ver. 297. Thee ſhall the patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,] It ſtood in the firſt edition with the blanks, * * and * *. Concannen was ſure "they "muſt needs mean no body but King GEORGE "and Queen CAROLINE; and ſaid he would in- "ſiſt it was ſo, till the poet cleared himſelf by fill- "ing up the blanks otherwiſe, agreeably to the "context, and conſiſtent with his allegiance." Pref. to a Collection of verſes, eſſays, letters, &c. againſt Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Ver. 305. Polypheme) He tranſlated the Italian Opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately loſt the whole jeſt of the ſtory. The Cyclops aſks Ulyſſes his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire who has hurt him? he anſwers Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Tranſlator made Ullyſſes anſwer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himſelf on ſubſcribing to the Engliſh Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with reſpect to the Odyſſey, or he might have been better inſtructed in the Greek Punnology.

Ver. 308, 309. Fauſtus, Pluto, &c] Names of

Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and Gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from Fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye Heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year,
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
Our Midas ſits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
On Poets' Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is preferr'd for Wit!

REMARKS.

miſerable Farces, which it was the cuſtom to act at the end of the beſt Tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

Ver. 312. enſure it but from Fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proſerpine, a corn field was ſet on fire: whereupon the other playhouſe had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators. They alſo rivalled each other in ſhewing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

Ver. 313. Another Æſchylus appears!] It is reported of Æſchylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried.

Ver. 325. On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!] W—m Benſon (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majeſty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their houſe and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in, while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon, for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambroſe Philips] "He was (ſaith "Mr. JACOB) one of the wits at Button's, and a "juſtice of the peace;" But he hath ſince met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed "he confeſſes, he dares not ſet him quite on the ſame "foot with Virgil, leſt it ſhould ſeem flattery, but "he is much miſtaken if poſterity does not afford "him a greater eſteem than he at preſent enjoys." He endeavoured to create ſome miſunderſtanding between our Author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that

See under Ripley riſe a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends;

REMARKS.

Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a news paper called the Examiner: A falſehood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-houſe of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerſet houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been juſt then reſtored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington: who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the deſigns of that great Maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taſte of Architecture in this Kingdom.

Ver. 330. Gay dies unpenſion'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour with great ſucceſs, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye call it, Fables; and laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of ſatire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble: That verſe of Horace:

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Briſtol fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty four days together; it was laſt acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans, and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers, her life written, books of letters and verſes to her, publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen;

Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.
, great days! till learning fly the ſhore,
ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,
ıés ſee Eaton's ſons for ever play,
minſter's whole year be holiday,
ilders reel, their pupils ſport,
ı mater lie diſſolv'd in Port?
! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
the Ivory Gate the Viſion flies.

REMARKS.

ened in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was
y, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the
it this motto, Nos hæc novimus eſſe

2. And Pope's, ten years to comment and
The author here plainly laments that he
; employed in tranſlating and commenting.
the Iliad in 1713, and finiſhed it in 1719.
n of Shakeſpeare (which he undertook
auſe nobody elſe would) took up near two
in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions,
he Scenery, &c. and the Tranſlation of
dyſſey employed him from that time to

1. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may
m incredible, that ſo great a Revolution
as is here prophefied, ſhould be brought
ch weak inſtruments as have been [hither-
d in our poem: But do not thou, gentle
too ſecure in thy contempt of theſe in-
Remember what the Dutch ſtories
relate, that a great Part of their Provinces
verflowed, by a ſmall opening made in one
es by a ſingle Water-Rat.
, that ſuch is not ſeriouſly the judgment
, but that he conceiveth better hopes
iligence of our Schools, from the regula-
r Univerſities, the Diſcernment of our
the Accompliſhments of our Nobility,
agement of our Patrons, and the Genius
ters of all kinds (notwithſtanding ſome
ons in each), may plainly be ſeen from
on; where, cauſing all this viſion to paſs
Ivory gate, he expreſsly, in the language
eclares all ſuch imaginations to be wild,
, and fictitious. SCRIBL.

THE

DUNCIAD:

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

et being, in this Book, to declare the
on of the Prophecies mentioned at the
the former, makes a new Invocation; as
VI.

the greater Poets are wont, when ſome high and worthy matter is to be ſung. He ſhews the Goddeſs coming in her Majeſty, to deſtroy Order and Science, and to ſubſtitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How ſhe leads captive the Sciences, and ſilences the Muſes; and what they be who ſucceed in their ſtead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak reſiſtance, or diſcouragement of Arts; ſuch as Half-wits, taſteleſs Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All theſe crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but ſhe commends and encourages both. The firſt who ſpeak in form are the Geniuſes of the Schools, who aſſure her of their care to advance her Cauſe by confining Youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Addreſs, and her gracious Anſwer; with her Charge to them and the Univerſities. The Univerſities appear by their proper Deputies, and aſſure her that the ſame method is obſerved in the progreſs of Education. The ſpeech of Ariſtarchus on this ſubject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddeſs, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their Travels: preſenting to her at the ſame time a young Nobleman perfectly accompliſhed. She receives him graciouſly, and endues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She ſees loitering about her a number of Indolent Perſons abandoning all buſineſs and duty, and dying with laxineſs: to theſe approaches the Antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them Virtuoſos, and aſſign them over to him: but Mummius, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: amongſt them, one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt Curioſities in nature: but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any uſeful or extenſive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecured by a hearty Addreſs from the Minute Philoſophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The Youth, thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taſte the Cup of the Magus her High Prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her Adepts ſhe ſends Prieſts, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what ſhe

expects from each, concludes with a Vision of extraordinary virtue: the Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.
Ye Powers! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every Brain, and wither'd ever Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bower
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne; her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.
Beneath her foot-stool, Science groans in Chains,
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any-wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the Work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.

BENT.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet, willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for Antiquity and a Great Family, how dead or dark soever: Next declareth his passion for explaining Mysteries; and lastly his Impatience to be reunited to her.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

Ver. 14. To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,] The two great Ends of her Mission; the one in quality of Daughter of Chaos, the other as Daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as Civil and Moral; the distinction between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals: Light as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Ver 15. Of dull and venal] The Allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of Light or Science; venal to the destruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

Ibid. a new World] In allusion the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and Gold.] i. e. dull and venal.

Ver. 20. her Laureate son reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing, from the day of his Anointing; having past through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many King-consorts have done the like.

SCRIBL.

This verse our excellent Laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not "as seldom asleep as any fool!" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says, "the reader will be as much pleased "to find me a Dunce in my old Age, as he was to "prove me a brisk blockhead in my Youth."—Wherever there was any room for Briskness, or Alacrity of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his Historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their works: And if in these he be as much asleep as any fool, the Poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.

BENTL.

Ibid. her Laureate] "When I find my name in "the satirical works of this Poet, I never look "upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT "to himself. For he considers that my Face is "more known than most in the nation; and there-"fore a Lick at the Laureate will be a sure bait "ad captandum vulgus, to catch little readers."—Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the Press: Or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see by this finishing stroke, the profitable Lick at the Laureate?

BENTL.

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-stool, &c.] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in Captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and ac-

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, ſtript, fair Rhetoric languiſh'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by Sophiſtry are borne,
And ſhameleſs Billingſgate her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and Caſuiſtry in Lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.
Mad Mathefis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her extatic ſtare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.

REMARKS.

tive enemy, puniſhed, or driven away: Dulneſs being often reconciled in ſome degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen that ſhe admits ſomething like each Science, as Caſuiſtry, Sophiſtry, &c. but no-nothing like Wit, Opera alone ſupplying its place.

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was ſuffered to give a hundred miſerable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a Page or Mute, and to allude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling State Criminals in Turkey by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 39. But ſober Hiſtory] Hiſtory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be aſked, How came Hiſtory and Satire to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort to the Muſes, even in the preſence of the Goddeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays Scriblerus, which we thus reſolve: Hiſtory was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are likely to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhewn to Hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of SATIRE ſprings from a very different cauſe; for the reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced, when truly inſpired and animated (as ſhould ſeem) from above, for this very purpoſe, to oppoſe the kingdom of Dulneſs to her laſt breath.

There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her Siſter Satire held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.
When lo! a Harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aſide;
By ſinging Peers upheld on either hand,
She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand;
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo ſpoke.
O Cara! Cara! ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:
Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
One Trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;

REMARKS,

Ver. 43. Nor could'ſt thou, &c.] This Noble Perſon in the year 1737, when the Act aforeſaid was brought into the Houſe of Lords, oppoſed it in an excellent ſpeech (ſays Mr. Cibber) "with a "lively ſpirit, and uncommon eloquence." This ſpeech had the honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. Cibber, with a lively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, whereby thou mighteſt judge between them; but I muſt defer it on account of ſome differences not yet adjuſted between the noble Author, and myſelf, concerning the True Reading of certain Paſſages.

BENTL.

Ver. 45. When lo! a Harlot form] The Attitude given to this Phantom repreſents the nature and genius of the Italian Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. Theſe things were ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of the Nobility. This circumſtance, that OPERA ſhould prepare for the opening of the grand Seſſions, was propheſied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,
"The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway."

Ver. 54. Let Diviſion reign!] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in Muſic with numberleſs diviſions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Senſe, and applies to the Paſſions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Inſtruments into the Orcheſtra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which proved ſo much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Muſic into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of Compoſers, to practiſe the patch-work above-mentioned.

To the ſame notes thy ſons ſhall hum, or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, Encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon, Rebellion will commence,
If Muſic meanly borrows aid from Senſe:
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL ſtands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouze, to ſhake the ſoul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Arreſt him, Empreſs, or you ſleep no more——
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhore.

And now had Fame's poſterior Trumpet blown,
And all the nations ſummon'd to the Throne,
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure Attraction led,
And ſtrong impulſive gravity of Head:
None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and cohet'd around.
Not cloſer orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing Bees about their duſky Queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confeſs.
Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons, the Great;
Who falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his Word without a call,
Patrons, who ſneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the Penſion, and ſet up the head;
Or veſt dull Flattery in the ſacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (laſt and worſe) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſes Hypocrit.

There march'd the bard and blockhead ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narciſſus, prais'd with all a Parſon's power,
Look'd a white lily ſunk beneath a ſhower.
There mov'd Montalto with ſuperior air;
His ſtretch'd-out arm diſplay'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he ſtood, bold Benſon thruſt him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnſton's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and cloſ'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then
Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths wait,
To lug the ponderous volume off in ſtate.

When Dulneſs ſmiling—"Thus revive the Wits!
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new edition of old Æſon gave;
Let ſtandard-Authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light through holes yourſelves have made.

"Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
But ſpread, my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.

REMARKS.

Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be obſerved that here are three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt of men abſolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddeſs, and are imaged in the ſimile of the Bees about their Queen. The ſecond involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third of ſuch as, though not members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patronizing vile ſcribblers, diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting up for wits, and Men of taſte in arts they underſtand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

Ver. 108—bow'd from ſide to ſide:] As being of no one party.

Ver. 110. bold Benſon] This man endeavoured to raiſe himſelf to Fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, ſetting up heads, and procuring tranſlations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great a paſſion for Arthur Johnſton, a Scotch Phyſician's Verſion of the Pſalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

Ver. 113. The decent Knight] An eminent perſon who was about to publiſh a very pompous Edition of a great Author at his own expence.

Ver. 115, &c.] Theſe four lines were printed in a ſeparate leaf by Mr. Pope in the laſt Edition, which he himſelf gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as ſoon as Sir T. H.'s Shakeſpeare ſhould be publiſhed.

Ver. 119. Thus revive, &c.] The Goddeſs applauds the practice of tacking the obſcure names of Perſons not eminent in any branch of Learning, to thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Writers; either by printing Editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former inſtances; or by ſetting up Monuments diſgraced with their own vile names and inſcriptions, as in the latter.

Ver. 128. A Page, a Grave,] For what leſs than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a Page can be allowed a living one!

Ver. 128. A Page,] Pagina, not Pediſſequus. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant: no Poet having had a Page ſince the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.

by each Bard, an Alderman ſhall ſit,
heavy Lord ſhall hang at every Wit,
d while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
me ſlave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide."
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
ch eager to preſent the firſt Addreſs. 136
nce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
t Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.
hen lo! a ſpectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
ld forth by Virtue of the dreadful wand; 140

REMARKS.

Ver. 131. So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.] de the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Weſtmonaſienſis.

Ibid.—an Alderman ſhall ſit,] Alluding to the onument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver 132. A heavy Lord ſhall hang at every 'it,] How unnatural an Image, and how ill ſupported! ſaith Ariſtarchus. Had it been,

A heavy Wit ſhall hang at every Lord,

mething might have been ſaid, in an Age ſo diſguiſhed for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, en, read, LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of ommentaries hereafter. To this purpoſe, conicuous is the caſe of the poor Author of Hudibras, hoſe body, long ſince weighed down to the Grave, r a load of Debts, has lately had a more unerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his Spirit; herein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil mſelf, when he turned Critic, could boaſt of, hich was only, that he had picked gold out of anoer man's dung; whereas the Editor has picked it t of his own.

SCRIBL.

Ariſtarchus thinks the common reading right: d that the author himſelf had been ſtruggling, d but juſt ſhaken off his Load when he wrote e following Epigram:

" My Lord complains, that Pope, ſtark mad with
" gardens,
" Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
" But he's my neighbour, cries the Peer polite,
" And if he'll viſit me, I'll wave my right.
" What? on compulſion? and againſt my Will,
" A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill."

r. 137, 138.
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.]

iis is not ſo to be aſcribed ſo much to the different inners of a Court and College, as to the different ects which a pretence to Learning, and a preice to Wit, have on Blockheads. For as Judgnt conſiſts in finding out the differences in things, Wit in finding out their likeneſſes, ſo the nce is all diſcord and diſſenſion, and conſtantly ied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. ile the Fop flouriſhes in peace, with Songs and ms of praiſe, Addreſſes, Characters, Epithaiums, &c.

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er every vein a ſhuddering horror runs;
Eaton and Winton ſhake through all their Sons.
All Fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race 145
Shrink, and confeſs the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.
Then thus, Since Man from Beaſt by Words is known 149
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence, 155
As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of Senſe,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death. 160
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the firſt day, he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very Poet ſtill:
Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant WYNDHAM every Muſe gave o'er,
There TALBOT ſunk, and was a Wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boaſt!
How many Martials were in PULTENEY loſt! 170
Elſe ſure ſome Bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Maſter-piece of Man.
Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES, to bleſs the land again; 176

REMARKS.

Ver. 140. the dreadful wand;] A cane uſually borne by Schoolmaſters, which drives the poor ſouls about like the wand of Mercury.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 151. like the Samian letter,] The letter Y uſed by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

" Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." Perſ.

Ver. 174. that Maſter-piece of Man.] Viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics ſay, " An Epic " Poem is the greateſt work human nature is ca- " pable of."

Ver. 176. Some gentle JAMES, &c.] Wilſon tells us that this King, James the Firſt, took upon himſelf to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar the Spaniſh Ambaſſador would ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great Prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of Sacred Majeſty, which his loyal Clergy transferred from God to him. " The Principles

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which my Priests, and mine alone maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.

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"of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance (says "the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Let-"ter 8.) which before his time had skulked per-"haps in some old Homily, were talked, writ-"ten, and preached into vogue in that inglorious "reign."

Ver. 194. Though Christ-church, &c.] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its whole body.

BENTL.

Ver. 196. still expelling Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the last Edit.

Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horsebacck, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with Names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.

SCRIBL.

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent Scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism, which directs us to keep to the literal sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity it (and sure, there is no absurdity in supposing a Logician on horseback) yet still I must needs think the Hacknoys here celebrated were not real horses, nor even Centaurs, which, for the sake of the learned Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though Logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, "ni gentilesse, UN GROSS CHEVAL D'ALLE-"MAGNE."

As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown?
The mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it Prose again.

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Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Græcism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horse] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness of strength; as ἱππολάπαθον, ἱππόγλωσσον, ἱππομάραθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great, connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand.

SCIP. MAFF.

Ver. 199. the streams] The river Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.

Ver. 202. sleeps in Port.] viz. "Now retired "into harbour, after the tempests that had long agi-"tated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain Wine called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. De Compotationibus Academicis. [And to the opinion of Maffei inclineth the sagacious Annotator on Dr. King's "Advice to Horace."]

Ver. 210. Aristarchus.] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our Author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part, which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton: whose richest veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily the learned scholiast is grievously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the sublime; but of the usefulness of it, in reducing

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author or something yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At,
To sound or sink in cano O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:

REMARKS.

the turgid to its proper class; the words "make it prose again," plainly shewing that prose it was, though ashamed of its original, and therefore to prose it should return. Indeed, much it is to be lamented that Dulness doth not confine her critics to this useful task; and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls Ρομαθ' ἱπποβάμηνα, all prose on horseback. SCRIBL.

Ver. 216. Author of something yet more great than Letter;] Alluding to those Grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented single letters. But Aristarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it something more than Letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set up the shoulder of another.

Ver. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: Had it been about Meum and Tuum it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium, or, Te doctarum hederæ.—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about Meum and Tuum, which is a Mistake: For, as a vererable sage observeth, Words are the counters of Wisemen, but the money of Fools; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in as or a. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.

Ver. 223, 224. Freind—Alsop] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on

For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek,
In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic Eye, that Microscope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Flea.
Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine Head of many a house,
And much Divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a BARROW work on every block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from France.

REMARKS.

Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

Ver. 228, &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobœus] The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christchurch, both great Geniuses and eloquent Preachers; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies.

Ver. 272. lac'd Governor] Why lac'd? Because

Walker! our hat—nor more be deign'd to ſay,
But, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroidered race,
And tittering puſh'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The firſt came forwards, with as eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
The Sire ſaw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the bleſſing of a Rake.

REMARKS.

Gold and Silver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Ariſtarchus to know at ſight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor ſhould have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be thought to inſinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, repreſents them in the order in which they are generally ſeen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both the other.

Ver. 280. As if he ſaw St. James's] Reflecting on the diſreſpectful and indecent Behaviour of ſeveral forward young perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. th' attendant Orator] The Governor aboveſaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or to do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whoſe great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing ſpirit unbroken by terrifying Names. Amongſt the happy conſequences of this reformed diſcipline, it is not the leaſt, that we have never afterwards any occaſion for the Prieſt, whoſe trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finiſh what the nurſe began. SCRIBL.

Ver. 286 —the bleſſing of a Rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loſs to find out what this bleſſing ſhould be. He is ſometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune; but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as ſomething uncommon ſeemed to be prayed for. And after many ſtrange Conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair ſex, he at length reſts in this, that it was, that her

Thou gav'ſt that Ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man.
Through School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at Great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Iſles of Fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſpering woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps,
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth Eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every Vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw every Court, heard every King declare
His royal Senſe, of Operas or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all hors d'œuvres, all liqueurs defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;

REMARKS.

ſon might paſs for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himſelf by ver. 316. where the Orator, ſpeaking of his pupil, ſays, that he

Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd,

which ſeems to inſinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good Scholiaſt, as, indeed, every where elſe, lays open the very ſoul of modern criticiſm, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expreſſion hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the bleſſing of a rake ſignifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itſelf, a common figure. The careful mother only wiſhed her ſon might be a Rake, as well knowing that its attendant Bleſſings would follow of courſe.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic, heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illuſtrious for her Carnivals.

Ver. 318. greatly-daring din'd;] It being indeed no ſmall riſque to eat through thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguiſed ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

lumber of the Latin ſtore,
a language, and acquir'd no more;
ning loſt on Claſſic ground;
d Air, the Echo of a Sound;
cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
but a Solo in his head;
te, and Principle, and Wit,
etwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;
Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
ugh chuſe him, not undone!
intry happy I reſtore
Youth, and add one Venus more.
e (for her my ſoul adores),
as of ſons of ſons of whores
O Empreſs! like each neighbour
e,
ng Poſterity thy own.
cepts the Hero and the Dame,
Veil, and frees from ſenſe or ſhame.
l, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
irch, at Senate, or at Court,
s Loiterers, that attend
Truſt, no Duty, and no Friend.
Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
ne rack of a too eaſy chair,
everlaſting yawn confeſs
Penalties of Idleneſs:
it her Pity only ſhed
ence on thy nodding head.
, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
mbled emerald on his hand,
ems, and canker'd as his Coins,
d with capon, from where Pollio dines.

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With nothing but a Solo in his head;] but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo, how any thing elſe? Palpable tautology! Opera, which is enough of conſcience as has loſt all its Latin. BENTL.

Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber] Three erſons, all Managers of Plays; who, vernors by profeſſion, had each in his d themſelves in the Education of egulated their Wits, their Morals, or at that Period of their age which is rtant, their entrance into the polite e laſt of theſe, and his Talents for ook i. ver. 199, &c.

Her too receive, &c.] This confirms ed Scriblerus advanced in his Note on the Governor, as well as the Pupil, reintereſt in this lady

Thee too, my Paridel!] The Poet of this young gentleman with great e name is taken from Spenſer, who ndering Courtly Squire, that travelled ſame reaſon for which many young w fond of travelling, and eſpecially to

Annius,] The name taken from An- of Viterbo, famous for many impoſi- eries of ancient manuſcripts and in- ch he was prompted to by mere Va-

Soft, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his prayer.
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!
Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
But pour them thickeſt on the noble head.
So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,
Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient braſs, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his houſe be ſold;
To headleſs Phæbe his fair bride poſtpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an O'ho, if I vouch it true;
Bleſt in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops ſtinks above the ground,
Fierce as a ſtartled Adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient Siſtrum at his head:
'Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.

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nity, but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial motive.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops] The firſt Kings of Athens, of whom it is hard to ſuppoſe any Coins are extant; but not ſo improbable as what follows, that there ſhould be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images; and the ſtory of whoſe Pigeon was a monkiſh fable. Nevertheleſs one of theſe Anniuſes made a counterfeit medal of that impoſtor, now in the collection of a learned Noblem-n.

Ver. 371. Mummius] This name is not merely an alluſion to the Mummius he was ſo fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, aſſuring him, "that "if any were loſt or broken, he ſhould procure others "to be made in their ſtead;" by which it ſhould ſeem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoſo.

Ibid.—Fool renown'd] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renown'd by fools, or renowned for making fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops] A King of Egypt whoſe body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being ſtolen by a wild Arab, was purchaſed by the Conſul of Alexandria, and tranſmitted to the Muſeum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a paſſage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager aſſures us that he ſaw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to obſerve that Herodotus tells the ſame thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? &c.]

True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe:
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian Gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And Douglas lend his ſoft, obſtetric hand.
The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as Locuſts blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,
Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the Power,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flower.
But far the foremoſt, too, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent, to the Throne appeal.
The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!

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The ſtrange ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is juſtified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being purſued by a Corſair of Sallee, ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden Bouraſque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Phyſicians, of whom he demanded aſſiſtance. One adviſed Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but purſued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous Phyſician and Antiquary Duſour, to whom he related his adventure. Duſour, without ſtaying to inquire about the uneaſy ſymptoms of the burthen he carried, firſt aſked him, Whether the Medals were of the higher empire? He aſſured him they were. Duſour was raviſhed with the hope of poſſeſſing ſo rare a treaſure; he bargained with him on the ſpot for the moſt curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 387. Witneſs great Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witneſs, as the father of Alexander, to whom thoſe Kings ſucceeded in the diviſion of the Macedonian Empire, and whoſe Horns they wore on their Medals.

Ver. 394. Douglas] A phyſician of great Learning and no leſs Taſte; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes.

Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glaſs and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such varied light, in one promiſcuous blaze!
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Aceus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen:
Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilvery wing,
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bower
The riſing game, and chac'd from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this Paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs Butterfly.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care our ſleeping friends.
The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;
A drowſy Watchman, that juſt gives a knock,
And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by ſome object every brain is ſtirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle kind;
The Mind in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs;
The head that turns at ſuperlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.

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Ver. 409. and nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Floriſts uſually pay to Princes and great perſons, to give their names to the moſt curious Flowers of their raiſing: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammerſmith, who cauſed his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inſcription, This is My Queen Caroline.

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings] One of the firſt Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertained the extravagant

vould the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
nſon giv'n them but to ſtudy Flies!
ure in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
the Author of the whole eſcape;
it to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
der at their Maker, not to ſerve.
at my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
e to Myſtery, yet divinely dark;
ious hope aſpires to ſee the day
loral Evidence ſhall quite decay,
nns implicit faith, and holy lies,
to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize:)
rs creep by timid ſteps and ſlow,
Experience lay foundations low,
non ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
, to Nature's Cauſe through Nature led.
ig in thy miſts, we want no guide,
of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
y take the high Priori Road,
on downward, till we doubt of God:
ature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
e him off as far as e'er we can:
ome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
in Matter, or diffuſe in Space.
ne bound o'erleaping all his laws,
od Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,
tue local, all Relation ſcorn,
Self, and but for Self be born:
ht ſo certain as our Reaſon ſtill,
ht ſo doubtful as of Soul and Will.
the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
p in Self, a God without a Thought,
ſs of our merit or default.
right Image to our fancy draw,
Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,
ough Poetic ſcenes the GENIUS roves,
ers wild in Academic Groves;
TURE our Society adores,
indal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.

Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy Sire,
And ſhook from out his Pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnap'd his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down,
Roſy and reverend, though without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddeſs Dame,
Then thus. From Prieſtcraft happily ſet free,
Lo! every finiſh'd Son returns to thee:
Firſt ſlave to Words, then vaſſal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen!
Mark'd out for Honour, honour'd for their Birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
All melted down in Penſion, or in Punk!
So K *, ſo B * *, ſneak'd into the grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's ſlave.
Poor W * *, niptlin Folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.

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poſſibility to fly to the Moon; which has volatile Geniuſes upon making wings for oſe.

.62. When Moral Evidence ſhall quite deluding to a ridiculous and abſurd way of thematicians, in calculating the gradual deoral Evidence by mathematical proportions: to which calculation, in about fifty years it longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in died in the Senate Houſe. See Craig's æ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica. But is evident, that facts of a thouſand years iſtance, are now as probable, as they were red years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to uments, but to the extraordinary power of eſs; for whoſe help therefore they have pray.

192. Where Tindal dictates and Silenus It cannot be denied but that this fine ſtroke gainſt Atheiſm was well intended. But the Reader ſmile at our Author's officious n he is told, that at the time this was writ-

ten, you might as ſoon have found a Wolf in England as an Atheiſt? The truth is, the whole ſpecies was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Aſhenhurſt, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he ſo well convinced that great Man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found Atheiſt, he always read it A Theiſt. But, in ſpite of a claim ſo well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean Lecturer. A judicious Apologiſt for Dr. Clarke, againſt Mr. Whiſton, ſays, with no leſs elegance than poſitiveneſs of Expreſſion, It is a moſt certain truth that the Demonſtration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated and baniſhed Atheiſm out of the Chriſtian world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the cleareſt truths have ſtill their dark ſide. Here we ſee it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeſes was the monſter-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it ſo certain, there is no occaſion for ſo nice a canvaſſing of circumſtances. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurean Philoſopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he ſings the principles of that philoſophy in his drink.

Ver. 501. Firſt ſlave to words, &c.] A Recapitulation of the whole Courſe of modern Education deſcribed in this book, which confines Youth to the ſtudy of Words only in Schools; ſubjects them to the authority of Syſtems in the Univerſities; and deludes them with the names of Party diſtinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the Underſtanding, and eſtabliſh Slavery and Error in Literature, Philoſophy, and Politics. The whole finiſhed in modern Free-thinking: the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the happineſs of mankind; as it eſtabliſhes Self-love for the ſole Principle of Action.

Ver. 506. ſmil'd on by a Queen!] i. e. This Queen or Goddeſs of Dulneſs.

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
Thy Magus, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.
With that, a WIZARD old his Cup extends;
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, Anceſtors, Himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a Star, and like Endymion dies;
A Feather, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, every thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;

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Ver. 517. With that a Wizard old, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddeſs, which the Poet, in his Invocation, ver. 5. promiſed to ſing.

Ver. 518. —forgets his former Friends,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to ſet aſide an uſeleſs Friendſhip. For of all the accommodations of faſhionable life, as there are none more reputable, ſo there are none of ſo little charge as friendſhip. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and reſpect; and at the ſame time is ready to give place to every paſſion that offers to diſpute poſſeſſion with it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 523, 524. Loſt is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King!] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good ſubject in a Monarchy: "Where "(ſays he) there is no ſuch thing as love of our "Country, the Intereſt, the Glory, and Service of "the Prince ſupply its place." De la Republique, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French Author ſpeaks indeed a little more diſreſpectfully; which for that reaſon, we ſhall not tranſlate, but give it in his own words, "L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif "des prémiers Heros, n'eſt plus regardé que comme "une Chimére; l'idée du Service du Roi, etendüe "juſqu'à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, teint lieu de "ce qu'on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame et "Fidelité." Boulainvilliers Hiſt. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.

Ver. 528. ſtill keep the human ſhape.] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are juſt contrary to that of Circe, which only repreſents the ſudden plunging into pleaſures. Her's therefore, took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

Ver. 529. But ſhe, good Goddeſs, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to ſome, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others, and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle Pleaſures or Senſuality, till

And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the Flatterer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others Intereſt her gay livery flings,
Intereſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
Others the Syrens Sitters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.
Great C * *, H * *, P * *, R * *, K *,
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.
On ſome, a Prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is ſhrunk into an Urn:
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explains the Seve and Verdure of the Vine.

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they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for Self-conceit, Self-intereſt, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the Pleaſures of Opera, and the Table. SCRIBL.

Ver. 553. The board with ſpecious Miracles he loads, &c.] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. Speciosa miracula (ſays he), according to Horace, were the monſtrous fables of the Cyclops, Læſtrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have theſe to the Transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtrygons ſpitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers; and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad, is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be put into Larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality: Yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before mentioned, of diſſolving whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmall vial of Jelly; nay it is expreſsly ſaid, that all fleſh is nothing in his ſight. I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feaſt of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſuperſtitious Rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a Prieſt, and ſoon after called a Sacrifice, attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with Libation and Song. SCRIBL.

This good Scholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly "Pigeons en crapeau" were a common diſh.

Ver. 556. Seve and Verdeur] French Terms re-

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Treufles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ſtain.
KNIGHT lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
To three eſſential Partridges in one?
Gone every bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,

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lating to Wines, which ſignify their flavour and poignancy.

" Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
" Villandri priſeroit ſa Seve et ſa Verdeur."
Déſpreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in diſgrace, adviſing him to ſeek comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to theſe Qualities in his Champaigne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays] Names of Gameſters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT, Caſhier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742).—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by perſons of the firſt quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former Note of " Bladen " is a black man," is very abſurd. The Manuſcript here is partly obliterated, and doubtleſs could only have been, Waſh Blackmoors white, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 567. Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court.

Ill would that Scholiaſt diſcharge his duty, who ſhould neglect to honour thoſe whom DULNESS has diſtinguiſhed; or ſuffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modeſty would have left them nameleſs. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cauſe, by one Mr. THOMAS EDWARDS, a Gentleman, as he is pleaſed to call himſelf, of Lincoln's Inn; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to ſpeak him better, in the plain language of our honeſt Anceſtors to ſuch Muſhrooms, a Gentleman of the laſt Edition: who, nobly eluding the ſolicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himſelf in the cauſe of Dulneſs againſt Shakeſpeare, and with the wit and learning of his Anceſtor Tom Thimble in the Rehearſal, and with the air of good nature and politeneſs of Caliban in the Tempeſt, hath now happily finiſhed the Dunce's progreſs, in perſonal abuſe. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grubſtreet Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulneſs of theſe Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoſo and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much againſt us for reflecting his birth, in the words, " a Gentleman of the laſt Edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a Gentleman of the laſt Edition of the Dunciad. Since Gentlemen, then, are ſo captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here ſaid to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Anceſtor, is only related to him by the Muſe's ſide. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here ſo well exemplified, our Poet hath elſewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

" A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead."

For the ſatire extends much farther than to the perſon who occaſioned it, and takes in the whole ſpecies of thoſe on whom a good Education (to fit them for ſome uſeful and learned profeſſion) has been beſtowed in vain. That worthleſs Band

" Of ever-liſtleſs Loiterers, that attend
" No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend;"

Who, with an underſtanding too diſſipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpiſh, narrow, and contracted for thoſe of ſocial, become fit for nothing: and ſo turn Wits and Critics, where ſenſe and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race] The Poet all along expreſſes a very particular concern for this ſilent Race: He has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open (as was before propoſed) to a Humming-Bird or a Cockle, yet at worſt they may be made Free-Maſons; where Taciturnity is the only eſſential Qualification, as it was the chief of the diſciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian, one a Gormogon.] A ſort of Laybrothers, Slips from the Root of the Free-Maſons.

Ver. 584. each Privilege your own, &c.] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her Sons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddeſs might give them a Charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-maſons, join the ſilent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botaniſts, or Floriſts at the leaſt,
Or iſſue Members of an Annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,
The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made DOCTORS of her Laws.
Then bleſſing all, Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace;
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race;
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one Monarch more:
And, nobly conſcious, Princes are but things
Born for firſt Miniſters, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three Eſtates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!
More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?

REMARKS.

But if it be well conſidered, what whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally rendered harmleſs by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the Poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it will be allowed that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. The Cap and Switch, &c.] The Goddeſs's political balance of favour, in the diſtribution of her rewards, deſerves our notice. It conſiſts in joining with thoſe Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Forerunner, John of Leyden, King of Munſter, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, General of his Horſe and Hangman. And had but Fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of Reformation, it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole Houſehold on the ſame reaſonable footing. SCRIBL.

Ver. 590. Arachne's ſubtile line;] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſ.

Ver. 591. The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call:] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and ſolemn Dance, intitled, A call of Sergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach Kings to fiddle,] An ancient amuſement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though deſpiſed by Themiſtocles, who was a Republican—Make Senates dance, either after their Prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

Ver. 606. What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?] This verſe is truly Homerical; as is the concluſion of the Action, where the great Mother compoſes all, in the ſame manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyſſey.—It may indeed ſeem a very

Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd:
(St. James's firſt, for leaden G— preach'd)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round:
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each Office ſlept;
And Chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign!
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.
O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort Memories, and Dunces none)

REMARKS.

ſingular Epitaſis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a Great Yawn; but we muſt conſider it as the Yawn of a God, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, moſt long and grave counſels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spenſer having ended one of the moſt conſiderable of his works with a Roar; but then it is the Roar of a Lion, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the Cataſtrophe of the Poem.

Ver. 607. Churches and Chapels, &c.] The Progreſs of this Yawn, is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to ſleep, the Maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter-hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even by the Goddeſs: Then the Convocation, which though extremely deſirous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Commons, juſtly called the Senſe of the Nation, is loſt (that is to ſay ſuſpended) during the Yawn; (far be it from our Author to ſuggeſt it could be loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at large over all the reſt of the Kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that Palinurus himſelf (though as incapable of ſleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

Ver. 610. The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak;] Implying a great deſire ſo to do, as the learned Scholiaſt on the place rightly obſerves, Therefore beware, Reader, leſt thou take this Gape for a Yawn, which is attended with no deſire but to go to reſt: by no means the diſpoſition of the Convocation; whoſe melancholy caſe in ſhort is this: She was, as reported, infected with the general influence of the Goddeſs; and while ſhe was yawning careleſsly at her eaſe, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a Gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this diſtreſsful poſture our poet here deſcribes, juſt as ſhe ſtands at this day, a ſad example of the effects of Dulneſs and Malice unchecked, and deſpiſed. BENTL.

Ver. 615—618.] Theſe Verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe have imagined this Poem of a freſher date.

Ver. 620. Wits have ſhort Memories,] This ſeems

e, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;
ſe Heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
t charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
g, and huſh the Nations with thy Song!
* * * * * * * * *
vain, in vain, the all-compoſing Hour
leſs falls: the Muſe obeys the Power.
omes! ſhe comes! the ſable Throne behold
ight Primæval, and of Chaos old!
e her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
ll its varying Rain-bows die away.
hoots in vain its momentary fires,
neteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
e by one at dread Medea's ſtrain,
ckening ſtars fade off th' ethereal plain;
gus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
one by one to everlaſting reſt:

Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night:
See ſkulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er head!
Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.
Phyſic of Metaphyſic begs defence,
And Metaphyſic calls for aid on Senſe!
See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die,
Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public Flame, nor private dares to ſhine:
Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpſe divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

REMARKS.

he reaſon why the Poets, when they give us a gue, conſtantly call for help on the Muſes, s the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not et any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

θυν δ' ικ αν μυθησομαι ουδ' ονομηνω,
ιη Ολυμπιαδες Μουσαι, Διος αιγιοχοιο
θλεραι, μνησασθ'—

irgil, Æn. vii.

neminiſtis enim, Divæ, et memorare poteſtis:
nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

r Poet had yet another reaſon for putting this pon the Muſe, that, all beſides being aſleep, y could relate what paſſed. SCRIBL.

624. The Venal quiet, and, &c.] It were em worthy the ſolution of Mr. Ralph and ron, who had lights that we know nothing of, -Which required the greateſt effort of our 's power, to intrance the Dull, or to quiet ıal. For though the Venal may be more un- an the Dull, yet, on the other hand, it de- much greater expence of her Virtue to in- than barely to quiet. SCRIBL.

629. She comes! ſhe comes! &c.] Here ſe, like Jove's Eagle, after a ſudden ſtoop at game, ſoareth again to the ſkies. As Pro- ıth ever been one of the chief provinces of our Poet here foretells from what we feel, re are to fear; and in the ſtyle of other pro- hath uſed the future tenſe for the preterit; ıat he ſays ſhall be, is already to be ſeen, in the writings of ſome even of our moſt adored authors, in Divinity, Philoſophy, Phyſics, Metaphyſics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in ſuch company.

Ibid. The ſable Throne behold] The ſable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here repreſented as advancing to extinguiſh the light of the Sciences, in the firſt place blot out the Colours of Fancy, and damp the fire of Wit, before they proceed to their work.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the ſaying of Democritus. That Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler ſays, He firſt put her in, before he drew her out.

Ver. 649. Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,] Bluſhing as well at the memory of the paſt overflow of Dulneſs, when the barbarous learning of ſo many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the ſimplicity, and defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the preſent; of which it would be endleſs to recount the particulars. However, amidſt the extinction of all other Lights, ſhe is ſaid only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguiſhable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different ſentiments from the Author of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal treatiſe on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the ſupport of Religion. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of thoſe men, who ſuppoſe that Morality would flouriſh beſt without it, and conſequently to the ſurprize ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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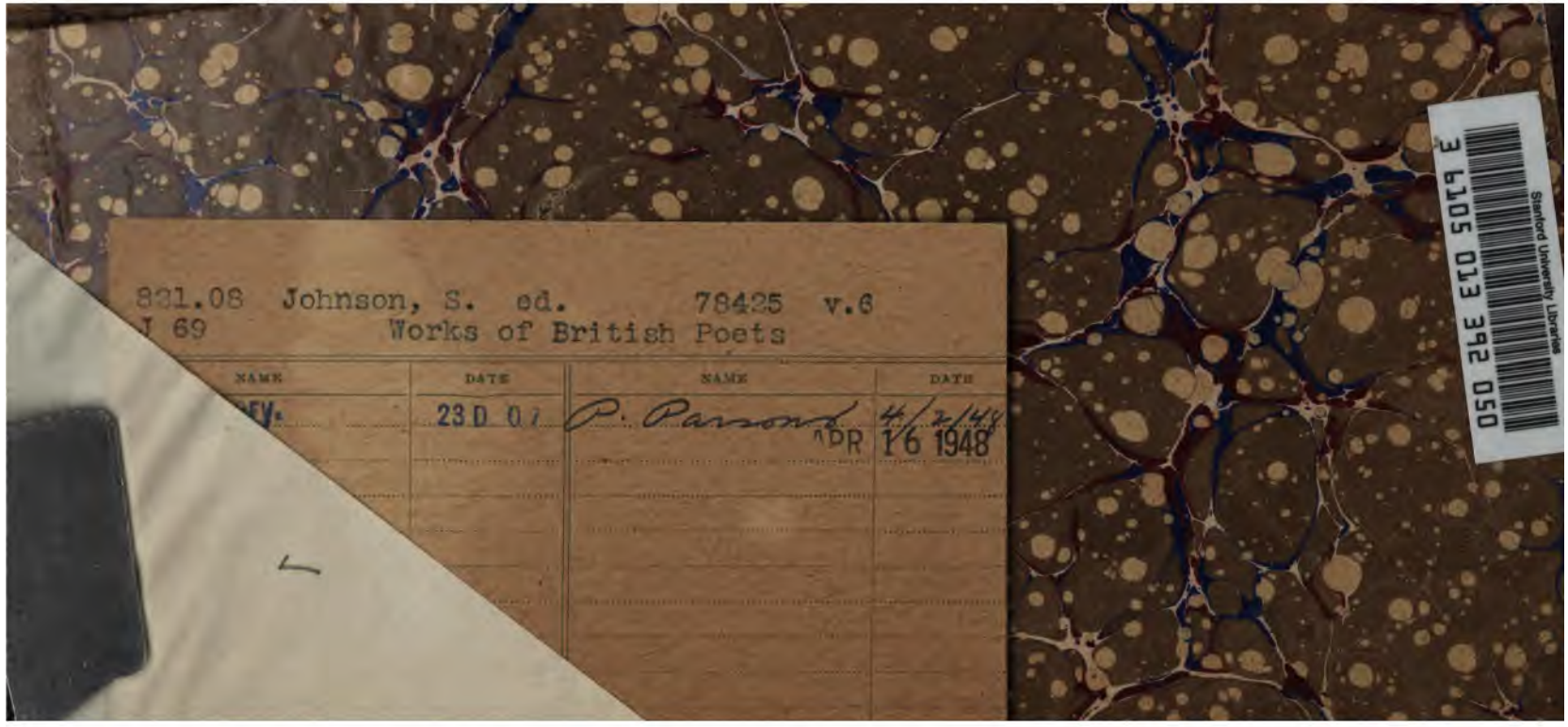
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